Collier's

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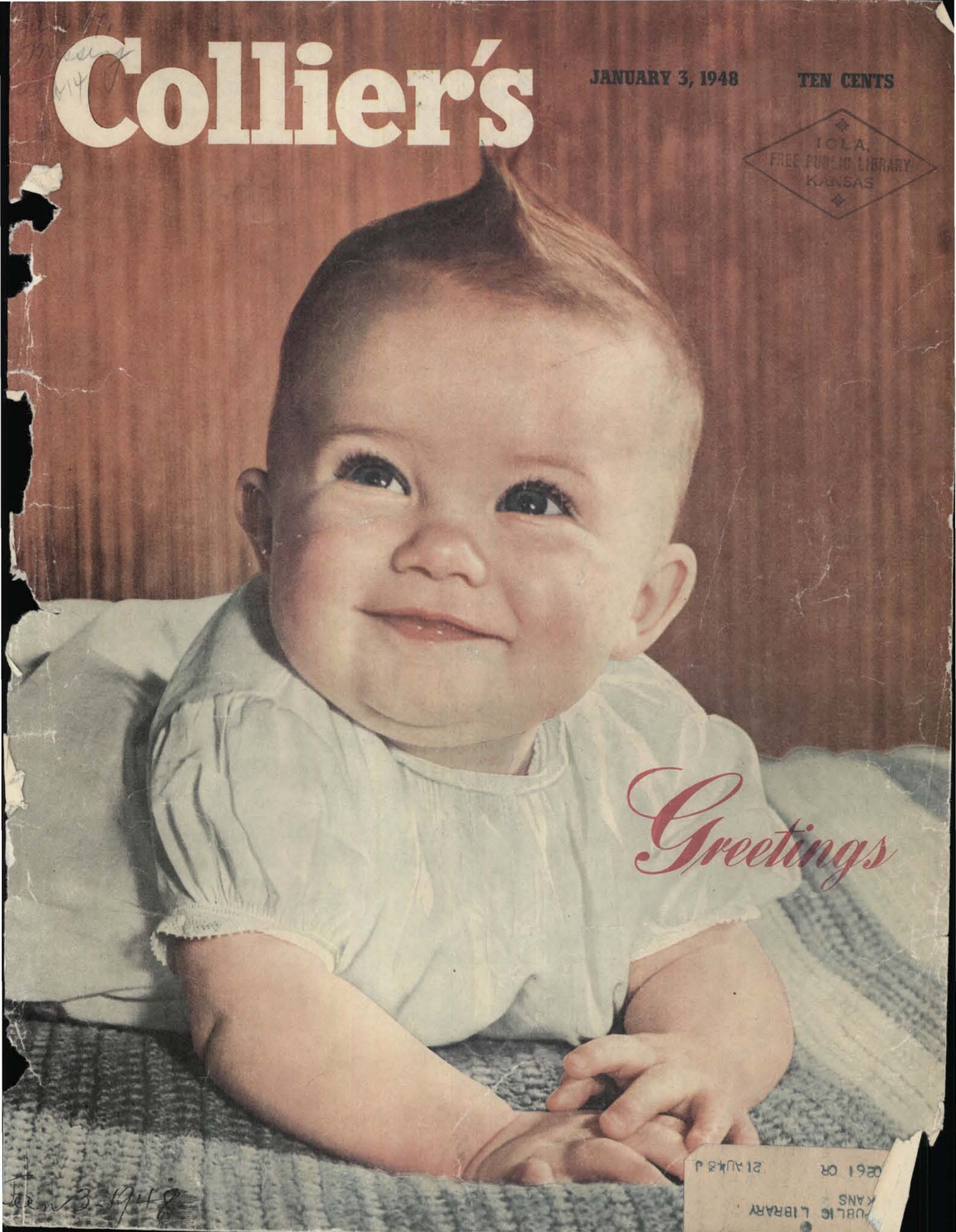

Greetings

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The meeting will soon come to order
But first comes that most welcome tray
A gracious and pleasant reminder
To assemble without further delay.

For the very first order of business
Is a Manhattan—rich and fine
Made with mellow OLD THOMPSON
So welcome before you dine.

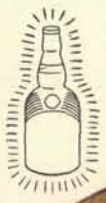
James C. Campbell

What the meeting came to order

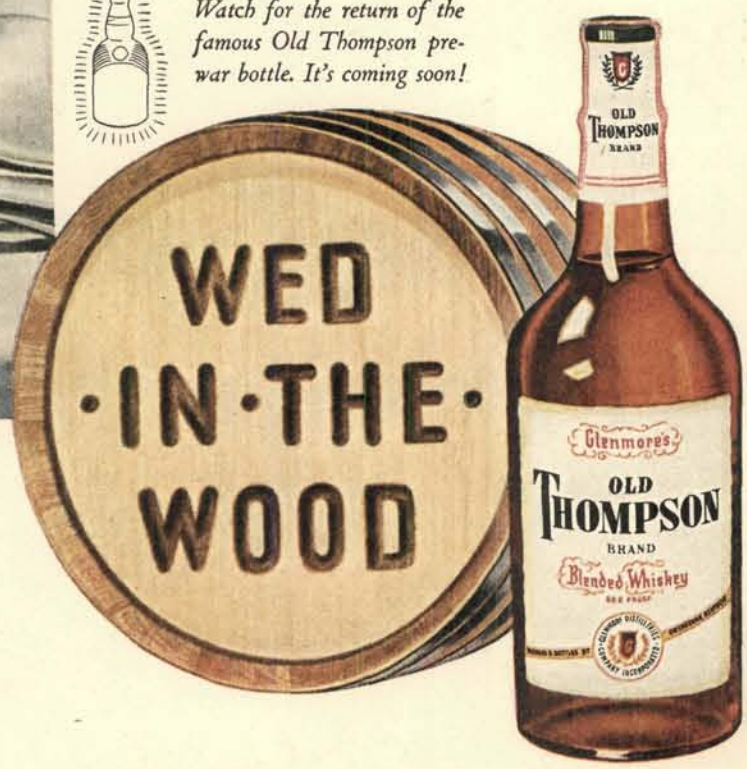
Old Thompson is the order of the day everywhere because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. In this old-time method, aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits ***but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending.*** This "marrying" in the barrel takes longer and costs more but it gives added smoothness and flavor. Try "Thompson" and see for yourself!

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% straight whiskies—67½% grain neutral spirits.



Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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BLENDED *then* WED·IN·THE·WOOD IN OLD KENTUCKY

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Typical example: user's experience with B. F. Goodrich tires

THIS PICTURE shows Frank H. Neely of Columbia, Tennessee, pointing out how much tread is still left on a B. F. Goodrich tire, one of a pair, that he says has traveled over 30,000 miles on his Chevrolet coupe. Mr. Neely writes that these tires "look to be good for as many more miles before replacing". And he should know what he's talking about, because he has two other B. F. Goodrich tires on the same car that he says are still running at more than 58,000 miles.

We don't claim you'll often get 58,000 or 60,000 miles on any tire. That sort of mileage depends on a lot of things. Proper inflation, for instance. Keeping wheels in line and balanced right. Shifting tires from wheel to wheel to even up on wear.

But here's what we do claim, and we can back it up with photographs and statements such as Mr. Neely's: B. F. Goodrich tires not only outwear others; they *do* outwear prewar tires.

From shoulder to shoulder the tread is wider and flatter. Weight and wear are distributed more evenly over a greater area. The tougher tire body has a double shock-absorbing breaker strip.

This is a good time to buy tires. Why not get a set of four new sharp treads for winter driving? Turn your old tires in for a good allowance. If you don't know your B. F. Goodrich dealer's name look under "tires" in the yellow section of your telephone book. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

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"When Acid Indigestion haunts me, I reach for my Tums!"

Says BORIS KARLOFF

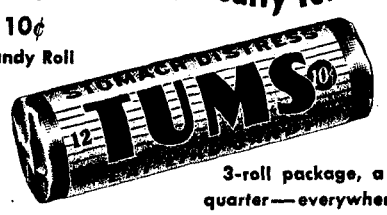
Famous Hollywood Star of Many Movie Chillers

"I can scare movie audiences," says Boris, "but it takes Tums to put the chill on acid indigestion. So Tums are always in my pocket — ready to give me almost instant relief, on the set or off!"

● You never know when acid indigestion will strike. So for sweet relief, always carry Tums! Nothing *surer,* nothing *faster,* nothing *handier!* Easy to take as candy mints. Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly —Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums relieve gas, heartburn and that bloated feeling. And when acid upset won't let you sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums. No soda in Tums—no raw, harsh alkali to irritate your delicate stomach. *Never* overalkalize—always *neutralize* excess acidity with Tums —*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢ Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter — everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25c box today.

COLLIER'S

January 3, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

KWATCH!

DEAR SIRS: Reference Germany's Underground Wants War (Nov. 8th), by Sigrid Schultz. Having just returned from a year of duty in Berlin, I have but one comment —"Pfui!" A grain of truth hopelessly exaggerated. Or perhaps the author would understand better, "Kwatch!"

S/SGT. BLAIR W. MCKAIG,
Tonopah, Nev.

. . . The recent articles on Germany by Sigrid Schultz and Lewis H. Brown were excellent. But neither in these articles nor in the emergency aid to Europe which Congress is now considering do I find any emphasis on raising the miserable diet level of western Germany this winter.

Ingeborg and Klaus and Anna are going to be much more receptive to a democracy which provides them with a package of noodles or a tin of powdered milk this winter than they will be to future promises of new economic shots in the arm.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR, San Francisco, Cal.

ROYAL AMERICAN

DEAR SIR: Apologists for the British monarchial farce, a stupid continuance of a useless and infantile game, seem to forget that The Royal Wedding (Nov. 22d editorial) was paid for by the American taxpayer. This common guy has no blue blood, his only crown is of sharp taxthorns, and too often his only palace is a shack or a trailer, or worse. His blood is as red as his face should be, seeing his tax dollars buy the Jolly Old Royal Family a "9-foot 500-lb. cake"—Starving Europe? Let 'em eat cake.

PAUL F. ANDERSON, Berwyn, Ill.

BRONX CHEER

DEAR EDITOR: The anecdote of Bob Benchley socking the grackle bird in Amy Porter's Garden of Allah, I Love You (Nov. 22d) reminds me of a true story told of a Benchleyesque guest of The Cloister at Sea Island, Georgia. This gentleman was a night owl and really needed his morning of sleep. Every morning in the early hours a mocking bird perched on an oleander just outside this gentleman's room and burst his little lungs in joyous song, running the gamut of every imaginable bird call and a few of his own invention. After a week of this, the gentleman staggered to the window, gave out with a long "raspberry" and yelled, "Imitate that, ya lousy so and such—!"

MARGARET DURAND, Vineland, N. J.

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YOU'D NEVER KNOW this was the same man—now that he's using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day can help you, too...to check loose dandruff and itchy scalp . . . make hair natural-looking, easy to comb. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Works wonders also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

In the Middle Ages, a common belief among Christian peoples was that the planets, the moon and the stars were held up and carried about by angels.—*By Matt F. Novak, New York City.*

Newest air safety device enables the pilot of a light plane to make an emergency landing in a small field. Coming down and leveling off a few feet above the ground, he pulls a trigger and fires an iron stake into the earth. Connecting this stake to the tail of the ship is a nylon rope that, after becoming taut, stretches gradually until it stops the plane, which then settles to the ground.

A new powdered rat poison is both odorless and tasteless so it will deceive rodents smart enough to shun food mixed with ordinary poisons. Moreover, it is so powerful that the small amount which clings to the feet of an unsuspecting rat as he walks on it is sufficient, when licked off, to kill the animal quickly.

The world's oldest controversy concerns Atlantis, a legendary island in the Atlantic, said to have been destroyed by an earthquake 11,000 years ago. As the story was unheard of until 600 B.C., most people have considered it a myth. But others have believed it; and the issue is still alive after 25 centuries. The latest attempt to prove this island existed was undertaken by a society formed in Denmark in 1933. Calling itself the Principality of Atlantis the organization soon had a monarch, a flag, currency, postage stamps and 25,000 members.

For ranchers who go in for fancy dress, an El Paso shoe manufacturer is now offering cowboy boots, studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, priced at $5,000 a pair.—*By F. V. Itnyre, Castle Rock, Colo.*

Children of the early Protestants in 16th century Germany were taught that their Christmas presents were brought by the Saviour Himself.

The largest American flag ever made is that which has been owned by a Detroit department store since 1923. Costing $3,500, this flag weighs 900 pounds and is 90 feet high by 230 feet wide. Too large to be flown, it is hung on special occasions across the front of the building.—*By Eleanor Wells, New London, N.H.*

Probably the largest political mass meeting in history was that called at Tara, Ireland, on August 15, 1843, to hear the Irish statesman, Daniel O'Connell, demand the repeal of the union between his country and Great Britain. It was attended by more than 1,000,000 people, a number equivalent, at that time, to one person in every family in Ireland.

In the Province of Ontario, Canada, a motorist whose car has been damaged and/or its occupants injured in an accident caused by another is no longer obliged to pay for the damages himself when the guilty party is unknown or unable to settle. He may now collect the amount awarded him by the court from a fund controlled by the Registrar of Motor Vehicles. If the defaulting motorist is known, he is forbidden to own or drive an automobile until he has reimbursed the fund.—*By Calvin S. Cowan, Ottawa, Canada.*

Children suffering from whooping cough have shown a remarkable response to a new treatment being given by a Paris physician—sitting for one hour in an airtight chamber in which the pressure is lowered until it is comparable to that at an altitude of 12,000 feet. Of the 2,000 cases treated, 1,400 were cured within a week.

During the past eight years, doublering weddings have increased from 15 to 80 per cent of all weddings in this country.

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A fine car made finer

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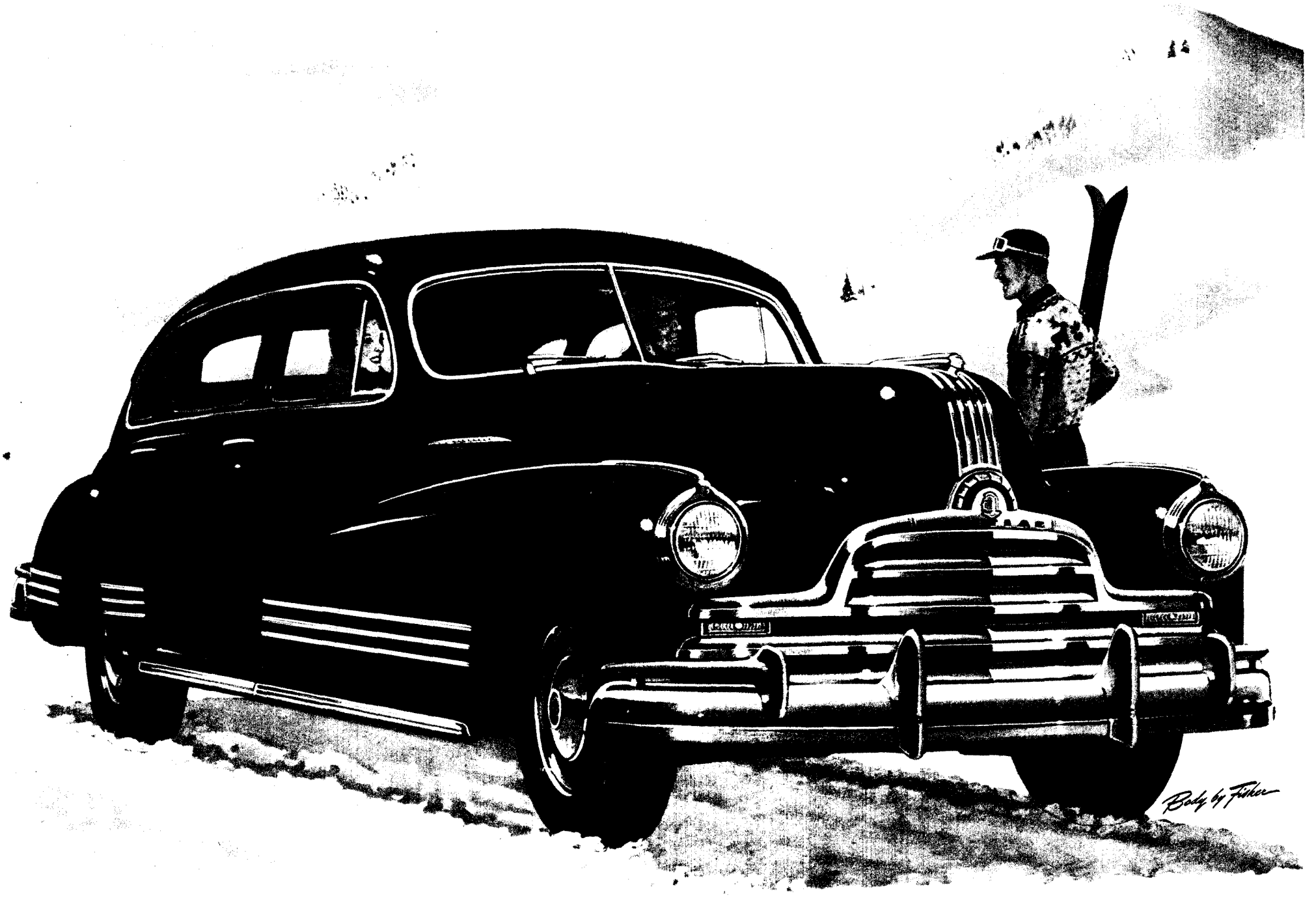

Proof of What We've Been Telling You!

Throughout the year just coming to a close, we have tried to tell you in our advertising what a *good* car Pontiac is—how dependably and satisfactorily it performs—and how well its owners like it.

And now comes *statistical proof* of what we have been saying to you.

A survey recently made by an independent source reveals that—among all cars in the upper-medium, medium and low-price fields—*Pontiac leads in owner loyalty!* A higher percentage of Pontiac owners said they would buy another car of the make they are now driving than did the owners of any other car on the market.

In the same survey, owners of *used* cars were asked what make they would select if they were buying new cars today. And Pontiac again led its field in the percentage of owners who said they would "repeat" on the make of car they are now driving. When a car delivers such outstanding satisfaction to new car owners—and delivers that same outstanding satisfaction to used car owners as well—there is little that can be added to its praise. Surely it deserves your most serious and careful consideration.

Always Drive Carefully

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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1947

"Was that a Busy Year!"

We completed the largest construction program in our history — more than twice as large as any pre-war year.

A billion dollars was put into new facilities for the expansion and improvement of your telephone service.

2,700,000 new telephones were added to the Bell System — more than 10,000 every working day.

13,000,000 more calls a day were handled — a new record.

The telephone story of 1947 is one of expanding business, extraordinary building of new facilities, rising costs and higher payrolls.

It is the story of unceasing effort to meet the continuing demands for more and better telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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SALT WATER, SALUBRITY AND SIN

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Tourists to the Mississippi Gulf coast will find it a region of sharp contrasts—brilliant sunlight and deep shadows, bustling industry and Southern lassitude, antigambling laws and flossy casinos

FOR a breezy stretch of 50 miles along Highway 90, midway between New Orleans and Mobile, the sovereign, dry, and mostly Baptist state of Mississippi sticks its big toe into the Gulf of Mexico and wriggles with indignation and delight.

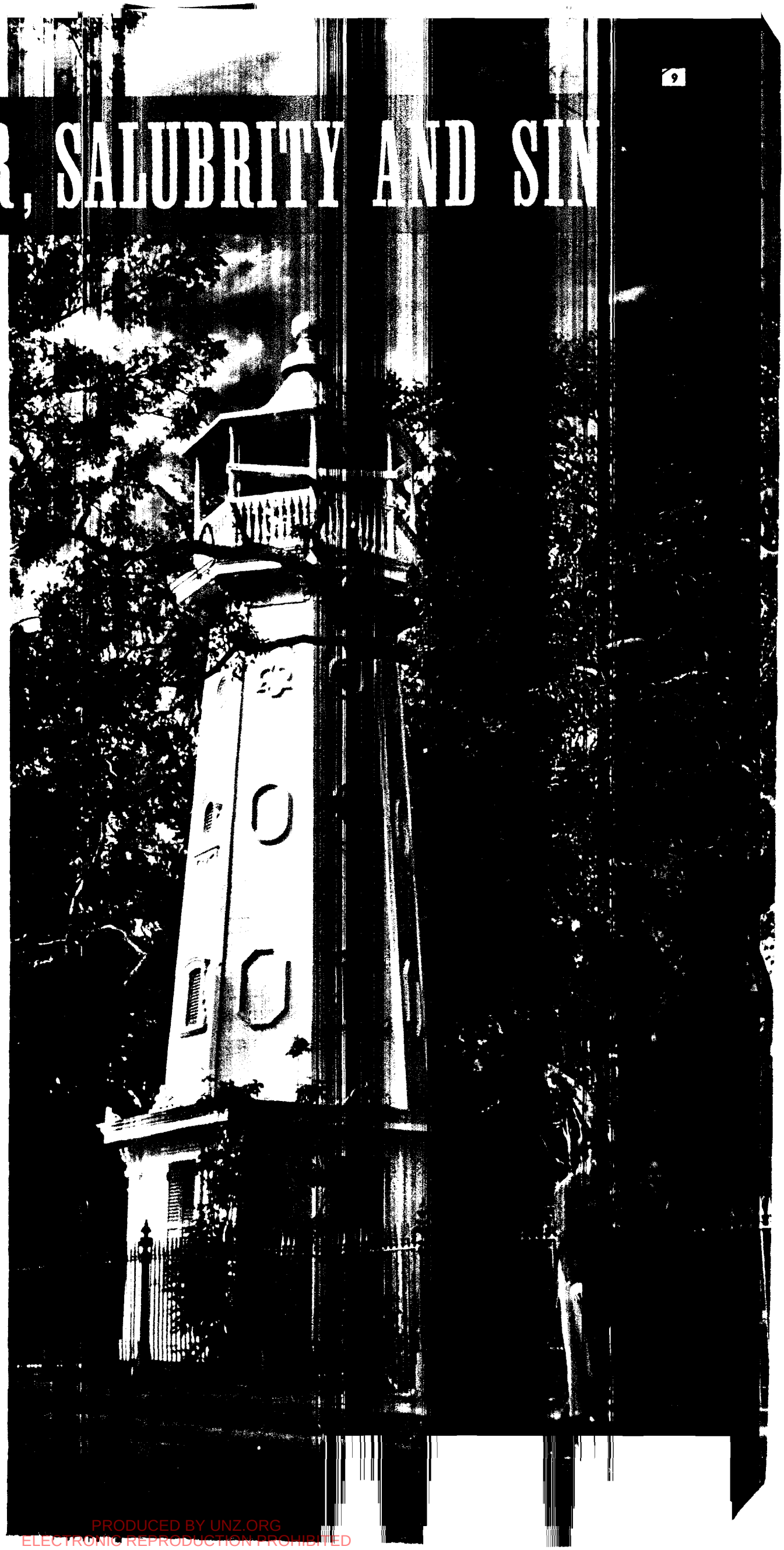
This slightly ambivalent mood is reflected in the tasteful signs which you will find over many of the bars, slot machines, dice tables, keno boards, roulette wheels and bookie counters along the route. The signs read: GO TO CHURCH.

"This is Mardi Gras country," they are happy to explain along the Silver Strand—so named for the stepped concrete sea wall which corsets in the opulent shore line from Bay St. Louis to Biloxi. Compared with the Silver Strand, which is wide open, the rest of the route from Ocean Springs to Pascagoula is only slightly ajar. But there's only the one main road to link both halves to the rest of the world, and their differences are less than meet the eye. On both sides of the Biloxi bridge they tell you Uncle-Tom-like, "Legally we may belong to Mississippi, but our souls belong to Ole Louisiana."

Even on the map the slim, sharklike coastal islands and the lace-valentine shore line of Hancock, Harrison and Jackson counties hardly fit in with the checked-gingham pattern of the interior. Like New Orleans, the religion is Catholic, the cooking Creole and the people are cosmopolitan—a grand bouillabaisse of black and white, Slavic and Anglo-Saxon, Middle Western and Piney Woods, and just enough of the old planter aristocracy to give the broth that flavor of the Old South so relished by tourists.

Here, as elsewhere in the state, gambling and liquor are against the law. But taking a chance or a drink does not make you a lawbreaker, it makes you a taxpayer. Much to the disgust of your hosts, who believe violation of the law should remain an individual enterprise, the state beats them to it by

This is the first of a number of Collier's articles on Designs for Touring—stories of unusual regions of America which are particularly interesting to tourists and vacationers. Winter travelers who enjoy this report on the Mississippi Gulf coast will be interested in the next article, concerning the Big Bend country of Texas, to be published later in January



This private lighthouse and tower at Biloxi is part of a typical ante-bellum estate. Tourists may join pilgrimages to many historic mansions

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CURT GUNTHER

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collecting a 10 per cent "black market liquor tax" on every swallow of store-bought liquor.

Of course you can always drink "stoop down," free of any tax. This is the homemade whisky of the Piney Woods, confected not only of corn mash but of any fermentable liquid that comes to hand, including honey, orange juice and persimmons. And why is it called "stoop down"? A bearded Backbay trapper explains, "If you don't stoop down drinkin' it, mos' likely it'll knock you down."

Gambling, which violates only county and city ordinances, is taxed in ways that do not discourage individual initiative. Biloxi, the resort capital of this part of the coast, collects from $5,000 to $8,000 a month in fines for "disorderly conduct." Most of these fines are levied against names nobody in these parts ever heard of. Rumor has it they are culled from out-of-town telephone directories. In any case the fines are always promptly paid—according to the townsfolk by anonymous gambling operators out of kindness of heart and in proportion to gross monthly receipts.

Operators are Altruistic

On the same basis, Harrison County, where most of the gambling is centered, permits operators in and out of the city limits to make voluntary contributions with a minimum of fuss and feathers. "We like to do every little thing we can for the benefit of the community," says one of the big operators.

This is not, as they say down here, all stir and no biscuits. While Mississippi proper has always raised cotton, Mississippi improper has learned to raise a highly commercial brand of hell; and here, at last, the coast believes it may have found the stabilizing element its economy needs so badly. Shipping, shipbuilding and sea-food canning, its basic industries, have never done better, but like cotton they're subject to violent ups and downs, and the coastal towns have no farm market to carry them through hard times. But demand for the Good Time hardly fluctuates at all and, according to the local boosters, the supply of that commodity along the coast is inexhaustible.

"Salt water, salubrity and sin," says a local authority, "that's what brings in the paying customers." The Silver Strand aims to wrap up all three in a popular-priced package. Hotel-room rates, always a reliable cost index, begin at $2.50 per day per person and seldom exceed $6 even at the better beach-front hotels.

During the twenties and thirties low prices attracted mostly older people from Chicago, St. Louis and Des Moines, who found they could spend the winter here for less than it cost to keep the furnace going up North. The war changed all that when it plunked down over 100,000 soldiers, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine trainees and war workers within crap-shooting distance of "The Poor Man's Riviera."

That term was once resented on the coast, but you can say it now without even bothering to smile. For war taught resort operators that the common man is poor like the fox is crazy. A thousand G.I.s blowing in enlisted men's pay on a Saturday night might spend no more than a single war contractor throwing a small party for friends. But there were still a lot more than a thousand G.I.s for every big shot on a spree. Another thing about the G.I.s, they didn't demand the swank or the little in-between attentions that run up overhead in the resort business. They spent their money fast and got out.

Most of the soldiers have left, though the 15,000 still training as airplane mechanics at Biloxi's Keesler Field dispense a toothsome monthly pay roll of $1,200,000. And the Gulf coast still serves up the Good Time G.I. style. Against competition from West Coast Florida and the new resort area around Galveston, it throws in absolutely (well, almost) free of charge a couple of lagniappes neither of the other can offer: a romantic history tracing back to the first French colony in the Mississippi Valley and a richly wooded shore front sheltered from most Gulf storms by island barricades. Flank attacks, like the disastrous hurricane which wracked Route 90 last September, are rare.

As you drive along the coast road, the first thing that strikes you is the tropical extremes of light and shade. On a calm, sunny day the air over the Gulf is charged with light that crackles on your skin and turns incandescent everything it touches.

On this kind of day even the darkest glasses will not protect you from "Coast Fever," a state of mind in which all sharpness of outline, direction of motion and sense of time are fused into a vague and euphoric

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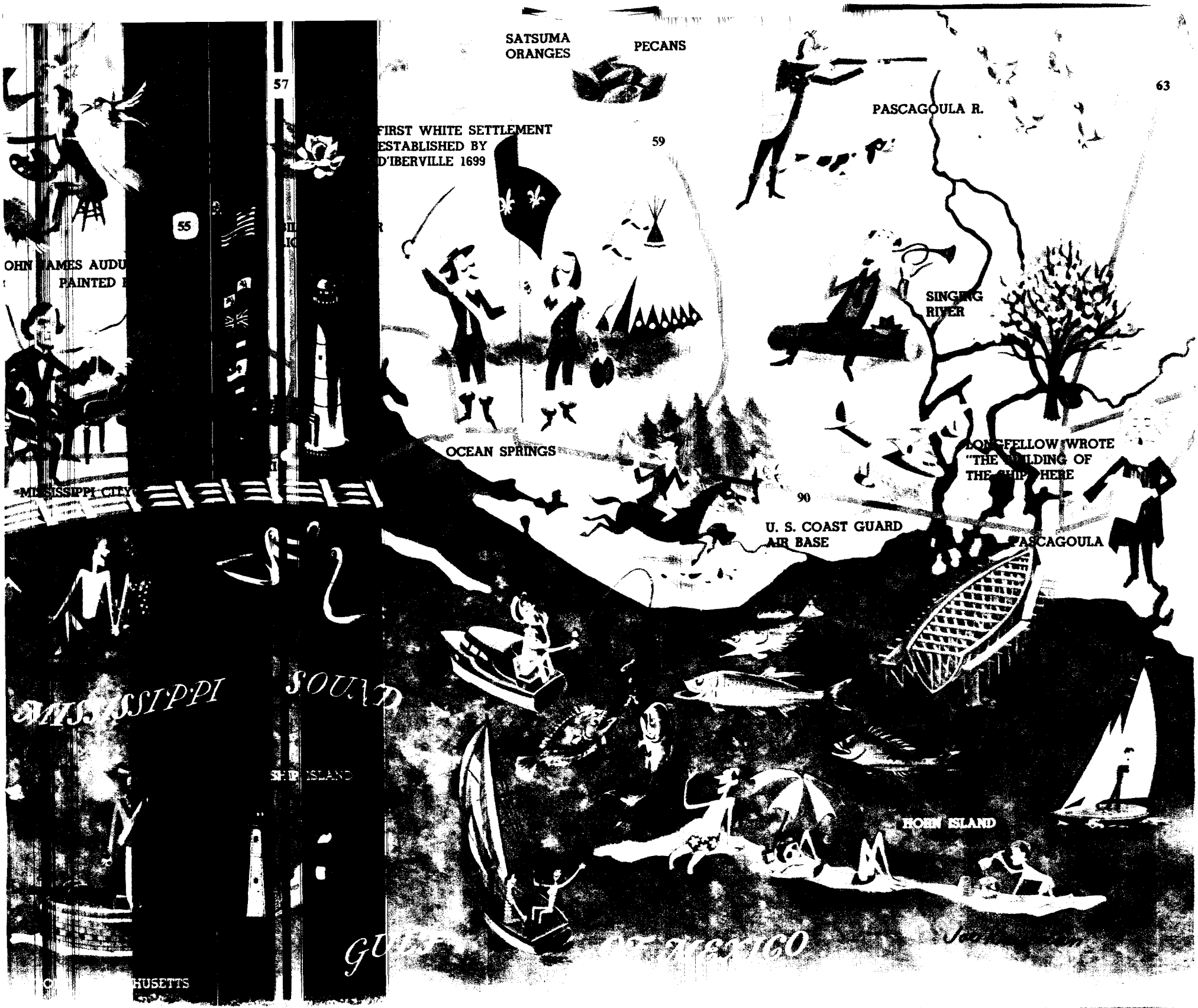

**April; nonre… S…t-
the year ro… …e
water sports… …es**

**ACCOMMO… …a
and in Bay… …B
Springs, Pas… …a.**

courts and tourist cottages also available. Rates from $2.50 to $10 per day.

FOOD: Excellent dining rooms in most hotels. Wide choice of restaurants. Cooking is mostly Creole. Dinner prices seldom top $2.50.

CLIMATE: Mild the year round. Average temperature 67. Winter season February, March and April. Most accommodations open all year.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Chambers of Commerce, Gulfport and Biloxi.

eventfulness, as of something going on inside a jellyfish.

This is the Gulf side of the road. On the shore side the ancient, bearded live oaks splotch the wide lawns with shadows. In February, March and April (roughly the Gulf coast's "winter season," a month behind Miami's) azaleas, some of them two stories high, erupt in fountains of white and red; and a few weeks later the magnolia buds burst open in flowers big as dinner plates. Gleaming through this horticultural display, like thoroughly convalescent divas receiving in bed, you see the sprawling columned mansions known locally as "cottages"—an almost unbroken succession of them from Bay St. Louis to Ocean Springs.

Among them are many where history was made: Where Lafitte directed the movements of his pirate fleet, where President Wilson spent a critical summer, where Jefferson Davis wrote his monumental Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, and Dorothy Dix her lovelorn columns, where Audubon gave dancing lessons to the local gentry, and a seminary teacher named Vachel Lindsay recited his Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight to great-granddaughters of Confederate colonels.

Today these voices of the past are mingled with new sounds—the tinkle of ice-filled glasses, the jingle of silver, and even in rest rooms and grocery stores the soft metallic mastication of the slot machines. At Paradise Point, over the ancient burying grounds of High Church Episcopalians, you'll hear the rattle of bones on green baize tables. In moss-draped, sun-speckled Pass Christian, you can still wake up in the morning to the creaking of a mule-drawn cart and the mellifluous chant of the Negro huckster calling, "Ois-cher ma-*an* . . . from Pass Chris-*yan*."

By early afternoon, loud-speakers

(Continued on page 56)

DRAWING BY JOE KAUFMAN

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COCKTAILS AT BLIND MAN'S LAKE

The guests, arriving for that ominous party, found the excitement had already begun. A murdered man lay waiting to receive them. Cause of death—excess of dangerous knowledge. Beginning a three-part serial

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

HALF an hour before the time Grace said she'd come for me, I was down on the sidewalk with my bag, waiting, even though I dreaded seeing her again. It wasn't just the perturbation in her voice when I telephoned her from the station the night before, with the ink hardly dry on my discharge papers. I knew she was upset about something, of course, when she practically begged me to come to the country with her for the week end. After all, I hadn't seen her in three years, and she hadn't even written to me during the last two years I was overseas. What I was really afraid of was my own reactions when I saw her, although I wasn't sure whether I was afraid they would be the same, or that they wouldn't.

When the blue convertible came around the corner from Fifth Avenue, I wasn't afraid any more. The dark-haired girl behind the wheel seemed to be coming around a hundred corners, far beyond Fifth Avenue—nostalgic corners, some friendly, some sullenly hateful, some crowded with confused emotions, and the last one, the corner at the crossroads, downright tempestuous. But I was glad to see her come around this one.

She stopped the car at the curb and as though she had seen me only yesterday, she said, "Sorry I'm late, Jim."

I looked at my watch. "You're exactly forty-five seconds late," I said. "To me, that's the soul of punctuality, which you always were. You haven't changed a bit, Grace."

"You have, Jim," Grace Boyd said. "Three years ago I'd have waited forty-five minutes for you. Otherwise you look the same. You look as well-fed and red-haired and pleased with yourself as ever. I thought you'd be gaunt and weather-beaten, with hard, disillusioned eyes. I thought you'd be bronzed and covered with medals."

"A man doesn't get much sun or many medals sitting behind a desk in London," I told her. "Shall I put my bag in the back?"

"Of course. You'd think I was counting your freckles, the way I was gawking at you. I'll have all week end to do that, won't I, Jim? Get in."

I got in. She swung the car into the stream of traffic and headed for the West Side Highway. I was just thinking how calm and collected she looked and that I must have been wrong about her sounding upset on the phone the night before. Then I saw the gun.

I had opened the glove compartment in the dashboard to stow my pipe and tobacco pouch, and the gun was lying at the back of the compartment. I didn't get a very good look at it, but I could see it was an automatic. I didn't know whether I was supposed to see it or not, so I closed the compartment quickly. I decided not to say anything. After all, she used to go out on assignments alone, and it was perfectly logical for a girl alone to want protection if she did a lot of night driving—which she used to. I thought I'd wait for her to mention it—if she wanted to. But I did give her a closer once-over.

Grace sat down mechanically in a wicker chair which creaked incongruously. She sat there, stunned, her hands falling limply in her lap

She was small and slim and dark, just the way I remembered her. She fixed her hair differently—parted far to the left, hanging straight to frame her oval face, curling a little just above her shoulders. But she wore the familiar air of perpetual, well-tailored competence. And she had the same big, quick, pleasant smile that seemed always on the point of asking questions to which her long, gray, almond-shaped eyes seemed always a little fearful of getting the answers. Her hands on the wheel were competent; they were also expressive and, to me, exciting.

She shifted gears to climb the ramp and the car sped north along the express highway toward George Washington Bridge. Grace had a summer cabin in the Ramapos; I had been there once, when she first got the place, just before the war.

"You must own that cabin at Blindman's Lake by this time," I said.

"Almost," Grace replied. "Only twelve more years to pay."

SHE lapsed into silence. It was funny, when we both probably had so many things to say, that we had only exchanged half a dozen platitudes. Several times I thought Grace was on the point of saying something, but didn't because she wasn't sure how to begin. Finally I said:

"I haven't seen any of your stuff for over a year. I've been looking for it in every picture magazine I could get my hands on. I thought you were dead or married or something. I was almost afraid to call you last night."

"I've quit the magazines," Grace said.

"That's too bad." I meant it. She was a top-flight photographer. "If you paid more attention to smokestacks and grain elevators you'd be another Margaret Bourke White by the time you were thirty."

"I've got my own racket now. I specialize in medical subjects. Color stuff, mostly. Slides for medical schools and hospitals. Progressive symptoms. Operations, sometimes. Microphotos. It's fun, and I'm my own boss."

"You always were," I said.

"Jim!" Her tone was imperative. "Light me a cigarette."

I pushed the lighter on the dash. Here it comes, I thought. I wondered if she would tell me about the gun.

"I'm taking advantage of you, Jim," she went on. "I'm taking you to the country under false pretenses. I wasn't going to tell you about it until we got to Blindman's Lake and had a fire going and a drink or two, but I guess I ought to give you a chance to turn back now if you want to."

"I think I'd like being taken advantage of—by you," I said. The lighter popped. I handed Grace the cigarette, and watched the way it burned between her lips at a cocksure angle, the way cigarettes used to burn when we worked together as a writer-photographer team and Grace was as ready as I was to use housebreaker tactics to crack a tough assignment. Self-assured. Self-possessed. Self-sufficient. Even the angle of her beret, cocked over one ear, bespoke self-assurance. Very convincing, too—to everyone but me. Once I pointed out to her that the self-confident angle of the cigarette didn't match the doubt that sometimes glimmered in her long, gray eyes. I mentioned it only once—the night of our big blowup—but I'd noticed it many times.

"I couldn't very well tell you over the phone last night," Grace continued. "But the minute I heard your voice, I knew I wanted to talk to you, for hours and hours, without interruption. After all, you know me better than any living man or beast. I trust your judgment, Jim—and your friendship. I've got problems, Jim."

"Isn't this where we came in?"

"No. This is new—brand-new."

"Like what, for instance?"

"I want to get married, Jim."

"That shouldn't be much of a problem." I laughed. It wasn't much of a laugh, I guess. The wind from the Hudson, until now a fresh breeze that stung with the playful tang of late September, was suddenly raw and biting. The Jersey Palisades across the river were no longer just rusty with autumn; they were grim and forbidding. The river had the hard glint of tarnished brass in the afternoon sun. I wanted badly to smoke my pipe, but I couldn't somehow bring myself to open the glove compartment. I didn't see what the gun had to do with Grace's marital problems, but I couldn't get that gun out of my mind, either. I lighted a cigarette instead.

I looked at her slim fingers, tense as they gripped the wheel.

"Okay, so it is a problem," I said. "I'm listening."

I listened for the next twenty miles. The problem seemed simple enough at first. Two men wanted to marry Grace: Mr. Pennington and Dr. Norman. She had promised them a decision by Monday.

She had known Norman the longest. He was a young physician—without a practice. Oh, he had a few patients, but not many. Patients didn't seem to like doctors who got tight and insulted them. Dr. Norman in turn despised patients who went into a 2 A.M. panic over nettle rash or a touch of flatulence. In fact, he disliked patients generally. He was supremely bored by peering down people's throats and poking under people's ribs for a palpable liver. He was disdainful of clinics and clinical medicine. He was a pathologist—a superb one. Unfortunately, he was also a slightly drunken pathologist a good bit of the time.

Not that being somewhat swacked in the privacy of his laboratory ever interfered with the keenness of his eye at the microscope or with the accuracy of his diagnoses. Being swacked, however, did lend zest and color to the insults he passed out to the surgeons whose operations it was his duty to check. When tissue from an appendectomy came to his laboratory, and his microscope showed a normal appendix, he invariably called the surgeon a charlatan, a mercenary butcher or a menace to society. Frequently he was right, but he did not endear himself to hospital administrators, who by nature are great lovers of intramural peace among staff physicians. There was general rejoicing in at least four metropolitan hospitals when Dr. Norman H. Norman donned the uniform of captain of the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

THE chicken colonels of the Medical Corps, however, did not share in the rejoicing. They did not send Captain Norman overseas. They attached him to a hospital in Brooklyn, where a medic who came into the wards with a 100-proof breath and went around pinching nurses' bottoms might possibly pass almost unnoticed. Forty-eight hours after V-E Day he was a civilian again.

Civilian hospitals showed remarkably little enthusiasm over the end of Dr. Norman's military career. They showed almost no interest in his future. One hospital had offered him a part-time laboratory job at $2,200 a year. That was all.

Yet Dr. Norman was a brilliant laboratory doctor. He was witty. He was charming, drunk or sober. Grace had never discovered why he drank. Perhaps because he was a rebel, and the world had little use for rebels.

"You always said I was a rebel," I interrupted.

"Norman is a little like you," Grace said. "You're an irresponsible savage, and you can be charmingly nasty to people. But you're not mean, Jim, and I'm afraid Norman is. You sometimes feel sorry for people who make mistakes. Norman just hates them."

I lighted another cigarette. "So you're in love with him?" I asked.

Grace hesitated. "I don't know," she said. "Maybe—a little."

"And the other guy?"

The other guy was Henry Pennington. He had studied law at the same university which gave Norman his M.D. No, they weren't friends, ex-

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actly. Norman had no friends. But they were old schoolmates, which was as close as Norman could get. In fact, it was in Norman's apartment that Grace had met Pennington.

Henry Pennington had never practiced law. The law was a respected profession, and there was nothing that Pennington craved more than respectability except perhaps success. Material success for a lawyer is apt to be slow, much too slow for a man who has had a drab, unhappy, pinched childhood, who has worked his way through college. So Henry Pennington had gone into business. Something to do with textiles. Cotton converter, I think Grace said. He had achieved a comfortable material success before Pearl Harbor. The war had made him rich. Government contracts for tropical uniforms. Two government-financed factories to manufacture khaki shirts. His own factory to manufacture cotton flags.

Now that he had money, Pennington needed a few more elements to complete his pattern for a successful life: position, power, a wife and family. The first step to position and power was to be the State Senate, and Pennington was a candidate in the November elections. The first step to wife and family would be Grace Boyd —if Grace gave the word.

"Don't tell me. Let me guess," I said. "From where I sit, it looks like Dr. Norman in a canter."

Grace looked hard at the road. "Wrong, Jim. I'm going to marry Henry Pennington."

I put the wrong end of the cigarette in my mouth and for the next few seconds I erupted sparks, smoke, ashes, and a few choice ETO cuss words.

"Is that an editorial reaction?" Grace asked.

When I stopped coughing, I said, "That sure as hell is. This Pennington doesn't sound like your kind of guy. He sounds stuffy. I'll bet he's honeycombed with all the bourgeois virtues."

"He's just lousy with bourgeois virtues," Grace said. "And that's exactly what I want. Solidity. Reliability. Security, to coin a phrase."

"You used to have plenty; more than enough to share."

"That's just it, Jim. I'm tired of being an emotional and spiritual nursemaid. Every man I was ever interested in turned out to be a promising genius who never kept his promises—or his own nose clean. I'm not going through life wiping noses for grown-up little boys—"

That was one for me, right through my guard, right to the chin. Grace had pulled me out of many a tight one. There was the time we were doing a picture story on the New York champagne industry, when the research proved a little too strenuous for me, and Grace covered up for me. There were other times, including the time I called an editor a dirty, pernicious old reactionary for changing my captions on Grace's pictures for a story on socialized medicine. I gave the editor very detailed anatomical instructions about what to do with my job. I didn't know that it was Grace herself who had changed the captions for the very purpose of trying to save my job—

"I want to be taken care of, for a change," Grace went on. "I want someone to lean on. And Henry Pennington is a nice, comfortable guy with a shoulder just my size."

"Then why all the fuss? Why not just marry him then?"

"I'm worried about Norman. He's such an unpredictable, unstable, untamed sort of bird, that—oh, I don't know."

So that was it, I thought. She's scared of the charming but dissolute doctor. That would explain the gun. I asked: "Did Doc Norman ever threaten artistic and scientific murder unless you married him?"

Grace shook her head into the wind. "No, not exactly. But he goes in for a lot of Freudian double-talk. I really don't know what he would do. That's what I want to talk to you about. Shall we save it for tonight—in front of the fire?"

"Okay, let's save it," I said.

Grace swung the car off the concrete highway and bumped over a winding dirt road for about ten minutes. She stopped the car at the crest of a hill in front of a neat white house with green shutters. A fine old maple tree, incandescent with the scarlet of autumn, towered above the green roof. The rural mailbox at the gate bore the name STEWART. Beyond a white picket fence a small boy in overalls was raking leaves from the lawn. The boy was about seven or eight, and he was half as tall as his bamboo rake.

Grace got out. "Good neighbors," she said. "Wait in the car. I won't be a minute. Hello, Tommy. Is your father—? Oh, hello, Joan."

A smiling, pleasant-looking woman came out on the front porch and waved a paper bag at Grace. The screen door slammed behind her. She came down the walk toward Grace and I noticed that she wore no make-up. Her close-bobbed hair was evenly and prematurely gray.

"Bob drove down to the village," Joan Stewart said. "He ought to be back pretty soon." She handed Grace the paper bag. "Here are the eggs," she continued. "Only six of them. My hens are on a stand-up strike. I hope they're enough."

"Plenty," Grace said.

JOAN STEWART stopped smiling. She lowered her voice, but I could hear her ask, "Are you expecting Dr. Norman this week end?"

"Heavens no," Grace replied. "Why?"

"He was here yesterday."

"Here? Norman?"

"He walked up from the village to talk to Bob."

"That's a funny one," Grace said. "What about?"

"I'd rather Bob told you. He's pretty upset about it. Can we come over later?"

"Of course. Why don't you and Bob come by for a cocktail?"

"Fine. Around five."

Grace came back to the car. She handed me the paper bag and stepped on the starter.

"Eggs," she said. "Don't sit on them."

"I won't even cackle. Why don't you introduce me to your pal?"

"You'll meet them later. The Stewarts are grand people. You won't like them. They're too damned normal."

Three minutes later we were climbing the short, steep lane that led from the main road to Grace's cabin on the hillside. The lane straightened out after about a hundred yards to make a flat, oak-shaded parking space, then became a cart track climbing into the woods. I remembered, the once I had been here before, following the track through the woods and over the hill. On the other side of the hill it joined the main road to Blue Falls, the nearest village.

The cabin was a sprawling L-shaped affair backed up against the hill. There was a screened porch at the short end of the L, and a field-stone chimney rising from the other. A big, spreading oak grew behind the cabin with branches that swept the sloping roof. The front entrance, flanked by two dense thickets of evergreen shrubs, was inside the angle of the L.

Grace jumped out, sank to her

(Continued on page 40)

"I'm taking advantage of you, Jim," Grace said. "I'm taking you to the country under false pretenses. I wasn't going to tell you about it until we got to the lake, but I guess I ought to give you a chance to turn back now if you want to"

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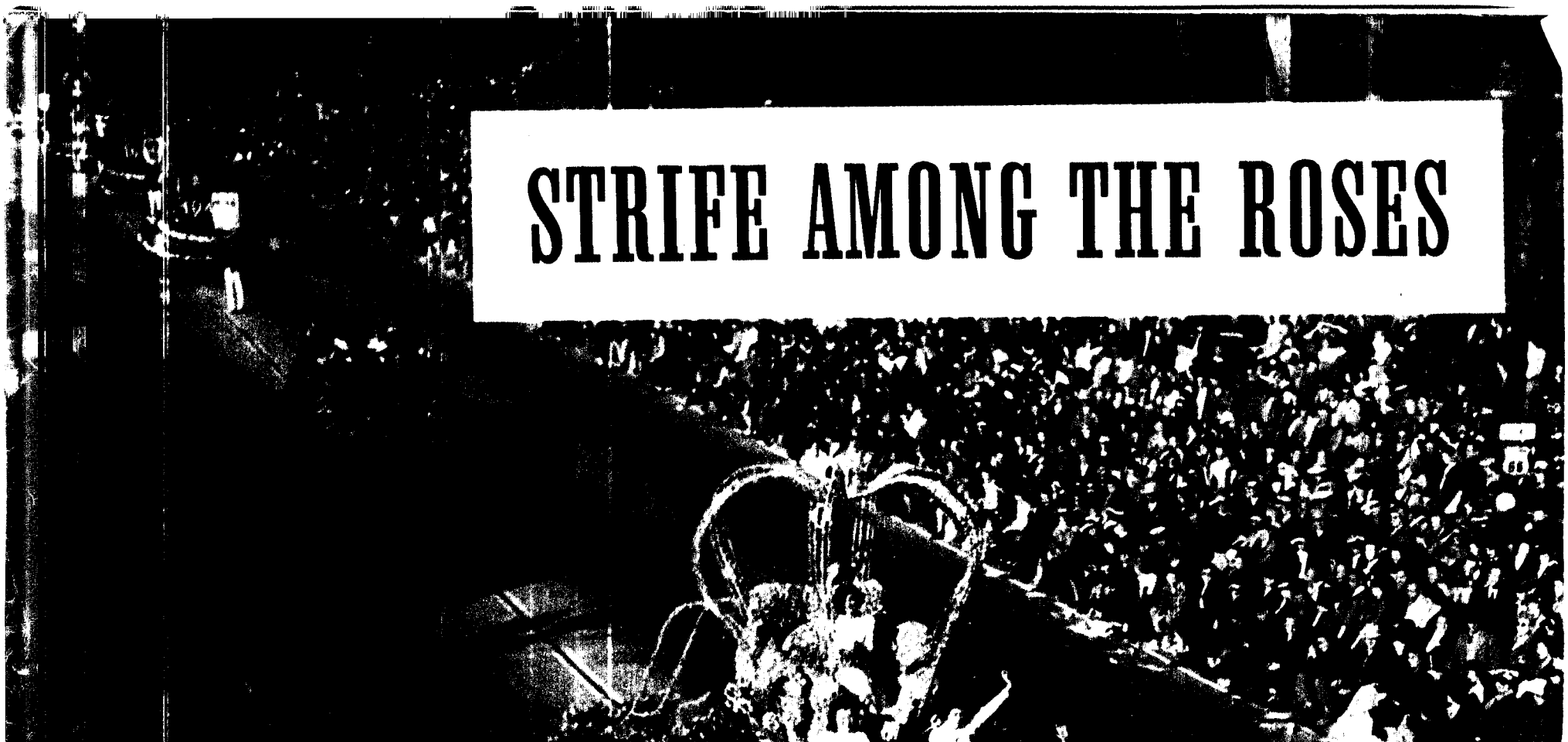
STRIFE AMONG THE ROSES



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Spectacular features of the Tournament of Roses parade are these huge flower-bedecked floats. In the foreground is the float of the Queen and her six attendants

BY HANNIBAL COONS

All is not rosy in the Rose Bowl as Michigan and Southern California square away in the 34th annual grid classic. Here's why

FOR thirty-three tournaments, saying anything derogatory about Rose Bowl football has been like criticizing virtue, motherhood or San Francisco's cable cars. This year the situation is different. What with one thing and another, it is no longer deniable that Pasadena's petals are in danger of falling. The ticket situation is getting worse and worse. Coast football in general has been floundering around like a downed cow, and the Coast's new contract with the Big Nine has been hailed as one of the most ill-advised agreements since Munich.

With Southern California and Michigan about to whale away at each other in the thirty-fourth running of this event, let us shove some of the blossoms out of the way, and attempt to see what is going on.

First, let's dispel the idea that the Rose Bowl is any longer a big Southern California football festival that all the fellows go to. It isn't. The average football fan on the Coast has as much chance of getting into the Rose Bowl as he has of getting into heaven. Maybe less.

Last year the usual packed throng of 89,083 people saw the Rose Bowl game. Out of this number of seats, exactly 7,642 were sold to the general public. Even most of these went to fill a few of the endless baskets of mail applications. To maintain the fiction of a public sale, some 2,100 seats were sold through the Rose Bowl wickets two days before Christmas. Then the windows were slammed shut on the citizens' fingers, and that was that.

It was not very difficult to see that old Joe Fan was gradually getting squeezed right out of the joint. And John Morley, USC ticket manager, says this year is bound to be worse than last, since USC has several thousand more season-ticket holders than UCLA, and each is allowed to buy Rose Bowl tickets in the same proportion as he bought season tickets. Actually the ticket sale was the shortest in the game's history. At the close of the USC-UCLA game on November 22d, the whole thing was seemingly handled over the public address system: *"Important Announcement . . .* The winning of this game insures the Trojans' appearance in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. (Loud cheers.) Do not mail in applications for tickets. The tickets are all sold."

One possible break in the ticket log

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jam is at hand. This year's game will be "seen" by vastly more people than ever before because it will be the first Rose Bowl game to be televised. KTLA, Paramount Pictures' television station, will carry the whole parade and the entire game. Every indication is that it will be the biggest boost television has ever received.

Another factor that may help the ticket situation is the growing competition for those New Year's Day dollars. Last New Year's there were seventeen recognized "Bowl" games, from Pasadena to Miami; the total mass gate was 478,000 and the total receipts $1,765,000. Of the most immediate interest to the Rose Bowl is the annually recurrent demand that Los Angeles stage a rival Bowl game of some sort in the Los Angeles Coliseum, which with its 101,372 seats is the largest permanent seating stadium in the country. A rival game of real consequence here would do a great deal to relieve the congestion.

Whether this blow falls or not, Pasadena's early monopoly on Bowl football is at an end. The Rose Bowl has and always will have the one thing the others would all give their fifty-yard line for—tradition. From now on, the Rose Bowl is going to have to maintain its tradition the only way it can be done—by providing on each New Year's Day the best football game in the country. And at this interesting point in its history the Rose Bowl has proceeded to tie at least one hand behind it by signing its famous five-year pact with the Big Nine.

This remarkable agreement, entered into at a meeting of representatives of the Pacific Coast Conference and the Big Nine at Berkeley, California, in November of 1946, has blown up a terrific storm. The minute the news was released, the Coast sports writers howled like banshees caught in a bear trap. Why did the Coast have to knuckle down to the Big Nine? Why was it necessary to give away the entire Rose Bowl to induce these Middle Western golden boys to come to Pasadena? Several of the UCLA players, who had just romped through the Pacific Coast Conference without a defeat, added their own public piping to the clamor—my goodness, this meant that they wouldn't get a chance to lick Army!

What Would Army Have Done?

This turned out to be one of the most humane occurrences in history. Illinois, the first of the Big Nine representatives, which had barely eked through its own conference, came out last New Year's Day and practically rammed the Rose Bowl down UCLA's throat, 45-14. If Army had been lured out, many of the UCLA young men would no doubt have been killed.

Since Black Wednesday, as the day of the Illinois game has since been known on the Coast, there have been few public utterances about pampering the Big Nine. But there has been continued, if not as loud, criticism of this remarkable five-year plan, particularly by those who know enough about it to wonder what is going to happen not this year, but next. Because the agreement contains certain well-meant but hazardous jokers.

Briefly, the agreement is this: For five years, of which this is the second, the Big Nine will control the Eastern end of the Rose Bowl situation, choosing the team to represent the East. For the first three years—through next year—this representative must be a Big Nine team; for the fourth and fifth years of the agreement the Big Nine has the right to choose a team outside its own conference, subject to Coast approval of the selection. Those fourth and fifth years give promise of some dandy arguments, but the most important question is what happens next year.

The East must willy-nilly be represented by a team from the Big Nine, and it can't be either Illinois or Michigan. This is due to the fact that the cautious Big Nine authorities, mindful of the juggernaut once reared at Minnesota, insisted on a clause that no Big Nine team could play oftener than once in any three years. This year, with Illinois ineligible, Michigan stepped into the breach by coming up with a whizzer. Next year, with both Illinois and Michigan ineligible, it is entirely possible that the Big Nine will be left with a third-string team so wan that the lads will have to be transported to the Coast on a hospital train.

If this happens, what they will do is uncertain. Some rumors say that this has already been thought of, and if it should happen, any bothersome parts of the agreement would simply be thrown out the window; others with more experience in educational obstinacy maintain that the original agreement will be carried through as is, even if in 1949 the Big Nine has to send out a team that has just been defeated by the Palmer School of Chiropractic. At any rate, the future looks interesting, and rocky.

Just why the Coast should have purchased this albatross is not widely understood. Actually, there were reasons for it, the main reason being that the pickings were getting a little slim. Since 1926 so many Southern teams had played at Pasadena that the Rose Bowl ushers were beginning to say, "Right this way, you all." This was due not to any Pacific Coast love of chitlins, but because most of the schools in other portions of the country would have nothing to do with postseason blandishments. They considered football a sport, not a business. After their regular season they put the pads away and got on to other things.

The Big Nine agreement was simply an effort to get a little new blood into a situation that was rapidly becoming incestuous. And since a special agreement had to be made to dynamite any of the holdout conferences, it was decided that the Big Nine was the logical group, since it was the most similar to the Coast itself in its recruiting and scholastic standards.

The scholarly approach of the Big Nine to the whole thing is exemplified not only by their cautious one-year-in-three clause, but by the way they divvy up their part of the money. Last year the gross receipts, at $5.50 per, and including the program and hot-dog money which is all thrown into the general pool, amounted to $362,000, far more than was taken in by any other Bowl game in the country. This was split as follows (all round figures to the nearest thousand): The mutual expenses of both teams came to $24,000, and the stadium rental was $74,000 (all that Pasadena got out of the deal), leaving a net of $264,000. This was split right down the middle, the Big Nine and Pacific Conference getting a check for $132,000.

At this point the distribution becomes somewhat bifocal. On the Coast the Rose Bowl team gets 50 per cent of the total Coast net; out of the other 50 per cent, $25,000 goes to run the commissioner's office, and the balance is split into ten equal shares, with the already fattened Bowl team even coming in for one of these. So out of last year's pot, UCLA got approximately $70,000, with $4,000 being tossed to each of the other nine schools in the conference.

The Big Nine, on the other hand, took their $132,000 and divided it into eleven equal shares—their representative in the Rose Bowl gets two shares, and the commissioner's office and each of the other eight teams in the conference get one. Thus Illinois received $24,000 for defeating $70,000 UCLA; but each of the other schools in the conference received a nice round $12,000. This modest divvy of the swag is going to prove most interesting if the Big Nine is forced to ask some other school to pull its Rose Bowl chestnuts out of the fire.

Which is not at all unthinkable. After more than its share of difficulties, Coast football is on its way back, although the Coast fans don't seem to realize it yet. Last year was so disastrous that the Coast fans are still flat on their backs, suffering from shock. The Coast sports writers had built UCLA up so high that when they got knocked off by Illinois the whole Coast landed with a terrific crash. The result is that this year it is difficult to find a single human being west of Denver who thinks that USC has a Chinaman's chance against Michigan. Everybody in town is all ready to roll over and play dead.

There may not be anything specific wrong with Pacific Coast football, but there is certainly something specific wrong with the Coast fans. They have an inferiority complex down to here. They come out in great numbers, but without much confidence. The fact that after last year's reign of terror the Coast has come back tremendously this year in intersectional competition means nothing to them.

Mighty Michigan, in the game that clinched the Rose Bowl for them, beat Wisconsin 40-6; California, which can't get into the Rose Bowl this year even with tickets, beat Wisconsin 48-7. Michigan beat Ohio State 21-0; USC beat them 32-0. Yet in a poll of the man in the Coast street I was unable to find a man or boy in any street who thought that USC had any chance whatever against Michigan. Even the USC students themselves looked extremely sheepish when asked for a prediction on the game. Most of them turned it away with a minor quip such as, "Well, now, that's a good question." One sounded the campus keynote when he said, "Well, I *hope* . . ."

A Loyola student who has lived in Pasadena all his life said, "They just play better football in the East. The sports writers build up this bush-league football we've got out here because they have to, but it just hasn't got it." A UCLA freshman stammered out the news that neither UCLA nor USC would have a chance against Michigan; he didn't know why, he just didn't think they would. At the UCLA-Washington game I asked several of the customers if they thought either UCLA or USC could lick Michigan; the general consensus was "Nah!"

A Coast sports fan is a funny proposition. He's a big-town fan in that he applauds for both sides and wants no special favors from the referee, but he's a small-town boy when it comes to having any confidence that his team can do much of anything against the big boys from the city. Coast football, *and* baseball, aren't going to grow up until the Coast fans grow up. If you think you deserve the part of the turkey that goes over the fence last, that's what you get.

This will be Michigan's second appearance in the Rose Bowl. Their first was in the first Bowl game ever played, in 1902. It has taken this long for the Coast to forget and forgive what happened on that awful afternoon forty-six years ago. This Michigan team, the first of Yost's Point-a-Minute teams, had scored 501 points to 0 during their regular season (in those days a touchdown scored 5 points, a field goal 5, and a conversion 1), and had decided to go on a barnstorming tour of the West. The Tournament of Roses officials invited them to play Stanford as the athletic part of the Tournament of Roses.

It was extremely interesting. Michigan won 49-0, the association lost $12,000 on the afternoon, and that was the last of Rose Bowl football until 1916. Since January 1, 1916, when Washington State defeated Brown 14-0, the Rose Bowl has been America's top postseason football game.

The Trojans Are No Pushovers

What will happen this year? USC should give Michigan a very busy afternoon. USC Coach Jeff Cravath is a good coach on the way up and the Trojans have lost only one Rose Bowl game in nine starts. This year USC will run for the Roses with a tremendously strong defensive line and the best passing attack in the school's history. Quarterbacks George Murphy and Jim Powers are both fine passers who can run a T party without spilling it. And Don Doll, Gordon Gray, Mickey McCardle and Jack Kirby are backs with speed and power. Coach Cravath, a former USC captain himself and line coach under the late Howard Jones, has come up with a line this year that's been the despair of the opposition. John Ferraro, 1944 All-America left tackle, is not only big—six feet four and weighing 240—he can also move around with discouraging speed. With Don Clark flanking him at left guard, Walt McCormick at center and All-America Paul Cleary at right end, the whole Trojan line is more or less inhospitable. Up to the Notre Dame game, USC had given up only four touchdowns in eight games. Probably the best of the big Trojan linemen is Cleary, with an uncanny ability to stay on his feet, pile up the opposition and nail Junior coming around with the ball. A line like that has been known to take the razzle out of the dazzle.

At times this year USC has looked something less than great, but like the great Trojan teams of the past they have a habit of coming up with some sort of desperate shenanigans to get that money to the bank. Between halves of the USC-UCLA game I asked Notre Dame's Frank Leahy if he thought USC would provide some interest for Michigan. "Oh, my, yes," he said recklessly. "It will take a great team to beat USC."

Michigan is a great team. Coach Fritz Crisler's 1947 Wolverines have everything a great team needs, including terrific speed, power, deception and depth. In Bob Chappuis, Michigan has the year's outstanding back; in six conference games this year Chappuis has passed and slashed across 1,019 yards of enemy territory. Chalmers "Bump" Elliott, Gene Derricotte and Jack Weisenburger are still other stars of Crisler's big crew.

It should be a right interesting afternoon. If you can get in. ★★★

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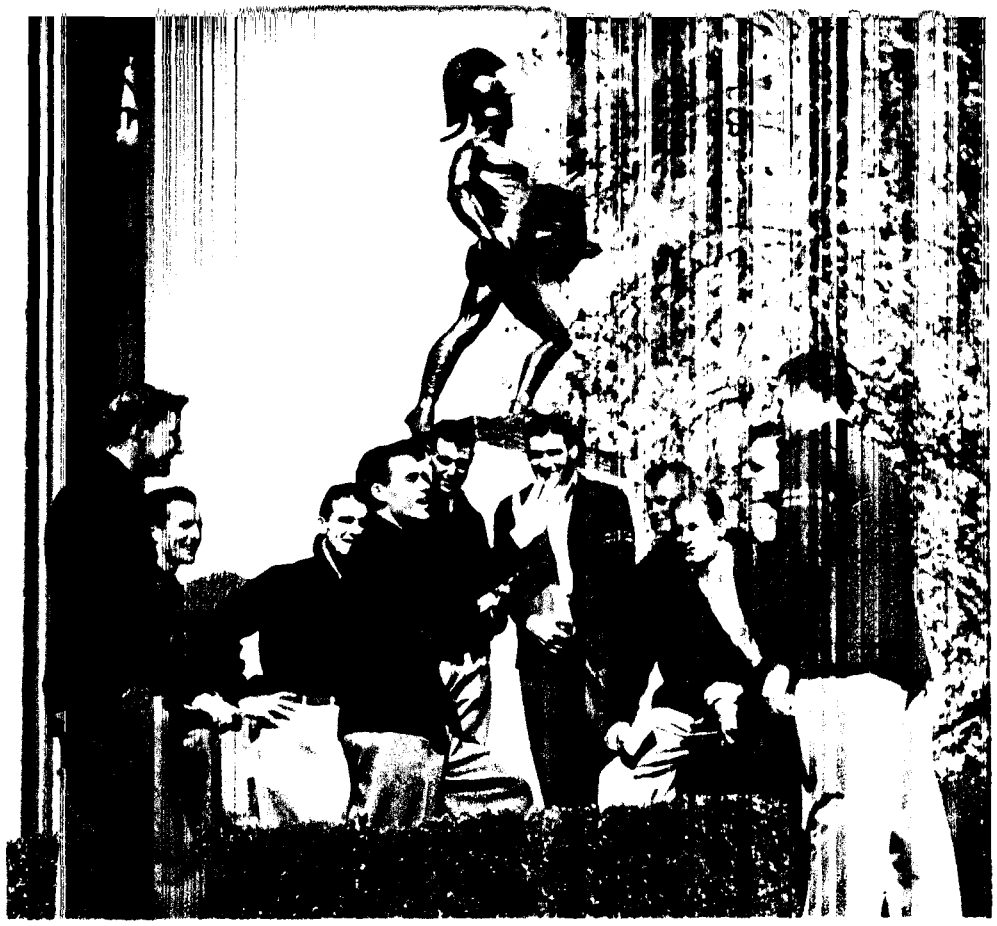
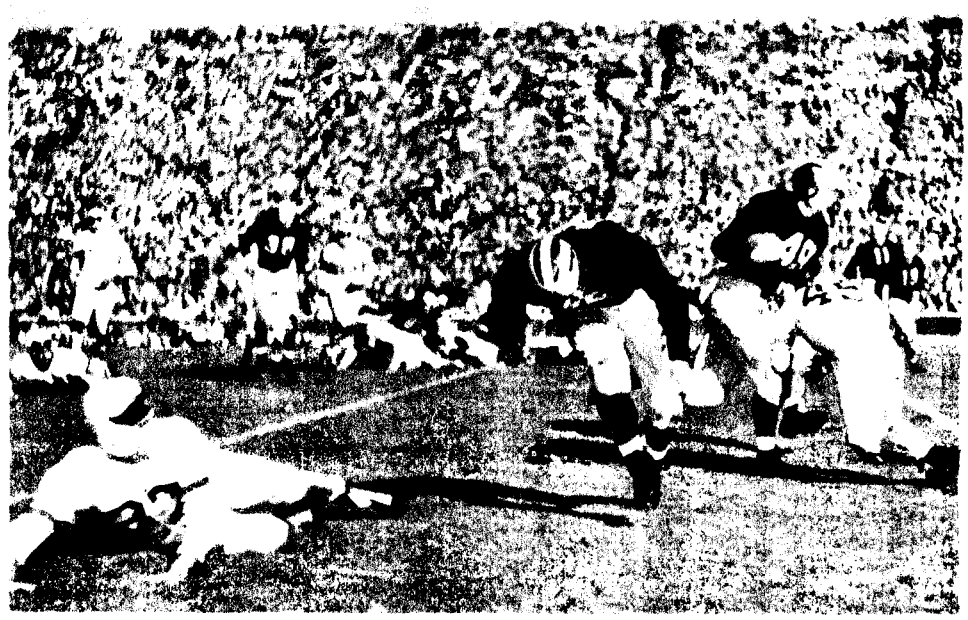


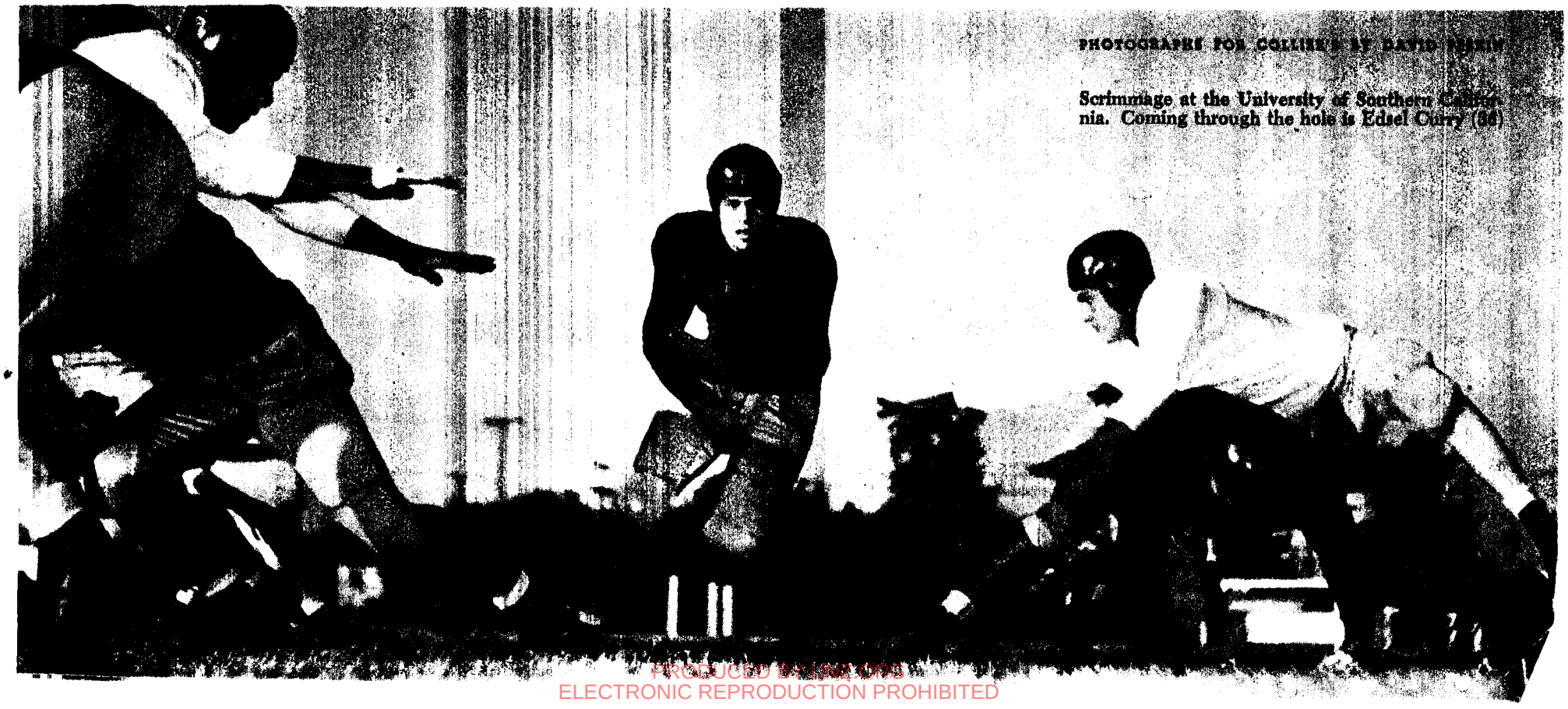
Posed before the statue of USC's Tommy Trojan are Doll, Gray, McCardle, McCormick, Tolman, Ferraro, Schutte, Cleary, Murphy and Lillywhite of the USC football team

Jeff Cravath, grid coach at the University of Southern California, with two All-Americans of his Rose Bowl team, Paul Cleary (82) and John Ferraro (71)

Gordon Gray (33), Fred McCall (75), Don Clark (60), John Ferraro (71) and Mickey McCardle (28) are called the Pensioners. Most of them played for USC in '41 and '42



USC will have a busy New Year's Day with Michigan's All-America back Bob Chappuis, shown running for a touchdown in the 55-0 rout of Michigan State



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PRATT

Scrimmage at the University of Southern California. Coming through the hole is Edsel Curry (36)

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FOR LANDINGS' SAKE

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Consistent air-line safety and dependability are yet to be had, but Collier's aviation reporter believes it could be achieved sooner than you think if the many government and private groups involved would bury their differences, agree on one program and execute it rapidly and completely

THAT perennial question—"What are the prospects for scheduled air-line flying this winter, will it be better or worse than last, and just what *is* the matter with the air lines, anyway?"—is at hand. It is so serious that two air inquiry boards have been working on it for months but we may have to wait until next March for the final recommendations as to what will be undertaken for our sagging aviation.

One group, composed of five prominent citizens with no aviation connections, was appointed by President Truman last July and is to report by January 1st. The other, called the Congressional Aviation Policy Board, is to report not later than March 1st. It has ten members, five each from the Senate and the House.

Answering the air-line question now is no more difficult than predicting now the winner of the 1957 World Series. But if you'll let me borrow the favorite trick of our sports authorities, who freely forecast a disastrous season for a popular and promising team only to ignore their predictions when the underdog team emerges victorious, and hail the winner as having scored a triumphant "upset," I'll reluctantly report that this winter's outlook for our scheduled air lines is the bleakest in history.

I hope I am wrong. For me to hope

Night scene at La Guardia Airport, New York. Pattern of white lights shows planes taking off and landing under control system illustrated on opposite page

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Ground-control operator uses microphone to radio taxiing instructions to pilots after they have landed their planes, thus avoiding traffic jams

At the approach control-board operator watches small cardboard squares, each one representing a stacked-up plane waiting its turn to land at the busy airport

this forecast will be sustained by adverse events of the next few months in order that I may break into the oracular class of the columnists, is to label me a carnivorous buzzard. I do not want to sit on a fence post or circle a spot where the air transport industry lies thoroughly bushed and glide down for a feast off its prostrate body in order to say, "I told you so."

Then why mention it? And what is being done to prevent what I seem to think might happen?

I mention it because the people are partners in air transportation, just as much as they are responsible for the growth of the railroads, shipping and highway transport, and they should know what they're going to get for their ticket fares in the way of safety and reliability. I think that is their chief concern—first their necks, second their pocketbooks.

Two Ingredients of Success

But more and more you hear that people are going sour on air transportation. True or false, this much is certain: The people's patience, as well as patronage, is necessary, in equal amounts, for the success of air-line flying. Both also are necessary for its preservation and advancement, for contrary to the uninformed promoters, the air lines have yet to give uniform satisfactory performance.

The public is responsible for much of this. It overloaded the air lines and the airways and airports for a long period after V-J Day. It was not enticed with premiums, like a set of dishes, to buy air-line tickets. It was not induced to ride the air lines as the only safe and reliable means of travel now to be had. The people made their decision based on the miraculous achievement of the airplane in the war years, an achievement in transportation superior to anything since the invention of the wheel.

So they rushed in and bought 12,209,004 tickets last year and broke all records for patronage in the United States and everywhere else. The air lines were stampeded, confused and delirious. They grabbed war-surplus transports and put them on the airways; they ordered new planes with dollar-value totals that sounded like war contracts, and they bought them from blueprints. They obtained route expansions and set up in parallel competition with companies that had operated very satisfactorily before the war but no longer appeared able to handle the heavy demands of the times.

In this boom period, whenever an air-line executive could get his breath, he'd be heard mumbling, "How long will *this* last?" or "Can this be *real?*" or "God help *us* when the boom busts!" Yet he didn't have the courage (if he had the thought) to go down in the crowded airport terminal lobby and tell the people fighting for tickets to go home and never come back or they'd ruin his air line. (I wouldn't, either!)

Then the boom busted but paradoxically the bang wasn't heard at the time though now it can pretty well be tracked back to September, 1946, when air travel began to slump. "Return to normal" perhaps is better, for there was a time when there were more passengers than seats available. Finally when the seats available caught up with this inflated demand for space, there were fewer passengers. That's why it looks worse than it is; yet the domestic air lines have the planes now (759 two- and four-engine air liners) and they are more than adequate to handle the traffic. (At the end of 1940 they operated 358 twin-engine air liners and they hauled 3,000,000 passengers.)

Those added air liners cost money and they have got to be paid for, but it'll be a hard job to do that when they're now flying at only two thirds capacity. That's why you might have heard that orders for some of the new postwar air liners have been canceled, at a cash penalty to the air lines and a heavier loss to the aircraft manufacturers.

The domestic air lines in the United States, based on the number of passengers they have carried so far this year should rack up a total of 12,500,000 tickets sold—should break the all-time, all-high record of 1946, but again let me say one third of the seats in all the air liners will have flown empty.

The air lines now admit they were wrong in estimating the boom-period traffic as the normal volume and it was a costly mistake to expand so rapidly in an effort to meet it. The air passenger "slump" was due to travel-hungry appetites having been temporarily satisfied; to a cooling of the hot money in the pockets of war workers

(Continued on page 60)

Above, ground-control approach operator with radar screen in background. In bad weather, when visibility is limited, he guides planes in for a safe landing

Below, tower-control man informs incoming pilots via radio of current landing conditions at field, including wind velocity and direction and runway information

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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Having the good luck to be snowed in with the Deems girl, George took the opportunity to snow her under

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IF I weren't a gorgeous skier George wouldn't have let me come with him. I mean, I *ski*. But on occasion I also eat, sleep and even powder my nose. And the occasion, I felt, was overdue.

"Now look, dear, dear brother," I said, "it's four twenty. The lift stops in ten minutes. We're going over to the Lodge right now, or we'll get no rooms for tonight."

"I thought we might start driving down toward Bromley while there's still some daylight—"

"No, George," I said. And he looked depressed, which was good, because it meant he might knuckle under. We'd skied Cannon Mountain Thursday, crossed to Stowe Friday, came here to Thunder Mountain Saturday and now he wanted to be at Bromley when the lift started Sunday morning.

"We'll head for Bromley first thing tomorrow. And tonight I won't say a kind word to a soul," I promised, knowing George's real objection to Thunder Mountain Lodge. I might meet a female friend. You see, my brother—now let's put this *very* conservatively—was not a ladies' man. Of course I'm a lady but George was not aware of it. George was the guy who moved to the New York Athletic Club when our apartment house put a girl on the elevator. George hadn't seen a woman in twenty years because he wouldn't look at one. You couldn't just say he was shy with women. He wasn't *with* women at all.

George and I came clumping through Thunder Mountain Lodge's hospitable front door about ten of five that Saturday evening. When George clutched my arm, I looked up at him. Naturally. When I saw his staring eyes, I followed the stare. And when I realized it was a girl he was gauping at, my own mouth fell open.

"Look, Peggie!" George was muttering, "She's exquisite! Peggie, look!"

This was George talking. Feeling suddenly all over weak, I lowered the wet seat of my ski pants into a fortunately near lounge chair, and fought for breath.

"Are you," I then began in a level quiet voice, "by any chance looking at that pug-nosed wench with the straggly hair—"

"Peggie! There, with those people. Who is she? Gosh, she—she's exquisite!"

The three people standing over by the newspaper table were a Mary and Harry Harrison whom I knew a little and then this smallish girl with her hair a mess from dragging a goggle strap through it. I didn't know her. She was pretty enough, but "exquisite" certainly wouldn't have been my word and I had not been aware it was anywhere in George's vocabulary.

By good luck the Harrisons didn't look my way just then. They and the girl moved on along from the table and went up the stairway at the back of the lounge. George let go of my arm and drifted forward to watch them—or her—go up.

I followed George. Spread on the table was the newspaper they had been chatting and laughing over. It was a New York paper, open at the social page, and the first thing I saw was a two-column photograph.

"Well, well!" I pointed.

George glanced down. Only one thing on earth could have focused George's vacant gaze right then, and this was it. Looking up at us from the newspaper was the face of the girl who had just gone upstairs. The picture was one of those studio portraits of course—too-too elegant and bored for words—considerably less winsome than the tousled subject we had viewed in person. George, however, couldn't take his eyes off it.

The caption underneath read:

"PADDIE" DEEMS TO WED ALFRED PARKS YEOMANS MONDAY.

Daughter of Phillip G. Deems, former Shadowbrook polo star, will be bride at St. Matthew's.

"Georgie," I cooed. "Look. See what you've missed. Your 'exquisite' little girl is getting married. Day after tomorrow."

"Married? She—day after—"

"—tomorrow. Yep. Well, cheer up. 'It's better to have loved and lost than never—' "

Something in George's face choked me off. I gulped. "Hey, you goon! Are you sick? What's come over you? Do you *know* this Deems girl? Nuts! You don't know any girl. You hate—"

"She can't marry—I mean, not somebody else."

"George!" This time *I* grabbed *him*. And shook him. "If this is a gag—George! Take that idiotic look off your face. You just walked in here and saw this girl for the first time in your life. She's getting married on Monday—"

"I'll have to meet her right away. I—Monday—gosh!"

"Go take a cold shower!" I snapped. A boy was coming in the front door with the bags from our car. "I'll see you in the cocktail shop in half an hour. If you still show signs of concussion we'll borrow the ambulance."

The Lodge doesn't go as far as phones in the rooms so I oozed sweat in a pay booth for twenty minutes till I got Mama at the Sixty-eighth Street house. You think I was being silly. I tell you you don't know my brother. And you hadn't seen the horrible, serious look on his face. It was gaga. This was not his sort of joke. Neither was he an impulsive high-school sophomore, being nearly thirty and—although you aren't likely to believe it at this point—a very bright guy. George, in fact, is the youngest full professor at his university. On the other hand nobody—though I dearly love my husband Bill—nobody could fall in love at first sight. It was impossible.

"Mother, has our darling Georgie ever had any truck with a Deems gal that you know of?"

"Oh, good afternoon, Margaret." Mama's voice on the phone is always refreshingly cool. "If by 'gal' you mean 'girl' and if by Deems you mean the Phillip Deemses—"

"Mama, has George ever seen—"

"I understood your question. No. But one of the Deems girls is about to marry Alfred Yeomans who is the son of—"

"George says she can't do that because he wants her for himself."

It took even Mama a couple of seconds to adjust to this. If you'd call it an adjustment. What Mama said was, "Have you been drinking, Margaret?"

"No," I told her, "but I'm going to. And your only son has gone mad." I hung up.

AS I opened the phone booth door, George passed. "Here I am," I said.

"Umhm," said George and prowled on, looking right and left.

I pursued and nailed him by the wrist. "Are you coming quietly, or do I call the cops?" Obviously this was my evening to stay in wet pants. George could not be trusted alone. I led him into the cocktail shop.

"Sit down," I ordered. "Keep your eyes at our own table for a minute and listen to me."

To my surprise he did look at me, and smile. "Guess this seems a little queer to you, Peg. But—well, that girl we saw as we came in—remember? Well, I want to meet—" He choked off as if invisible hands had closed on his throat. His eyes, raising over and past my head, glazed.

"Steady!" I growled. "Stay where you are. Steady, boy!"

As I expected, the Girl came past our table from behind me. Harry Harrison passed too. But Mary saw my classic profile.

"Peggie Foster!" she beamed. "Hello!"

Mary is one of those plump matrons gone kittenish with advancing middle age. Really sort of sweet, but for several reasons I felt formal just then and said, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Harrison?"

"Darling! Come on over to a bigger table and tell me all—is Bill—"

George at this point leaped to his feet, knocking his chair over.

"Oh, I never bring my husband," I said, "—not on my week ends with

(Continued on page 46)

Patricia came scurrying to the kitchen with George in hot pursuit. "I will not shut up!" George was shouting. "I tell you I knew the first minute I saw you . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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BLACK STAR

These kolkhoz farmers of the autonomous republic Kabardin are getting the latest of the news, as their government interprets it, by reading copies of Pravda distributed to them in the fields. To Pravda's 2,500,000 readers, its four crammed, tightly printed pages are the code for their day-to-day thinking. "Pravda" is Russian for "Truth"

Krokodile, Russia's humor magazine, carried this cartoon in a recent issue. A U.S. judge is telling a woman that since her criminal son is only a child, the guilt is also hers. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" thunders the judge. "Guilty," cries the mother. "I shouldn't have let him go so often to the movies"

THE TRUTH

The fount of the Communist party line is Moscow's newspaper Pravda, which means Truth—as seen through red-colored glasses. Here is how it spreads the gospel according to St. Marx

TO THE Russian people, Yakov Viktorov is a mouthpiece of the gods who dwell in the Kremlin. He may not be so famous as Ilya Ehrenburg outside the country, but to American experts on Russia he is about as infamous as Walter Lippmann is to the bigwigs in the Soviet Union.

The readers of Pravda take him more seriously than Ehrenburg, the Russian journalist who made such an impression in the U.S. in the spring of 1946. Viktorov is a foreign editor of that curious publication, and when his name is signed to one of Pravda's brash, vitriolic editorials, the initiated are well aware that some deep thinking has been going on among the higher-ups off Red Square.

It took me exactly three weeks and 52 telephone calls before I succeeded in coming face to face with Viktorov. This personable, middle-aged man with the friendly, shrewd eyes and hearty handclasp was hard to reconcile with the sinister figure I had dreamed up beforehand. Yakov Viktorov holds what is probably last year's record for smearing and insulting the United States.

I learned I had gotten my wish when my English-speaking Russian secretary telephoned me one morning at 2 A.M. at the Moskva Hotel. In an exuberantly triumphant voice she said she had been told I could see Mr. Viktorov "next Thursday after 9 P.M."

Pravda's imposing nine-story plant is one of Moscow's showpieces among the modernistic buildings. Its style is pretty much like that of the exterior of Washington's glass-and-chromium Statler Hotel.

Unlike Tass headquarters, Russia's official news agency, there was no guard at the entrance. My secretary pushed one of the glass doors open and we made our way across the spacious marble entrance hall toward the elevators, stopped in front of the directory to check on which floor our man had his office, and were then silently motioned into the elevator by

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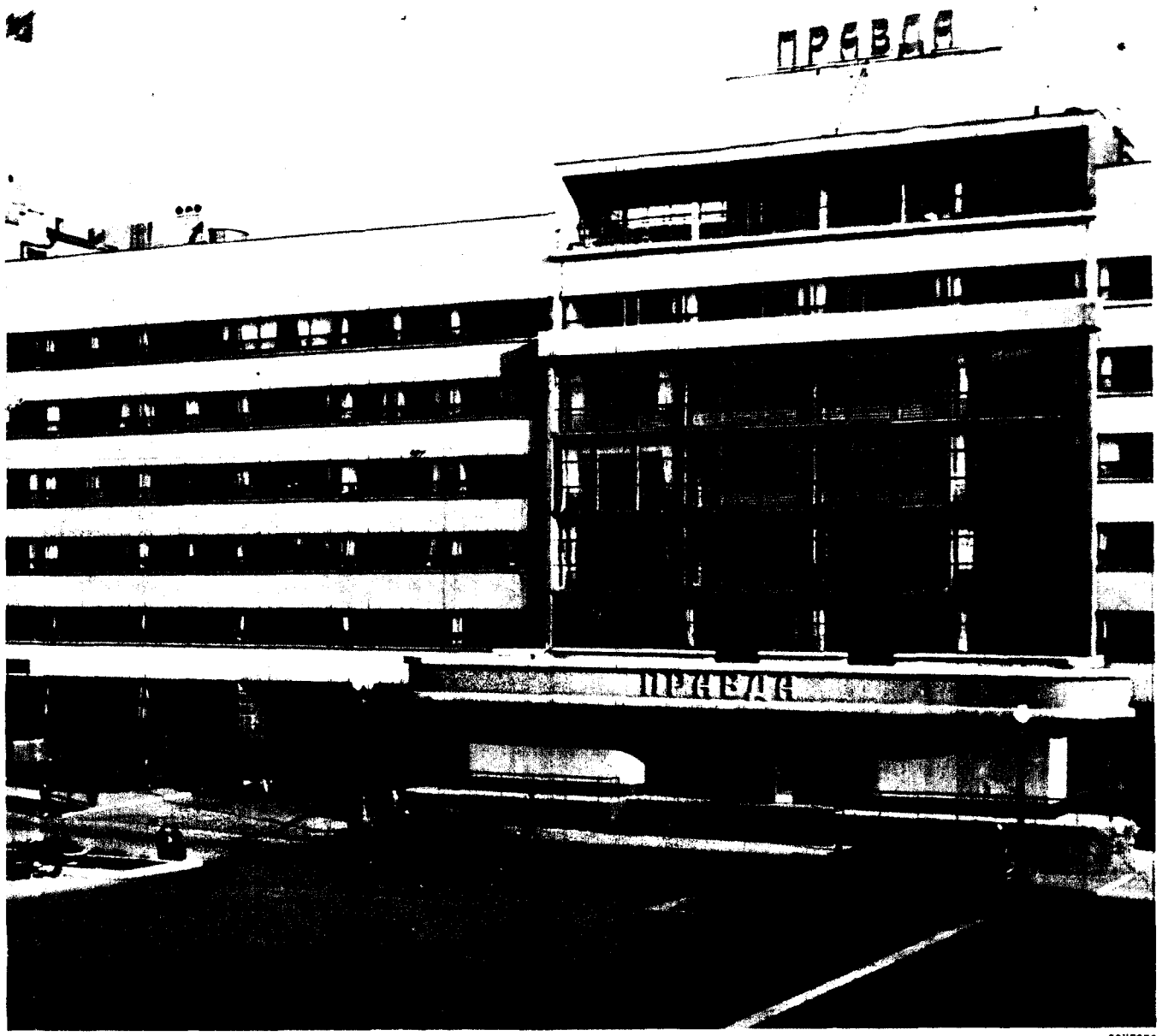

SOVFOTO

Pravda's imposing nine-story plant is one of the showpieces among the modernistic buildings in the Soviet capital. It has an American look, but there is nothing of the U.S. type of newspaper in the way the sheet is published

BLACK STAR

Dr. Pospelov, Pravda's chief editor, knows the party line and need not consult Molotov

BLACK STAR

Boris Izakov, foreign correspondent, is one of the sieves through which outside news passes

IN RUSSIAN EYES

BY O. HENRY BRANDON

a buxom, elderly woman in a white apron and with a white shawl tied around her head. Even the most modern elevators in Moscow are slow, and the one that took us up to the editorial department was no exception. The corridor was empty. There was no smell of printer's ink or the bustle that you usually find in the smallest U.S. newspaper offices.

Any editor this side of the Atlantic would be delighted with as roomy and comfortable an office as the one Viktorov occupies. Though Pravda's façade is streamlined, the atmosphere here was Old World. Perhaps it was the faded wallpaper, the worn red carpet or the clumsy furniture that gave the room its quaint appearance.

Viktorov came around from behind a huge old mahogany desk to shake hands with us. We were invited to sit down in two comfortable grandfather armchairs.

If you were to ask an American what Pravda is, he would probably reply that it is the official propaganda organ of the Communist party. Viktorov told me Pravda is the link between the Communist party and the Russian people. Both statements would be correct. Pravda is not just a propaganda organ and yet it is not quite a newspaper, but it certainly is a most important wheel in the complicated machinery of the Soviet government.

When Americans read in their own morning papers, for instance, that yesterday Pravda attacked the Marshall Plan they know this means in fact that the Soviet government is violently opposed to it. Pravda's 2,500,000 readers have been taught to think likewise. To them, the newspaper's four crammed, tightly printed, confused-looking pages are the code for their day-to-day thinking.

A Question of Inspiration

"Mr. Viktorov," I began, "do you consult with anyone before you write your editorials? For example, do you ask Mr. Molotov for advice?"

A smile of sympathy for my naïveté appeared briefly on the editor's face. Then his foxy dark eyes blinked, and his fingers ran slowly through his cropped, gray thatch.

"A Russian journalist," he said, "has a profound sense of responsibility which"—here he smiled ironically—"is not given to every Anglo-American newspaperman. He is a man conscious of the importance of his work, its impact on the community and his duty toward his own government."

I gathered that the understanding of his duties a Russian journalist picks up not only from Marx, Lenin and Stalin, but also from the fact that he is part of the government machinery. Editor in Chief Pospelov, for example, does not have to buzz Molotov for advice, because he himself is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist party, that infallible and all-powerful board of directors which controls life and policy in the Soviet Union.

This committee, which consists of 72 members, is the brain of the Communist party and the state, because the latter is controlled by the party. The heart of the committee is the famous Politburo, which filters its instructions and orders through members of the Central Committee, probably speedily enough to make it unnecessary to bother Molotov, who is a member of the Politburo, for advice.

Such old wheel horses of the party as Pospelov and Viktorov can guess, probably with 95 per cent accuracy, what line the Politburo will adopt on a given subject. However small a five per cent margin of error may seem to an outsider, inside Russia it would be considered a bad risk. Pospelov and Viktorov are willing to take the risk.

Last December, Pravda was rebuked by Stalin himself for having made a speech by Great Britain's Bevin sound as if it were a breach of the Anglo-Soviet Mutual Assistance Treaty. Did Pravda's editors pull a boner, or was it a calculated error? Viktorov triumphantly pointed it out to me as a good example of the freedom Pravda enjoys.

Because Pravda consists of 400 "responsible" editors and assistants, there is no censorship for the newspaper, we were told. This, despite the fact that only 25 per cent of the staff belongs to the Communist party.

For the record, though, all the top editors are included in that 25 per cent. The seeming lack of censorship can be explained only by assuming that every editor is also a censor and that a special censor would be superfluous.

"But censorship for foreign correspondents is absolutely essential," Viktorov added, shaking an admonitory finger, "because it saves them from making mistakes, misinforming their readers or from committing libels."

Viktorov seemed very hurt, when at his mention of libel, I asked why Pravda often used lush and juicy language in attacking her old comrades-in-arms, the United States and Britain.

So far, the conversation had been mostly in English. Viktorov spoke it

(Continued on page 62)

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FOUR ALARM

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

Give a man like Lafe a fire engine and what do you get? That's right. Spontaneous combustion!

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

WHAT started it all off was that Reed Hadley's two kids had took to smoking corn-silk cigarettes in a barn loft and one of them threw a match into a pile of hay. The barn went up in smoke like a celluloid collar, and almost took the rest of the town with it.

The only piece of fire-fighting equipment in Big Sag was a horse-drawn hose cart, and that was so old that the horses had died eight or ten years before. Pike Edwards drug it down to the fire hitched onto a pickup truck, and for all the good it done he might just as well have left it where it was. It just helped to prolong the conflagration, so to speak.

By the time it was done there was seven houses burned, and it would have took the rest of Big Sag, except a rainstorm come up and put the fire out. The following Sunday, Reverend Dalrymple preached a sermon and give thanks to the proper parties for the rain, but even he had to admit it was a little chancy if the community had to depend on God for fire prevention.

The upshot of it was a few members of the congregation come up with the idea of buying a fire engine, to be paid for by popular subscription. Mrs. J. B. Towner passed the plate and they started her off with a kitty of thirty-eight dollars and seventy cents.

That was all right with me. I didn't see the fire, but I saw the results, and it didn't leave me with much doubt that Big Sag could use a little fire-fighting equipment. Not that it was much concern of mine. I was still working as mine superintendent of the Slow Fuse Number One, for Lafe Pardee, and I didn't get to town over once or twice a month. The way it seemed to me, one fire engine more or less wasn't going to have any profound effect on my life, so to speak, which was where I was wrong, seeing that I hadn't took Lafe into consideration when I had done my figuring.

The first I heard about the plan was me and Lafe was having a drink down at the Stockmen's Club, and Milt Brenner came in. He stepped up to the bar and ordered a drink, and while

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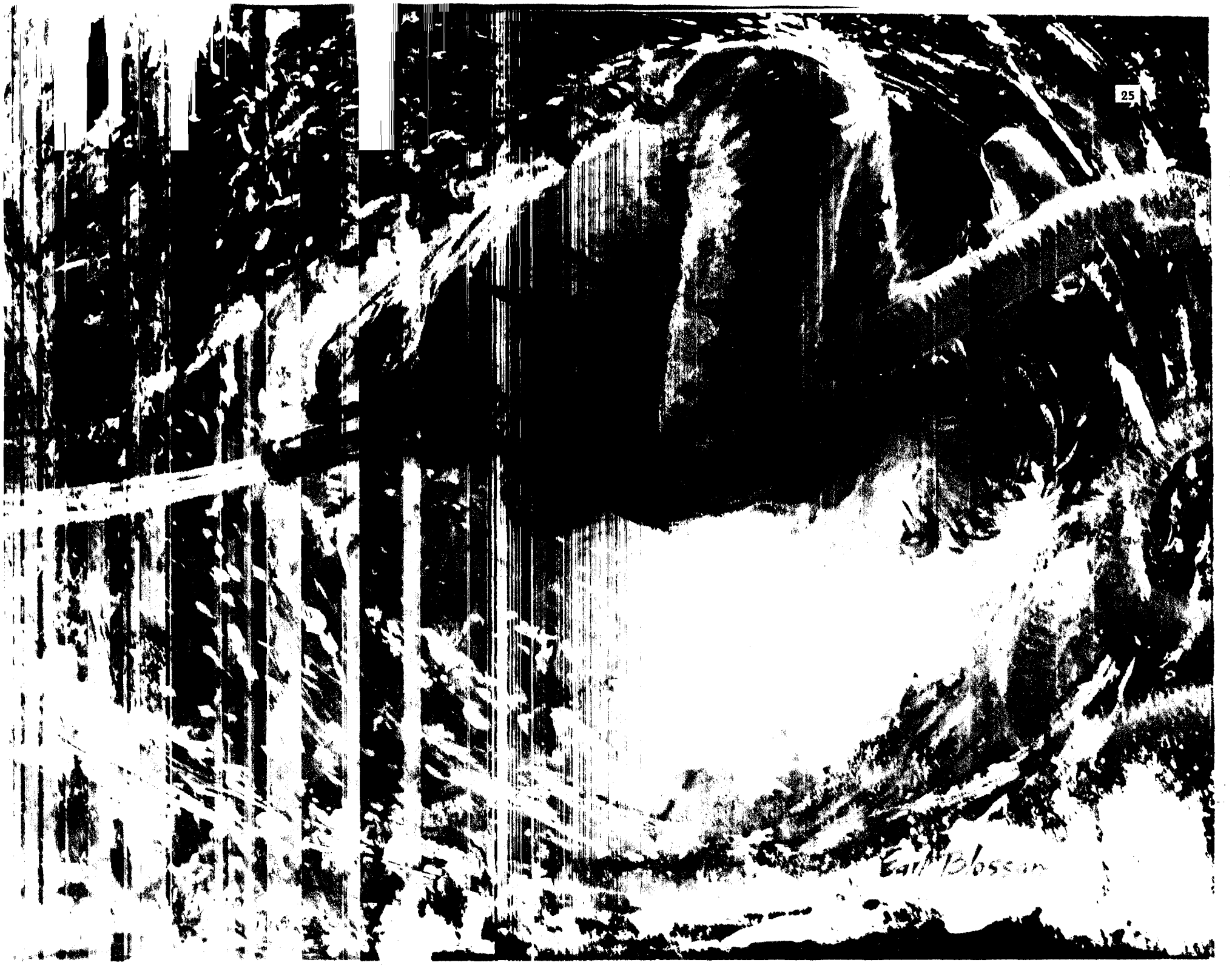

The old man hit everything with that stream of water, but the fire. He knocked down the men from the bunkhouse and then he was yelling to Lafe to turn her off

he was at it he bought one for Lafe and me. After that Lafe bought one, and when that was gone I bought one, and finally Milt come out with what he had to say.

It seemed he'd been appointed head of the fire-engine fund-raising committee and the committee was running into difficulties. The first wave of enthusiasm had sort of died down, and they was having trouble making collections. He realized, Milt said, that Lafe and his old man was what you might call extracurricular citizens of Big Sag, being that they lived twenty-eight miles out of town, and didn't maintain any establishment within the incorporated limits of the city, but since they done their trading in the local stores it occurred to him that they might have a certain amount of interest in the community welfare, and he was wondering. . . .

It was logical enough. Looking at Lafe or the old man you would make a rough guess that they couldn't buy a plug of eating tobacco between them, but what with the oil land the old man owned down Buford way, and the mining properties, I reckon either of them could have run J. P. Morgan a close second in yearly income. There wasn't much of anything Lafe couldn't have bought providing he wanted it, and Milt Brenner knew it. The only problem he had was to approach Lafe the right way, and Big Sag would have a fire department. That was quite a problem though.

"I reckon you didn't see the fire," Milt said.

"Nossir," Lafe said, "I didn't, and I been regrettin' it ever since. She must've made a hell of a blaze."

Milt bought another drink.

"Tragic thing," Milt said. "Women screaming. Little children sobbing."

Lafe didn't even look at him. "I figure she must have been three, four times as big as the time George Sweeney was thawin' out his radiator with a blowtorch and burned down his cow barn. I seen that one," Lafe said.

I looked at Milt. He wasn't making any headway, and he knew it, and he was starting to sweat like he had just walked a fast mile uphill.

"All them homeless people," Milt said. "Families livin' out in the park in tents."

Lafe looked out the door. It was coming on the middle of June and one of the best days we'd had. The sun was fine.

"They got nice weather for it," Lafe said.

I got to hand it to Milt. He kept on trying. He wasn't getting anywhere on the humanitarian angle, you might say, so he sort of retrenched, so to speak, and come out with a flanking attack. He made a speech that was fifteen minutes long and give us a complete history of fire from the cave man on up, laying special stress on the damage it had done from time to time. He mentioned the last days of Pompeii, the burning of Atlanta, and the San Francisco earthquake, and worked his way on through the Chicago fire, the Iroquois Theater, and the burning of the Normandie, complete with known facts, personal observations and government statistics. It seemed he'd done considerable research on the subject, but as far as Lafe was concerned he was wasting his breath. Lafe turned to me.

"Jeff," Lafe said, "I reckon I'd admire to have seen some of them things. Right up to now I never knowed how much I been missin'."

I looked at Milt again. You could tell by his expression that he had finally give up, and it looked like Big Sag was going to keep on fighting their fires with a hose cart, and five-gallon buckets, except just then Dode Brown's old hound trotted in through the door. His tongue was hanging clear to the floor and he looked thirsty. Milt bought him a root beer in a saucer and set it on the floor for him.

"Too bad about Dode's other dog," Milt said, and when he said "dog" Lafe come to life just like he had made connection with a high-voltage wire.

That's something you have to understand about the Pardees. With all the money they had, they lived up there in the hills in a falling-down shack the same way they had lived

(Continued on page 54)

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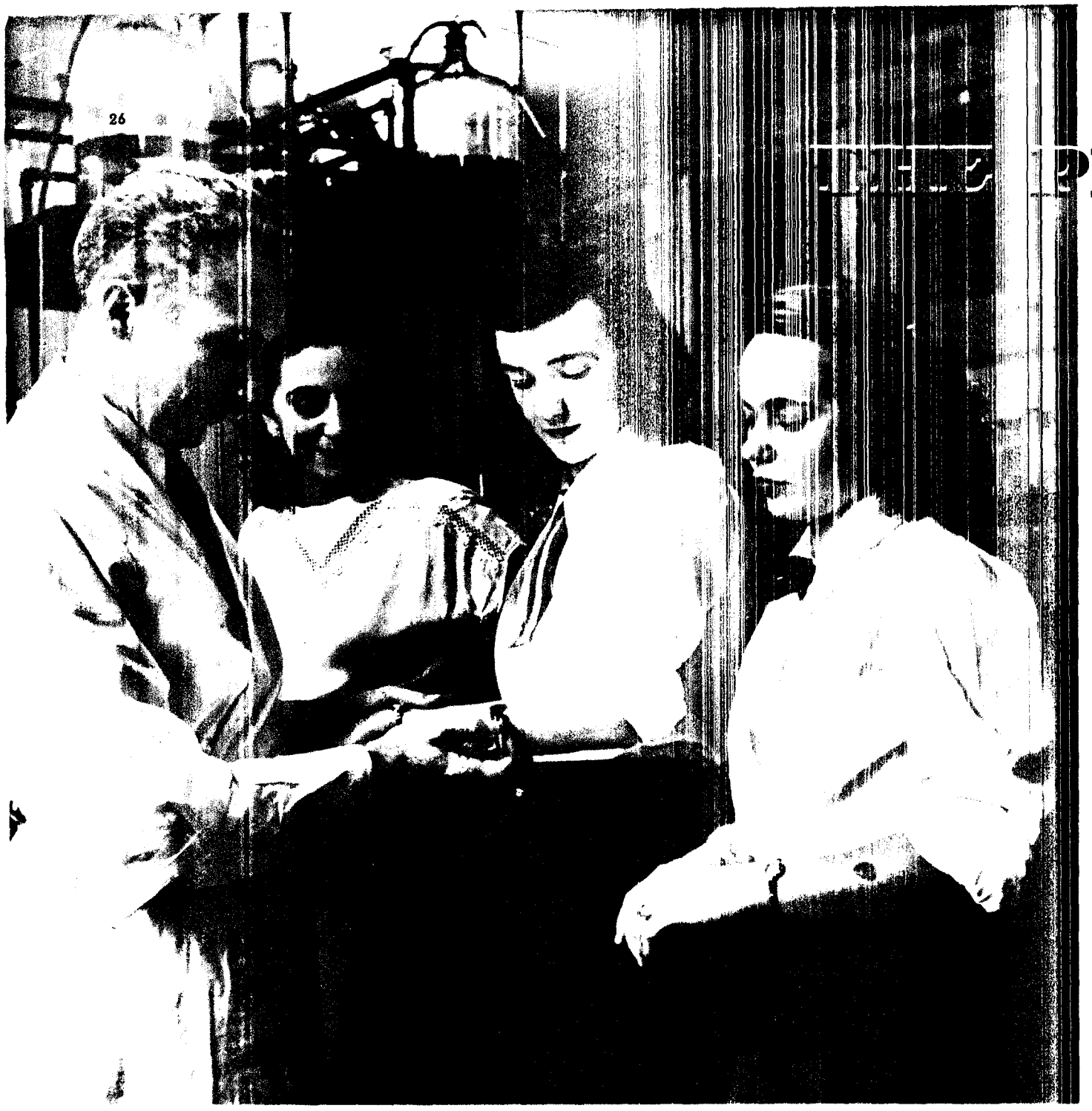
THE PEOPLE'S



Every new lotion, cream and lipstick appearing on the market must get a bill of health from the Food and Drug Administration. Chemist Kenneth Freeman tries out a lipstick on Florence Argyropoulos, Shirlianne McKenna and Ruth Anne Saunders

PRESIDENT TRUMAN may not know it, but a family of chattering monkeys sometimes gets first helping from the White House dinner table. The monkeys live just a few blocks away, in a modern experimental zoo operated by the federal Food and Drug Administration. They are the official tasters of thousands of food gifts showered on the first family each year by well-wishers all over the country.

The FDA gives the President that super-protection as a side line to its main job, which is the safeguarding of 140,000,000 other consumers against poisonous, impure or substandard foods, medicines and cosmetics. The job is a vital one even in normal times. It has become doubly so today when scarcities and the possibility of rationing are luring underground food and drug racketeers out of hiding to prey upon the great American sucker.

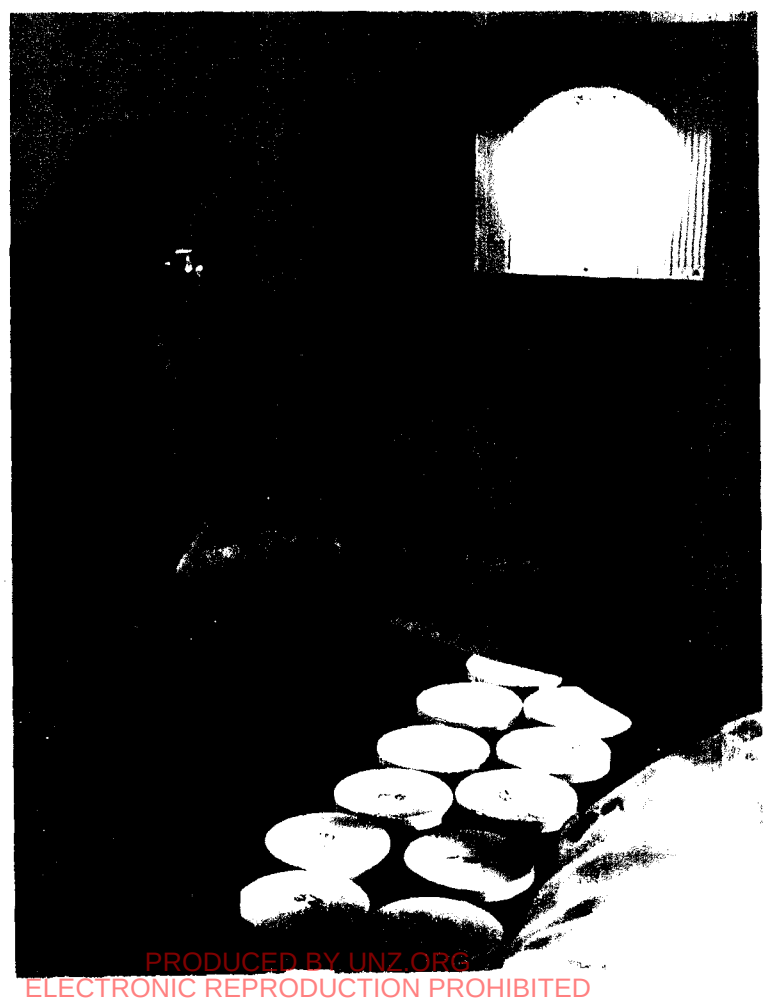
The FDA's test-tube detectives have been handling the chore for 41 years, with ever-widening success so far as the general consuming public is concerned. Largely because of their vigilance, you run as much risk of being killed by a poisonous food or drug today as of being struck by lightning.

The batting on White House tenants is a thousand. So far as is known, no one has ever tried to slip a poisonous potion into a Presidential meal. But many a gift of cake, candy and other foodstuffs which had become danger-

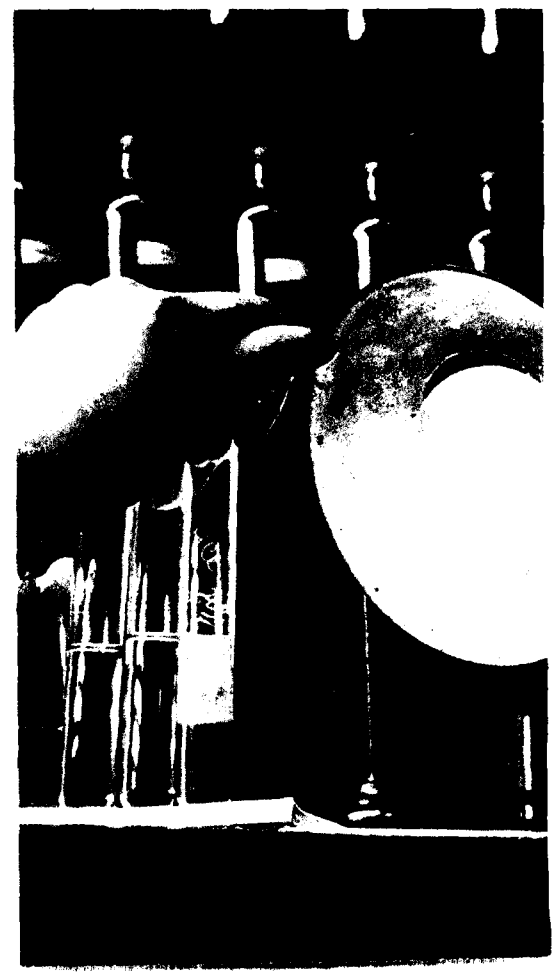
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

This monkey and her child live in the FDA zoo, where food gifts to President Truman are sampled

A new penicillin product gets final test in chemists' dishes, passing under calibrated screen, upper right, on which results are projected



Tube at right, clouded by bacteria, proves the antiseptic too ineffective to be sold



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LIFE PRESERVERS

The Food and Drug Administration's health detectives are doubly on the alert today against the phony peddlers who thrive in times of runaway prices and food conservation campaigns. Its laboratory technicians and a corps of animal testers must pass on food and drugs for everyone from President Truman on down

ously contaminated in transit, has been headed off. All testing of food destined for the White House table is done under the orders of the Secret Service, which is responsible for the President's safety. Its agents personally deliver each gift package to the FDA's laboratory zoo, and return later for a formal purity report.

The President is the only American consumer who regularly rates this protection, although on rare occasions the FDA gets individual requests for special tests from high-ranking federal officials. No White House boss, including Mr. Truman, has ever been told officially about the simian food testers. Some occupants of the Executive Mansion must have wondered, though, what happened to their gifts of fish or fowl after they had posed with them for news photographers.

The FDA's problems in Presidential protection are minor in comparison with the task of coping with the food and drug racketeers who now are polishing their glassware and dreaming up fancy labels for what they hope may be a new open season on the American consumer. The economic cheats with the eggless egg noodles, cheeseless cheese spreads and sometimes death-dealing bottled "cures" are master chefs when it comes to spreading a feast for the gullible buyer. At no time is the public more prepared to be "taken" than when legitimate business is in a scarcity strait jacket.

Runaway prices and food conservation campaigns may fatten the wallets of the health-destroying phony food and drug peddlers so long as they stay in the shadows of Main Street, but once they succumb to the urge to blossom out into the lush fields of interstate commerce, as they invariably do, they will find themselves playing host to the FDA. This small but powerfully effective agency has 250 wartime-experienced inspectors and cargo examiners scattered throughout the country to guarantee the purity, and honesty, of products.

Safeguarding the Consumer

Backed by a law which Congress enacted in 1906 and then revised and toughened in 1938, the FDA is pledged to give American consumers the safest of everything in the food, drug and cosmetics line. Its agents, chemists, laboratory technicians, and legal talent are geared to act swiftly against diluters, adulterators and other economic crooks.

The government's health detectives see in the current food conservation drive a golden opportunity for cutting down on the appalling waste that for years has been tolerated as a normal hazard of the food business. Millions of pounds of filthy foodstuffs are seized by FDA agents each year, because careless processing, packaging, shipping or storage has rendered them unfit for human consumption. Some can be salvaged for animal feed, but much more has to be destroyed.

The waste represents a staggering figure in this period of world hunger. Assistant Commissioner George P. Larrick estimates that food enough to supply Europe's relief needs without cost to the American taxpayer is lost this way each year.

Rats are the biggest offenders. They cost the nation hundreds of millions of bushels a year in needless food destruction that could be avoided by a few elemental precautions on the farm and in the factory. Rats can ruin an entire warehouse full of flour within a few weeks. If the manufacturer is unscrupulous he may try to cover up the damage and pass the contaminated product on to the public, with its offensive and often dangerous cargo of rodent filth. So far, the FDA has succeeded in choking off this illegal traffic and consigning such foods to the pigpen or the bonfire.

About 65,000 samples of food, drugs and cosmetics are examined by FDA inspectors annually. These include imports which get a thorough going-over from cargo inspectors stationed at every major port. Three legal weapons—seizures, injunctions and criminal prosecutions—enable the FDA to turn up about 3,000 violations in a year. Violators can be punished by fines up to $3,000 and three years in jail for each count.

Now a branch of the Federal Security Agency, the FDA laboratory is housed in one wing of the huge Agriculture Department, which was its original sponsor back in 1906. The laboratory experts are confronted with a staggering job considering that the manufactured food, drug and cosmetics industries handle a total annual business of more than $25,000,000,000. More than 1,000,000 items produced by a total of 100,000 firms and individuals are covered by the law.

The administration's biggest headache comes from the unscrupulous operator who is out to make a fat profit at the risk of human lives, and from the manufacturer who, through error or ignorance, turns out harmful foods, drugs or cosmetics.

The most spectacular case of negligence on record in the drug business was the sulfanilamide elixir disaster of 1937 which claimed at least 107 lives and brought on a full-scale Senate investigation. The guilty manufacturer, seeking to produce a popular fast-selling liquid to replace a powder, dissolved sulfanilamide in death-dealing diethylene glycol and distributed it untested to his agents.

More than a score of children, taking the drug as an influenza treatment, were listed among the fatal victims before it was driven from the market. An alarmed and outraged Congress took prompt action to prevent any future tragedies born of neglect. It tightened up the law, in 1938, so that makers of new drugs are

(Continued on page 64)

BY ROBERT F. LOFTUS AND RONALD G. VAN TINE

Rabbits are used to test a cold-wave hair solution. The animal in the center has developed a bad rash from a product that might have given milady an unhealthy scalp

Since they are sensitive to strong chemicals like DDT, houseflies are used by FDA. Dr. E. P. Laug moves some from a wire storage cone to a testing flask

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"Now this is for fun!" Gentry shouted. "Let 'er go!" Lattimore had Lorna for a partner as Trevitt poised his bow and shook the crowd alive with the opening of a reel

OH, LOVELY LAND

Tom Trevitt's violin was his pass into this rough new land. The dueling pistols were his title to continued residence

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

THE brig Cornwall brought Tom Jackson Trevitt up from San Francisco, across the tumbling bar of the Umpqua River, and through the densely wooded water gap of the Coast Range to a store that called itself Scottsburg.

He was a tall young man with the bluest of blue eyes and a face that, smiling or sober, was without roughness or guile. He had sandy hair, a few freckles on his skin, and a rather rawboned body. His baggage was a roll of blankets and a black case containing a fiddle, and when he made his bed on the floor that night the storekeeper saw a mahogany case within the blankets. Tom Trevitt opened the case to display a pair of dueling pistols lying together.

"We don't duel in Oregon," said the storekeeper. "Against the law."

"They've been with Trevitts a hundred years," Tom Trevitt said, "and I'm the last Trevitt. When I get a house I'll put 'em above the fireplace. A man's got to remember his people."

He had his supper and he took his fiddle from the case and settled back to play. He made the storekeeper's wife show tears and though the storekeeper was no man to offer advice, he looked at this young man's face and came to his frontier judgment.

"You're no doubt bound south on the trail to the gold camps yonder in the Siskiyous. I've seen a thousand like you go that way. Maybe there's wealth in them creeks—but nothin' like the wealth of young men's years wasted there. It's not your life. You go north to the Willamette and grow up with the country."

"What's the Willamette like?"

"She's a fair land. You play that fiddle well."

"Been a fiddling Trevitt in every generation," said the young man. "I'm the fiddling one in mine—I'm the only one in mine. The pistols and the fiddle—that's all I've got to show for a couple hundred years of Trevitts, the pistols for the Trevitt squires who stayed by their land, the fiddle for the Trevitts who loved to roam."

At daylight Trevitt slung his roll and stepped out of the store, with the storekeeper's question coming after him. "Which are you for—gold or land?"

"Why," said Trevitt, "there was never any doubt in my mind. I am taking the Trevitts back to what they were before they fiddled their acres away. I will put land under my feet."

HE TURNED north over the mountains and camped that night in the deepest forest he had ever seen—so still that each small sound broke like cannons shot across the breadth and depth of a time-frozen loneliness. The next day, from the brow of these hills, he saw the fair land mentioned by the storekeeper: a great valley running northward until the eye would have no more of it. Streams flashed in the sunlight, and meadows lay August-brown under the haze. He put up with a settler on the banks of a wayward stream called the Long Tom that evening. On the following afternoon he reached Marysville. It was a settlement of seven or eight houses, a store and a blacksmith shop. In front of the blacksmith shop was a middle-aged man with a pair of excessively tight buckskin breeches, a florid face and an energy that would not let him be still. His glance at Trevitt was frankly curious.

"Now, then, where you from—where you goin'?"

"I'm looking for work—I'm looking for land," said Trevitt.

The older man, like the storekeeper, saw the fiddle and Trevitt's careless blue eyes, and came to a quick conclusion. "You just lookin' or you really want what you want?"

"I've said what I've said," answered Trevitt and lowered a straight and smiling stare upon the older man.

"There's Missouri in your talk," said the older man. "I hear it plain."

"Out of Missouri, out of Virginia, and my name's Tom Jackson Trevitt."

"You're looking at Nick Gentry, and I'm out of Missouri and so's everybody else around here. You stay with me."

"That's kind," said Trevitt, and saw a girl walk from a near-by house. The sound of a woman's farewell came from inside the house. The girl was possibly nineteen, with brown hair, with a serene mouth, and with a moment's interest for Trevitt that had the coolness of a creek covered by shade. Nick Gentry reached for a pack sitting against the blacksmith's wall and threw it around his solid shoulders.

"When a woman gets to talkin' with another

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Trevitt and Gentry found Lorna with lunch spread on the ground. "How did you know we would be here?" Gentry asked. "I guessed you'd get tired here," she said

woman there's neither day nor night," he said. "You're full of gossip, I don't doubt."

The girl said, "Whatever I didn't hear from men I guess I got from women."

Gentry gave her a bit of a raking with his glance and set off along the powder-dry road, the girl beside him and Trevitt trailing. They traveled into the round glare of the sun, out past the last shed and garden of the settlement, along a rail fence until the fence ended, and over three miles of level land that climbed into knobby hills. Walking behind a few paces, Trevitt found himself fascinated by Nick Gentry's buckskin breeches; water and heat had shrunk them until they struck the man's muscular legs at the calves and molded his buttocks with shocking tightness. Trevitt said, "You want me to tote that pack a ways?"

Gentry rolled his eyes on Trevitt, and had he been a horse his ears would have flattened. "Do you hear now, don't be insolent." Then he said, "I forgot to say this is my daughter Lorna."

"Knew that," said Trevitt, and made his bow to her.

Her father's introduction made it proper for her to throw a backward glance to him, a glance of open interest which stopped just short of a smile. The smile almost came, for he had a face that could draw a woman's smile; then she looked at the fiddle and she looked into those blue eyes, and doubt came openly to her and she drew her glance away.

Gentry said, "Ever teach school?"

Trevitt recalled, with some effort, the books of his school days—Olney for geography, McGuffey for reading, Mather's arithmetic; he recalled, too, his need of a job. "I can teach."

"The last teacher went to the mines. In the morning we'll go around and get subscriptions. Fourteen weeks at six dollars a head. There's a cabin for school."

"That's kind," said Trevitt and saved his wind.

GENTRY tackled the hill as though he meant to tear it down. They filed through another ravine and sighted broken land ahead; around suppertime they came upon a sheltered meadow containing an old gray barn, a small log house and a larger house newly built of whipsawed lumber. A pack of hounds streamed forward in full cry, and a cloud of children whirled out of everywhere like birds collecting. Gentry dumped his pack and sat down on the house porch and scrubbed his scarlet face. "Home," he said. Going into the house, Lorna turned her head and left the memory of a glance for Trevitt.

The table was crowded with men who were uncles or brothers or cousins, or just neighbors dropped in. Women served and talked, and children shouted through the yard's thickening twilight. There was a young man here, a John Lattimore, who had returned from a long trip which he discussed through the meal with a marveling insistence. His cascade of rough black hair made his forehead seem very narrow, but he was built broad in the shoulders. His glance frequently searched the room and stopped on Lorna. He fed heavily and hastily as he talked.

"I took the wheat to the mill at Dallas. I gave the man his tithe of flour and started for Portland. I traded the flour along the way for cows, sold the cows to the butcher at Portland, bought hardware and traded all the way back here. I got a Jersey bull, two heifers and a matched team of grays—and fifty dollars cash." He leaned back from the table, laughing at his luck. He looked at Trevitt and spoke to him in a voice that had a good-natured indifference very near contempt: "I hear you're going to teach."

Nick Gentry sat at the table's head, openly pleased by the crowded company. "He'll teach," he said. "He's from Missouri and that's enough. He's lookin' for land. I'll help him look." As an afterthought he turned to *(Continued on page 50)*

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VENI, VIDI VALLI

Director Alfred Hitchcock was "absolutely amazed" at Valli's poise, awareness, assurance

BY KYLE CRICHTON

NO MATTER what anybody tells you there was never a child in the history of the world born with only one name. With *no* name, yes; with one name, never. That goes for the well-favored lady named Valli who gives us the enigmatic stare from the opposite page. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the idea of her mother going around the house yelling "Valli! Valli!" You see . . . on the face of it . . . nonsense.

Caesar we can understand very well because anybody would try to lose a first name like Julius. Even Groucho Marx did *that*. After all the gags about Bonaparte surely nobody can blame Napoleon for getting snooty—but Valli! You go up to a friend and say, "Have you seen Valli—the most wonderful-looking creature on earth?" and your friend looks at you with a horrified stare and you realize he's thinking of Rudy Vallee. You can see the complications.

But David O. Selznick wanted it that way and Valli is starred in a new something called The Paradine Case and we're stuck with Valli, and Valli is stuck with her name.

Selznick is a cute little fellow about foreign stars. He not only picks them up but he dumps them quick into a big picture. He did it with Ingrid Bergman and he is doing it again with Valli. Nobody ever had a tougher time than this lady from Italy. Selznick waited till the picture was about to start before ordering her to fly hence. They lugged her on the Queen Mary, met her at New York, dumped her on a plane and had her on the set in Hollywood twenty-four hours later. Not only that but they placed her in the hands of one Alfred Hitchcock, a great director and a wit some eighty degrees south of G. B. Shaw in subtlety.

At this juncture Valli's English was on a par with Hitchcock's Italian. She had reached a point where she could say, "The train she is rap-*eed*, not so?" Hitchcock, the humorist, helped her immensely by such instructions as, "In this scene you must show FEAR. You must dilute your nostrils." Delighted yocks of merriment from the assistant director, a stray press agent and an English friend from Oxford who had dropped in for the bearbaiting. In addition he did the most dramatic and important scenes in the first four days of her appearance. It was a question of Valli triumphant or Valli sunk. We will report the result in the deathless words of Mr. Hitchcock himself.

"She launched into those scenes without a question, assured, poised and thoroughly aware of the import of the character and story. She is absolutely amazing."

But enough of this acting business; back to Valli as an Italian. She was born at Pola, the Adriatic port which is now part of Yugoslavia, but was taken soon after to Como, where the family lived while her father was a professor of philosophy and history at the University of Milan. Father had a notion that his daughter might become as cultivated as himself but little one-name Valli just simply made the house a hades until they let her go off to the Motion Picture Academy in Rome.

Well, you know how it always is in these stories; she was a downright sensation from the start; she was indeed. After doing a one-reel nonsense, she was seen by a big producer and signed as a star for L'Ultima Nemica, which means the ultimate something, and thereafter made three or four films a year with names that will not interest you. In 1940, however, she did Piccolo Mondo Antico, which means (and we've translated this ourselves) Little Old World and at the Venice motion-picture festival was awarded the international prize for the best acting of the year.

She kept going with her work until the Gestapo popped up in 1943 and suggested very firmly that it would be excellent if she now started making pictures for Germany. She observed that nothing would please her less. They bowed low and added that she had five days to change her mind. She vanished, hiding with friends. In 1940 she married Oscar de Mejo, pianist and composer, and announced her retirement as an actress. Oh, no, you don't, said the Gestapo. So she got ill. In fact she had a special ill-making doctor hired for the occasion. He kept her sick till the English and Americans ran the Krauts out of there. After that it was helping entertain the American troops, more pictures and eventually Selznick.

We saw the De Mejo family in Hollywood and can report that they have the proper attitude toward life. "We don't do good here," shrugged Valli, "so we go back." She was wearing slacks and a small Italian-English dictionary. They had just been offered a splendid rental—a four-room house for $500 a month. With this they were both shrugging. "You make good money, you don't save, you live . . . all right," said M. de Mejo. Valli brought out a picture of little Carlo, now age three. That seemed to be it with the De Mejos.

The lady takes English lessons from Florence Cunningham, the diction coach, and totes that little book around for the big words. They were trying to tell us at Selznick's that in an attempt to acquire an agile English, Miss Valli was collecting and reading the books of such as Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby. Now *that*, gentlemen, is the picture we want to see—Miss Valli with her quaint Italian accent imposed on the deliberately illiterate style of Petroleum V. Nasby.

But, quite aside from that, she is a tremendous actress, a looker of the first water, a very nice person and a lady of quality. She was so sensational in The Paradine Case that she was grabbed immediately for The Miracle of the Bells and everybody in town is trying to get her in a loan-out.

Furthermore, her first name is Alida, as you knew all along we knew. We suggest to Mr. David O. Selznick that he give this little girl a name; we mean a first name.

That chance of confusion with Rudy. Ugh! ★★★

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It's distressing to think that some people may confuse the gorgeous Italian actress, Valli, with Rudy

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Vera was a career girl, an expert in her line—which was making trouble

PREVIOUS

BY OVIATT MC CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY

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DATE

Vera was talking behind the screen of a menu. "I'll walk on down to Hope Corners. You hear me?" "Every word," Joe replied

JOE SALISBURY, the counterman, spread an order of bacon on the grill and broke a couple of eggs beside it. The eggs sputtered in the grease. Joe flipped out a bit of shell with his spatula.

"Don't fry the daylights out of that bacon," the customer said.

"Bacon medium, yes, sir."

"Gimme some toast and all that goes with it."

"Order of toast," Joe confirmed. He dropped the bread into the toaster. What did this guy think went with it, liver and onions?

"And don't burn the toast black." It was almost a snarl, and Joe turned around, beginning to boil. He had not noticed the customer particularly. Now he saw a little old guy with a peaked cap and a fretful expression. The beady eyes glared resentment. He must have had a bad day, thought Joe. A lot of bad days.

"Yes, *sir*," Joe said. "Toast medium." He moved the control switch on the toaster and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

It was hot in the Busy Bee lunch car at this time of the afternoon. He caught a glimpse of himself in the coffee urn, elongated and warped into a grotesque image, but harassed and grim. He grinned at the reflection. What a laugh he would be right now to the crew of a tank named "Eppie Dermis." He could imagine Peewee and Chuck hooting: Gunner Joe Salisbury a bacon-and-egg jockey, taking back talk from any goof able to climb up on a stool.

Vera Fennele came sauntering down the counter, humming a little tune and half dancing to it. "How about a breeze in here, man?"

"Why, sure," Joe said. He was going to flip the overhead switch, but she put her hand on his shoulder and groped for it. She missed it, teetering, and her weight came against him so that he had to brace himself. On the second time she made it. Her hand felt warm and intimate, and she took her time about removing it.

"Is that better?"

"Sure," said Joe.

"H'm, muscles," she said softly. "Why didn't you tell me you got muscles?"

Joe cleared his throat. "You never asked me."

"What's the matter, man, are you nervous?"

"Not a bit," Joe said. "Why should I be nervous?" He realized then that he was standing stock still, rigid, and that the blood was pounding dully in his ears. Vera was grinning at him.

"You don't want to get nervous," she whispered. "You know what I think? You're hot and bothered."

"Don't flatter yourself," he said.

She wet a finger and, holding it close to him, made a hissing sound, as if he were a hot iron.

"Scram," said Joe. "I'm busy."

She started back to her station, laughing silently, and swaying in the same rhythmic way. In spite of himself he watched her. She paused at the cake case, picked up a sliver of frosting and put it into her mouth. She looked around at him, over her shoulder, and smiled with satisfaction when she saw him staring. Beyond her, Carl Carnel, who worked the other end of the counter, was glowering, but Joe paid no attention to that. Carl was always glowering.

"How about the bacon and eggs?" The customer's voice, agitated and impatient, cut through the fog.

"Yes, sir," said Joe.

"Let's have it then. I haven't got all day."

Joe scooped the eggs onto a hot platter and laid the bacon slices around them as a border. He put it lightly on the counter and smiled at the little man.

"Coffee?"

"Coffee, sure. How about the toast?"

"Coming right up." Joe had forgotten the toast. It was standing in the machine, hot and ready. He buttered it and swept it into place with a soft clatter.

"Where's the fried potatoes?"

"You wanted fried potatoes?" This business with Vera had upset Joe, so that he was unsure of himself.

"I certainly do. I told you so."

"Sorry, I didn't hear you," Joe said. "An order of fried potatoes, coming right up."

"They come with it," said the customer. "That's the way I want 'em."

Daly, the manager, came out of the cubicle at the door, and walked over to the little man. He picked up a menu and pointed with his finger.

"You see this? 'Potatoes Served With Above Orders, 10¢ Per Order.' Do you see it?"

"Yes, I see it now. Why wasn't it pointed out? I told the man, I said, let me have—"

"I heard what you said," Daly interrupted in his soft, husky voice. "You didn't say potatoes. Now if you want them, we'll give them to you."

"I wouldn't want to order 'em now, they'd come after I've et the rest of it. It's a funny way of doing things. I guess you don't care what the public wants."

"You're mistaken," Daly said, "but any time you want to take your business back to the Star Diner, it's all right with us."

DALY straightened up, a big man with an impassive face. "Don't let anybody bother you here, Joe."

"You mean this gentleman?" Joe grinned. "He didn't bother me. Just a little misunderstanding, that's all."

"I mean anybody," Daly said, and went back to the glassed-in cubicle. He did not look back. He never seemed to pay attention, Joe thought, but he knew what was going on.

Some teen-agers came in and ordered hamburgers, and while Joe was cooking them, Vera came down the counter again. She made a pretense of getting bread from below the board.

"What did Daly want?" she whispered.

"Aw, nothing."

"Did he say anything about me?"

"No, why should he?"

"I don't think he likes me," she said.

"He can't be that crazy."

She looked at him, puzzled. "I heard him tell you not to let anybody bother you," Vera said.

"I just had a cranky customer."

She broke a piece off a cookie and nibbled at it. "He could have meant me."

"Yeah. You're always eating," Joe said. "Oughtta watch that figure."

"What's the matter with my figure?"

"Nothing. And do you know it!" She smiled and nibbled at the cookie. Joe saw she was wearing a ring on the third finger of her left hand. It looked like a school ring, but Farley Harper, the night man, said she was married to a one-legged veteran.

"Goodby now," Joe said. "I'm busy." Vera strolled back to her post. Instead of watching her, Joe shot a swift look at Daly, to see if he was spying. But Daly was making entries in a book, and seemed to be paying no attention. The telephone rang in the booth, and Daly went to answer it.

"For you," he said to Joe. "Vera can watch that stuff." He motioned Vera to take over the hamburgers, and went back to his glass cage. Joe went to the phone booth, feeling a little uncomfortable. There was a rule that employees should receive no calls except in case of emergency, but Daly gave no sign of questioning it.

AS JOE expected, it was Julie. "After you left this morning, I got worried about Sonny, so I called the doctor," she said. "Sonny just didn't act right. He was hot and feverish and cried at nothing. He would hardly eat his breakfast. Finally I just teased him to eat it—"

"But what did the doctor say?" Joe yelled.

"Oh, well, he said it was just an upset. I mean it doesn't seem like infantile or anything."

He felt an immediate relief at hearing this, followed swiftly by annoyance at her for calling the doctor on such slight provocation. It meant another charge. They already owed the doctor over fifty dollars.

"The doctor gave me a prescription, Joey. He said Sonny's not quite up to par. He's leaving the prescription at the drugstore. Could you stop in and get it on your way home?"

"I suppose so." He had a couple of dollars, enough to get him through the week if everything went well. Maybe the druggist would let him have it on the cuff until Saturday.

"And, Joe, I need some more vitamin tablets. You know the kind. And a thermometer. Get the infant size."

"A thermometer?" This was a sharp irritant. She was forever breaking thermometers. "Where's the one I got you a week ago?"

"Joe, it was much more than a week ago. It was at least two months ago. Don't you remember, we got it coming back from Uncle George's—"

"All right, where is it?"

"Joe, it broke."

"Oh, it broke. It jumped off the mantel and committed suicide, I suppose."

"What's that, Joe?"

"Nothing. I'll get it. What else?"

"Well, Mrs. Halstead brought over that baby pen she's been promising. It's very nice, but a couple of the rungs are gone and it's quite dirty. I think it ought to be scrubbed and then painted. It might need some special kind of paint. Could you possibly fix it this evening, do you think? It would help so much if I could put it out on the porch."

"All right, I'll do it tonight."

"I don't suppose you know when you'll be home, Joey."

"Not exactly. Look, I'm pretty busy now—"

"Oh, sure. G'by, dear."

"Goodby."

When he got back to the counter, Vera was serving the hamburgers to the two boys. They looked to be of high-school age.

(Continued on page 38)

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FACTS AND FIGURES

All-in-one foundation garments give a smooth line under torso-hugging, waist-nipping fashions. Even though the fitting job is trickier, they are rising in popularity. This one is custom-made of elastic satin and net

BY RUTH CARSON

There is more, far more, in these new fashions than meets the eye. What about the corsets, brassières and girdles? Like everything else, they've changed a lot, and here's what every woman should know about the very latest models

NOTHING about the new fashions has raised more commotion than the new underpinnings for them. "Fashion," one fashion magazine assures us, "is shaken right down to *your* foundation."

This is making the creators of foundation garments—corsets, brassières and girdles—caper with glee. For one thing, it is netting them a few extra millions for the till this year. (Two hundred million dollars is the wholesale total expected, limited by short supply of materials rather than by female demand.) But chiefly it is, they feel, publicizing for the first time their service to womankind. "Ours has always been a hidden value before," they say.

Even the revived cartoons of Mama with her corset lacers hitched to the bedpost fail to faze them. Sure, they are making the new waistline corsets, those petite garments called Cinch, Nipper, Waist Away and similar hilarious stuff that will tuck you in as much as two inches around the middle. Who wouldn't sell an extra item when possible? (A girl still needs a girdle, they claim.) But, they want the jokers to realize, such waist whittlers do *not* pinch—just stretch that soft elastic, flex that flexible boning yourself.

Anyway, they aren't taking the things too seriously themselves, even while they take orders like anything. (In one factory we visited, four of their fifty-two workers had been transferred from the regular production line to cutting and stitching these whimsies. Two schoolgirls, stopping in after school, did nothing but slip the bones into place, at eighty-five cents the hour. "We wear two-way stretch pantie girdles ourselves," they said. "No bones.")

Such fancies make good window dressing, and they draw the publicity. But they'll vanish one day as fast as they came, on some swirl of the fashion breezes, leaving behind, solid as ever, the real foundation business: the brassières, the girdles, the all-in-one foundations that can nip you a neat waistline, too.

"Some people think we can shape a woman's body any way we want," say the corset makers. "This is not so. Women will not stand for discomfort. Today the smallest waist we make is twenty-five inches."

Sure, they remember the wasp-waisted era even better than you do, the days when an eighteen-inch waist was the ideal and let Madam's innards go where they may. Doctors could rail and women could faint. The chief consolations offered were rustproof corsets ("A Necessity for Summer Wear"), corset shields to ease the strain on the corset bones (no mention made of the wearer), and even, so help a lady, an unbreakable corset, girded with a specially devised, indestructible boning, none of your brittle whalebone stuff.

They also remember the Revolt of '13 when women with dropped stomachs dropped their corsets also, and took to garter belts and their doctors. It was about then that the first rubber corsets were made in America, allowing corseted women to draw their first deep breath, but also raising a howl that rubber was unhealthful. (The first manufacturer reports he did a $70,000 business the first year nonetheless, $1,900,000 two years later.)

The Era of Flat Femininity

They haven't forgotten the boyish form that followed, either, when women (with their aid) tugged in their hips, raising spare tires for waistlines, and bound their breasts flat, to their unhappy damage. It was, rightly enough, followed by the corsetless era, when young girls at dances parked their corsets in the dressing room, and corset makers confess they even turned to making round garters to piece out.

It is no wonder, with such a battle history behind them, that they refuse to be trapped again by a fashion that doesn't bring comfort with it. In fact, they hate that word corset. It calls up bad memories. Girdle . . . foundation . . . they're still searching for the best way out.

It wasn't fashion that put their business back on the map in a big way. It was comfort, depending on a thread. A fine, elastic thread that could be knitted or woven into a fabric that stretches up, down and across. Two-way and one-way stretch to the rescue, allowing a girl to bend over without strangling on her girdle. Old stuff now to every teen-ager, this woman-saver is just sixteen itself. In the past ten years it has doubled the foundation-garment business.

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Action, youth and comfort were what the ads promised, demonstrating with photographs of girls skating, driving, leaping through the air with the greatest of ease, all in their nether garments. That women took to these garments was no great surprise. (Even during the so-called corsetless period, sales dropped less than 25 per cent.) For besides looking better with its bulges smoothed out, the female form apparently felt better, too, with some support. The medical profession smiled with favor. With the war, testimony came from hospitals and factories that nurses and other working women worked better, with less fatigue, when aided and supported by properly fitted foundation garments. Such garments were declared to be war essentials.

Must Cater to Teen-Agers

Ranking with all these triumphs is the approval of the teen-ager. She willingly steps into a wisp of stretchy stuff. It's comfortable, and it does a good job of holding her nylons up. That's her first step. Then she notices what a slick job it does also for her "swish and tail," as her rapidly developing rear end is known in the trade. She gets herself a bandeau, to help out her sweater arrangements. And there she is—the industry's most important customer. Their present style setter, their future bread and butter.

She wears a pantie girdle—so auntie wants one, too. Devised first for slight figures, they're to be had now in sizes up to thirty-two waist measure. She likes white, ice blue and canary yellow. *Never* tea rose, so horridly reminiscent of mama's corsets. ("They'll walk right out rather than buy it," one store buyer reported to us.) So white, blue and yellow it is, in everything designed to appeal to the young. Brides now prefer blue.

And now, to top all this luck, here's fashion, with a favorable spotlight at last. An uplifted bosom, a trim midriff, a snug waist and a rounded hip? No woman is made quite so neat as that, but that's the gist of what Nature intended. It's a cinch, with power net, Lastex satin and comfort too. Just a matter of easing flesh around gently, into the most becoming contours. They even fill in where needed. "What Nature has forgotten we stuff with cotton," the brassière people always say. Foam rubber does a good job, too—you get that sort of item in the dime store. Or satin and ruffles if you must. Five million such falsies are sold a year. Five million pairs.

In the old corseted days, corsets were never fitted unless they were custom-made. You bought by waist measure and were on your own from there. Too many women do the same thing today. Hence the misfits, the moans, even the medical complaints that still occur.

Take a girdle, now. Take a dozen of them, same waist measure. They come long, medium and short. If you still yank your girdle down every time you get up, you are either wearing a non-give fabric, or you bought one that's too short—a common error. A girdle should come two inches below the curve of the buttocks. Girdles also make different allowances for what is prettily called your development, i.e., the difference between waist and hip measure. Nine to ten inches is average. Eight inches labels you straight-hipped (or thick-waisted). Over twelve—better watch out!

(Continued on page 45)

CARICATURE FROM BETTMAN ARCHIVES

Newest girdles rise well above the waist to give small-waisted effect with no bulges. No string-pulling either. "We prefer to let clothes complete illusion of small waists," say girdle makers who know comfort is good for business

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DERUJINSKY

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I brought Betsy a letter that day. She read it, then hugged me. "Oh, Bruce!" she said. "He's coming home!"

THE FIRST FOOT

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

I WASN'T but nine that Christmas week when it snowed so hard, but I had learned a few things. The sure instinct of childhood told me that there was something small and mean about Sam Hester, in spite of all his money and fancy clothes, and the yellow-wheeled rigs from his father's livery stable. Mama considered Sam Hester the best catch in town, but I knew my sister Betsy was still in love with Lin Callahan.

She came into my room the morning before New Year's, and stood looking out on Elm Street, where the snowdrifts slanted right up to the second-story windows. Then she asked me to go to the post office before papa could get there. She had to whisper, because Alvin was coming sniffling down the hall, rattling his piggy bank. Alvin was only five, and it wouldn't do for him to hear. . . .

This is my same brother Alvin McBane who is now a prominent financier, and I can tell you it all started with the piggy bank I gave him that Christmas. You never saw a kid love anything the way Alvin loved that bank and the sound of nickels and dimes in it. He paid very little attention to the red sled Papa gave him, but he carried the bank with him everywhere, rattling it so folks could hear. Sometimes it worked, like when Sam Hester gave him two bits. But I knew that was because Sam wanted Alvin to run along and leave him and Betsy alone in the front parlor—

"Alvin," said my sister Betsy, "blow your nose. And please stop rattling that piggy bank."

Alvin sniffed. "I'll quit for a nickel," he said.

Finally Mama came upstairs and told him to hush up. Mama said, "Betsy, did you ask Sam to be our First Foot tonight?"

I remember how Betsy hesitated, and then said yes. "And he wants me to go sleigh riding afterward."

"Well, you just go," Mama told her. "Sam Hester is a mighty fine boy, and it looks to me like he's just about ready to pop the question. You just take my advice and forget all about that no-good Callahan boy, and say yes."

I scuttled out of there to go to the post office, but I knew my sister Betsy wasn't going to forget about Lin Callahan.

I don't know whether they still have First Feet back there in the hills or not, but then they were just as important as Santa Claus. The McBanes and others had brought the custom from Scotland. The first person to cross your threshold on New Year's was the First Foot, and he was supposed to bring gifts to make the whole year lucky. If he brought money, and especially if he was redheaded, it meant extra good luck. Sam Hester's hair was pale and slicked down with pomade—

WHEN I brought my sister Betsy a letter that day, you should have seen the shine in her eyes. She read it, and then hugged me.

"Oh, Bruce!" she whispered. "He's coming home!"

I was thinking that wasn't the important thing. Lin Callahan needed to get a job somewhere, so Papa wouldn't call him a dreamer and a ne'er-do-well. Papa had threatened Lin with a horsewhip, once, to keep him from hanging around Betsy.

That afternoon Mama rubbed Alvin's chest with goose grease, and put a kerosene-soaked flannel on it. He went to bed with his piggy bank. That was the first year she let me stay up to see the First Foot.

I must have dozed on the sofa. The next thing I knew, the bell at the Methodist church was ringing like mad. The other bells joined in, and it seemed like all the dogs in town were barking. I heard the midnight train pull in, with the engineer blowing his whistle just to help make noise. Mama was smoothing her apron and watching the door, and my sister Betsy just looked sort of resigned. Then I got excited and ran outside.

The noise was everywhere; down at the blacksmith shop they were firing black powder on an anvil, and it sounded like a cannon. The stars were bright, and the snow squeaked under my feet, but it was terribly cold. I went back and rang the doorbell.

"Happy New Year, Sam!" Mama cried as she opened the door. Then she slammed it right in my face. "You Bruce!" she said. "You go around to the side of the house and crawl through a window! I can't let you in here till the First Foot comes!"

She forgot that the snow was piled up to the second story, but I saw what she meant. If I crossed the threshold before Sam Hester, then I'd be the First Foot—without gifts, or anything else.

I went around the house and managed to climb up to the window of Alvin's room. Just as I got the sash up, Sam Hester drove down the street in a fancy livery-stable sleigh.

His big white horse didn't want to stand, so Sam Hester jumped out and took the whip to him. Just then Alvin came to the window in his bathrobe, and looked at Sam.

"Goody!" Alvin said. "Another quarter for my bank!"

Before I knew it, Alvin was out of the window with his red sled, piggy bank and all. He went scooting down the drift and ran squarely into Sam Hester's legs. Both of them sprawled in the snow, and then Sam grabbed Alvin and began boxing his ears and shaking him so hard the piggy bank jingled.

I slid down the snow on the seat of my pants, and grabbed Sam's leg, but he knocked me down with a backhand slap. I felt around for a rock, but the snow was too deep. Just as I got to my feet again, a bareheaded man came up the sidewalk. It was Lin Callahan.

What happened then did me a lot of good. Lin Callahan grabbed Sam Hester and swung him around to see who he was. Then he hit him so hard Sam went all the way under the horse and out on the other side.

"Is he here to see your sister Betsy?" Lin asked me.

I told him that Sam was supposed to be our First Foot. He looked thoughtful.

"That's right," he said. "It's New Year's, and I'd almost forgotten. I was thinking only about Betsy, and how I can ask her to marry me, now. Let's go inside."

I knew Lin Callahan. "Wait," I said. "That'll make you the First Foot. Have you got any money?"

"No," he said. "It took all I had for railroad fare. But I start working for the newspaper, tomorrow. Maybe Sam wouldn't mind a small loan."

We went around the sleigh. Sam Hester was sitting up, holding snow to his mouth. At the sight of Lin Callahan he jumped to his feet and ran down the street.

Lin sat down on the step of the sleigh. "Well," he said, "it was kind of him to leave us the sleigh. We could go off to the minister's in it. But I suppose when I go in, your father will be after me with that horsewhip. . ."

"He couldn't," I said. "Not when you're the First Foot. But you've got to get a little money, somewhere."

THERE was a sniffle, and a little crash. It was my brother Alvin, the future financier, breaking his bank against the sleigh.

"I'll lend you this," Alvin said, "if you'll pay me back a quarter extra and buy me a new piggy bank. . ."

We went up and rang the bell. My sister Betsy opened the door reluctantly, expecting to see Sam Hester. She rushed right into Lin Callahan's arms, and I think both Mama and Papa saw right then that it was no use. But just to make sure, I shouted, "You can't whip the First Foot, Papa—you can't whip the First Foot! Besides, he's got a job!"

And it wasn't until I saw Lin Callahan standing inside, under the light, kissing my sister Betsy, that I remembered he had red hair.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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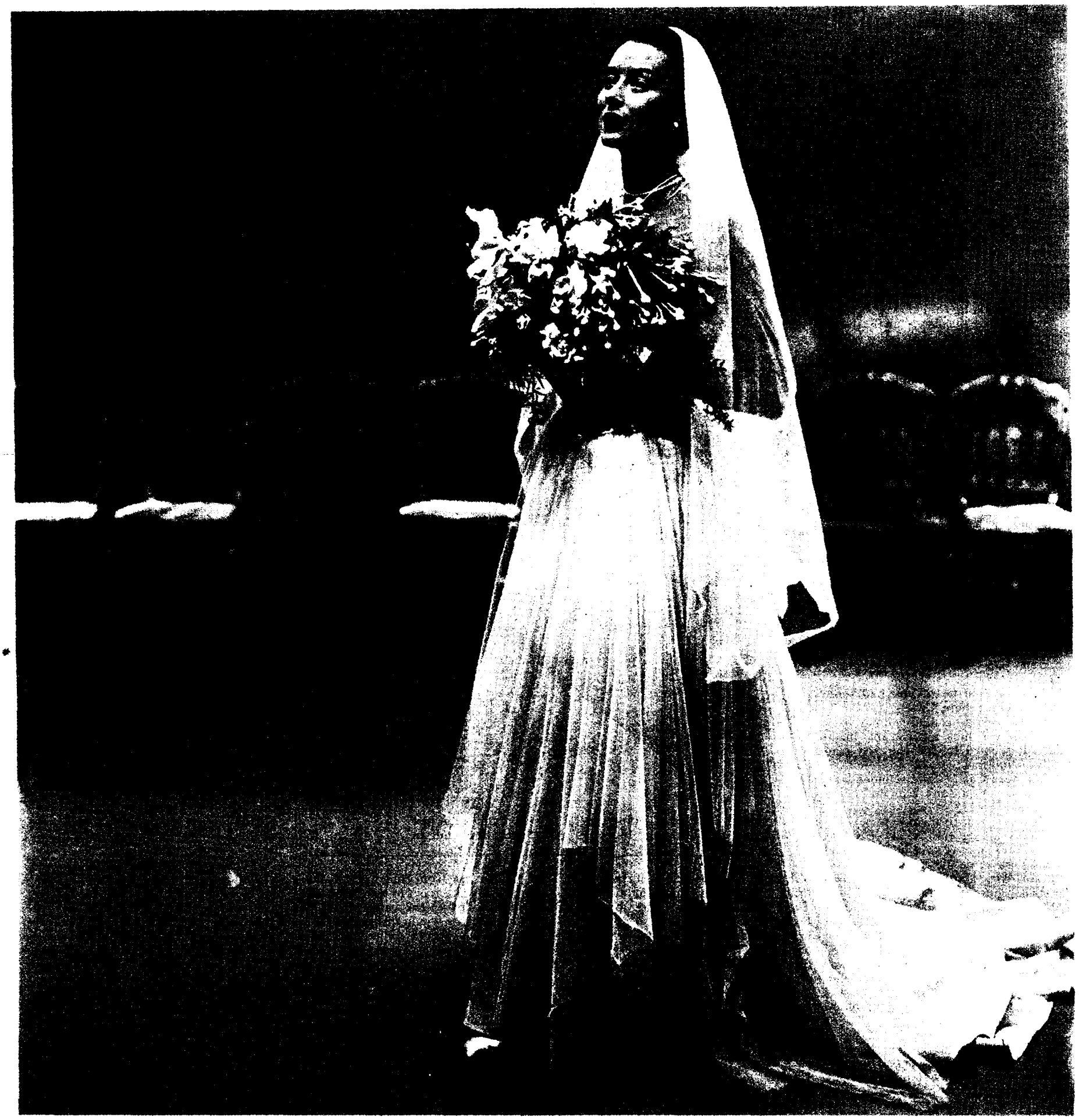
Sweet white mist of a bridal gown in nylon net, with heirloom-fine touches: tiny-tucked wand waist . . .
mere breath-of-net over the shoulders . . . great belled-out skirt closed with a Talon slide fastener.



Dress of dresses . . . for the day of days . . . Custom-made, for the making of tradition, in a white and magical mist. Perfect as the diamond on her finger in every facet—even to the Talon slide fastener that closes the tiny waist. Yet the same Talon fastener that's selected with such care for a magnificent $495 bridal gown is so inexpensive, so widely used, that you can have its unfailing perfection in a $3.95 house dress. Actually, it adds extra value to each.

Talon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

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PREVIOUS DATE

Continued from page 33

"Did you say onion and relish, honey?" she asked the bigger of the two.

"Just relish," he said, coloring.

The other boy giggled. "Pass the ketchup, honey," he said.

"I think you're a couple of cute kids," Vera said, looking at them warmly. They both stared at their hamburgers. Joe went over to the grill and scraped it clean. Vera watched him. She got a slice of pickle from the bowl and leaned against the stainless-steel back table, munching it with evident enjoyment.

"Listen, man, you going to the dance tonight?" she asked in a low voice. Joe looked at her curiously, wondering what was in her mind. She smiled at him, her tongue tip savoring the pickle slice. She knew all about Julie, and here she was talking about going to a dance.

"Are you talking to me?"

"Sure. There's a dance at the Beach Club. You better go. You know how to dance, don't you? Or I could teach you."

"I know how to dance," Joe said. "I guess you didn't hear about it, but I'm a married man."

"Well, for Pete's sake, bring your wife —if you have to."

"Oh, sure. She'd look good, dancing around with a lot of jitterbugs. Which arm should she hold the baby with? Or did you think she'd leave him home?"

She shrugged. It was clear she was only half paying attention.

"Or did you think I should leave them both home?"

"You have to have some fun once in a while, don't you?" she said. "Or are you an old married man, ready for the rocking chair? You don't look it to me."

"I wouldn't know," Joe said. "You know what I heard? I heard you were married too."

"Well, well, how news gets around!"

"Aren't you satisfied?"

"I do all right."

"Yeah. I even heard you had some interests right in here."

She was rolling her body slowly back and forth, her hips against the metal table. It seemed to Joe she was constantly in motion.

"You mean Carl?" She sounded contemptuous. "You don't want to believe all you hear."

Daly came over to them.

"Who is taking care of those tables down below?" he asked in his dead-level voice. Vera came alert.

"I am, Mr. Daly. Is there—I was making hamburgers and I—"

Daly walked away, paying no attention. She grabbed up a couple of menus and started away. Joe noticed that even when she was hurrying, her well-muscled curves showed to advantage. He was aware of a drive in her that demanded a target. He guessed that just now he was the target. The thought made the blood pound heavily in his body.

WITH Julie it never had been so earthy. He had fallen for Julie because she was so much fun, because she was brimming over with spirit, and game for anything. She would dance all night. She could swim like an otter. She taught him the excitement of a picnic on the beach, yet she loved flowers and music and sunsets.

For a few months of their marriage she had been a tender sweetheart and devoted wife, attentive to his wants, making him more comfortable than he had ever been, yet always ready for a lark. But then she was no longer so attentive—she had become a mother. Grudgingly he admitted it was not altogether her fault, but still, one could overdo it. Like this morning for instance.

"Joey," she'd said, "it's time to get up. Listen, dear, I'm worried about Sonny. I know I ought to get your breakfast, but I simply can't. Do you mind, Joey? There's coffee there, and bread—you can toast it. Sonny's so fussy, and ever since Mrs. Young's little boy got infantile I've been on pins and needles."

"Okay," he said. "I'll do it."

"And, Joey, could you possibly empty the garbage for me before you go?"

In the kitchen he'd found the dishes in the sink, the clothes rack loaded with drying diapers, the stale odors of domesticity permeating the room.

He found himself resentful now. Why need it involve him so completely? Why shouldn't he have some fun? Vera had a point there. . . .

"Coffee," said a customer, climbing on a stool.

"Coffee coming up," Joe said. He swept a cup under the faucet of the urn. His hands were thick and strong, his arms sinewy. He looked at the reflection of his face in the polished surface of the urn. It was lean, eager, a little bitter. There was no mystery as to why he had been selected. He knew how it would be with Vera. She would maneuver—not too cautiously—for a suitable place and time, then it would be a downhill pull. It could be any man, Joe knew, with muscles and teeth and a fair amount of masculine charm.

Thinking of it made him restless, and he decided to clean the brightwork and the sandwich tables. He went to the back room for the scrub-up pan and scouring tools. While he was filling the pan, Carl Carnel came in.

"Listen, fellow, you haven't been around here so long, so maybe you don't know the score. I'm telling you. Don't stick your nose in where you're not wanted."

"What are you talking about?" Joe asked. He had the pan of hot water in his hands, and he had to get rid of it. He turned the faucet off and set the pan carefully on the drainboard.

"You know what I'm talking about, all right." Carl's face was very red and swollen with anger; his little eyes peered furiously out from the mass of flesh.

"If you're talking about Vera, you'd better complain to her, not to me."

"I'm talking to you. I'm telling you—"

"Well, I don't like it," Joe said. "In fact I don't think I like you either, so go on, don't bother me."

"Listen, you," said Carnel, and raised his meaty hands for a pounce. In a flash, Joe had him by the neck, thumbs inside the shirt collar, fingers gripping the braces, his arms forcing Carnel's outward. For seconds they stood thus, straining, then Joe flung Carnel away.

"Keep away from me, Fatso, or I'll tear you apart," he whispered.

DALY, the manager, appeared in the door. "You've got customers out here, Carl," he said, and was gone.

Carnel glared at Joe and adjusted his shirt. He seemed about to say something, then he turned and walked out.

Joe picked up the pan, but his hands were trembling, and he set it down. He took the scouring materials out first and then came back for the pan. His nerves were still tense from that brief, furious conflict. It was a relief to have the scrub-up job to do. Vera came down the counter when he was in the midst of it.

"Listen, Joe, there's something I want you to do for me."

"Is that so?"

"Have you got your car?" She was looking right at it, the little jalopy standing out in the parking space.

"You know I've got it."

"Would you take me somewhere? After work? I've got to go to my sister's over in Hope Corners."

"I would," he said, "only I've got something else to do."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Not a thing."

"You're afraid somebody will see you taking me out."

He was about to protest, but then decided to let it ride.

"Is my reputation that bad?" she asked.

"It's my reputation I'm worried about. Hey, why don't you watch your work? You've got a customer waiting there."

He watched Vera drift back to her station, her rounded limbs moving lazily.

In a few minutes she was back, standing beside him, watching Daly, and talking behind the screen of a menu.

"Tell you what," she said, "I'm going to get off a little early, say five or ten minutes. I'll walk to the corner, and then go on down the road to Hope Corners. You hear me?"

"I hear every word."

"Well, you just drive along and pick me up, see?"

"Oh, I do?"

"Well, will you?"

He scrubbed carefully at a hardened pattern of spilled coffee on the brightwork beside the urn. "I might."

"Say you will for sure."

"'You will for sure,'" he mocked.

"Oh, damn you! Listen, I'll just keep walking till you pick me up, see? That's five thirty or a few minutes after."

"What if my relief's late?"

"Listen, you get there. Do the best you can."

"And what if I don't?" he said.

Vera looked impatient, and her face clouded up into an angry scowl.

Joe grinned. "Now who's hot and bothered?" he demanded.

With difficulty she managed a smile. "Just you be there, that's all. It's a date. I'm going back now, Daly's got his eye on me."

Joe worked away at his task. It was five o'clock when he got it finished. It gave him a feeling of satisfaction. He had half an hour before Farley Harper would be in; with luck that was time enough to clean the gutters of the grill. He got the blunted chisel and a greasy rag and began to dig. There was satisfaction in cutting away the crust and getting down to the iron. While he dug he thought of Vera and the date. It was all clear enough now.

Half a mile down the road to Hope Corners you came to the Sunken Meadows, a county park along the Nineteen Mile Creek. You could drive off the road in twenty places—no, in fifty places —through low shrubs to picnicking places along the creek. You dropped out of sight after fifty yards. It was a famous lovers' lane of the countryside.

"How're the hamburgers?" A breezy customer was climbing onto a stool.

"Okay," said Joe. "You want a hamburger?"

"A couple. Let me have some potatoes with them."

"Hamburger special," Joe said. He wiped his hands and put the order on the fire.

Of course he had told Julie he would get home early, or as good as told her. But he could say he had to wait for the prescription, or that he had a flat tire. That would be a cinch. It occurred to him that in fact, except for the medicine, she would not miss him, the way she was wrapped up in motherhood. It would serve her right.

He had to grin then to himself, thinking of what Peewee Danahy would say to this kind of logic: "Brother, my conclusion is that you got all the earmarks of a louse."

VERA brushed past him on her way to the dressing room. "Be seeing you," she murmured.

Joe looked at the clock. Five twenty. How did she get away with it? he wondered. He looked over at Daly. The manager drew a small book from under the counter, looked at the clock, and made an entry. So that was it, Joe thought. Daly was building up a record.

At a little after five thirty, he was finishing the gutters when Farley Harper came in.

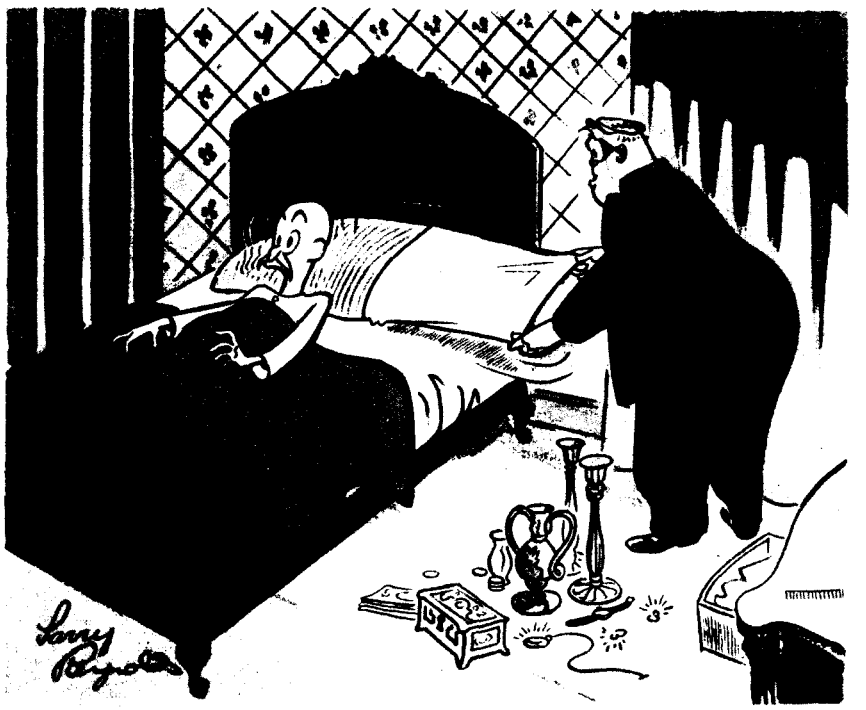
"Beat it, you," he said to Joe. "I owe you enough time already."

"You don't owe me anything."

"That's what you say. Where's Cleopatra?"

Joe looked puzzled.

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Sorry. I didn't mean t'awaken you—I'm just removin' the piller case t'carry this stuff in"

COLLIER'S

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"Sheba," said Farley. "The hot rock. The eternal female, or whatever you call her. Now do you know?"

"Sure," said Joe. "I knew all the time. She's gone home. Why don't you get here earlier if you want to see her?"

"Naw, I wouldn't want to get hurt in the crush. But what does she do now, set her own time?"

"I wouldn't know."

"I thought I saw her hoofing it up to the corner. That isn't the way she lives."

"What are you driving at?"

"Ah, that dame burns me up."

"Why?"

"She draws flies," said Farley.

"You shouldn't libel the girl."

"She's libelproof. A couple of years ago in Honolulu it might have been okay, but not in this town. The fat boy down the counter hasn't been fit for anything since she came here. I don't know why Daly puts up with her. She must know where a body is buried."

"I don't get it."

"There's nothing to get. Go on home. Scram! Or do you like the way you look in that coffee urn?"

"I got a better face for it than you," said Joe. "From here you look like the back end of a billy goat."

JOE went back to his locker, and was getting into his street clothes when Daly came in. The manager closed the door behind him.

"You're working the early trick starting Monday, is that right, Joe?"

"Yes, that's right."

"That will be from 5 A.M. until sometime after the lunch hour breaks. Maybe two o'clock, earlier if you're lucky. Did you understand it that way?"

"I understood it, yes, sir."

"How are you going to like that?"

Joe shrugged. "I don't see that I've got any choice. It's all right with me."

"It will give you a little more of the day at home with your family."

"That's right, it will."

"I don't know whether I should say this, but Mr. Belefant is in favor of putting you in charge of that shift. Would that interest you?"

"What would it mean?"

"Well, for one thing, it would mean five dollars more a week."

"Then I'm plenty interested."

"That's what I figured. It will buy shoes for that baby." Daly was smiling. Joe wondered how he had ever thought the man a cold fish.

"Mr. Belefant has a good impression of you," Daly said. "He asked me to name a good responsible man, and your name came up. It turned out he had been thinking along those lines."

"Well, thanks, Mr. Daly."

"Don't thank me. Any time you get anywhere, you've got nobody to thank but yourself. I'll admit I've been watching you. In fact, I brought you in on this day trick to see how you tackle a job. It looks to me as if you can take it. And if necessary, dish it out."

"I don't know about that," Joe said, grinning.

"Of course, we expect a family man to be a little more responsible—"

Joe did not know what to say.

"I don't say a married man is any better than any other," Daly went on. "He has his temptations like anybody else. But he's got something to keep him on the track. He knows what he's working for."

"That's right," Joe said. He was fidgety at the delay. This was making him late. Vera would be wondering what had become of him.

"You don't want to hear a sermon," Daly said, apologetically. "I just wanted to let you know we have been watching you, and like the way you work. Don't say anything about this, and in fact, forget I ever mentioned it, but I think that's what's going to happen. In fact, you can plan on it."

"Okay, Mr. Daly. And thanks."

The manager nodded and started toward the door. Then he stopped, turned around and came back, with his hand out. The two men shook hands solemnly, smiling a little, then Daly left the room. Joe grabbed his jacket, slammed the locker, and went out the back door to the little jalopy. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter of six.

Another car had come up behind him and had him blocked. Joe opened the door of the car, released the brake, and pushed it out of the way. It was a hard struggle, and he was panting by the time he got it clear. Another five minutes were gone before he started the jalopy with a roar and tooled it out onto the highway. By this time Vera would be far down the road. He could imagine her walking a few steps, then turning around to look for him, her face full of promise. He forced himself to drive slowly.

He felt gleeful at the news Daly had just given him. Less than a year with the Belefant chain, and here was a promotion and a raise. He could hardly wait to tell it, but he knew he could not tell Vera. It was Julie he wanted to tell. Only last night they had talked about this very matter.

"How's the job, Joey?" she had asked.

"It's fair. Why?"

"I worry about you. I hate to think of you in a job that you don't like, that's getting you nowhere."

"I like it well enough. I'll like it better if I get a boost. That could happen." But he doubted it. There were men who had been there much longer than he, still slinging hash. But the story was that if you really pitched, and Belefant liked you, you would move up. There were good jobs up above. Some men had gone into business for themselves, with Belefant's help and blessing.

"Do you want to go to college, Joey? We could manage under this G.I. plan."

"We'll try this a while longer and see how it pans out," he'd said. And now he had the news for her. He wanted to tell her now. The date with Vera had become a nuisance. He had lost interest. Only, of course, he had to go through with it because—because—he could not say just why he had to go through with it.

AS HE neared the stop light, he began wondering if he could duck it and then give her a story afterward.

"I got an emergency call and had to go home . . ."

"Daly was watching me . . ."

"I must have taken the wrong road. I thought you said . . ."

Or even, "I didn't really promise . . ."

But none of them was any good. They were only lies and evasions, and he hated lies and evasions. Besides, they would get him nowhere. Either she would be furiously angry and refuse to speak to him, or she would be forgiving and make another date, in which case he would be tangled up all over again.

He grinned at one excuse that occurred to him. He liked it because it was true.

"Sorry, but I had a previous date with my wife." Peewee would like that one. He could hear Peewee say, "Brother, that's got it." A guy would have to be good and tough to do this. Nothing he had said to Vera, ribbing her, would be half as tough as this.

When he got to the light, it was red, and he drew up to wait for it to change. He looked down the road that angled off to the left, toward Hope Corners and the Sunken Meadows, and there was Vera, not fifty yards down the road, standing there, waiting for him. He waved at her, and she waved back.

When the light turned green, he pulled the wheel around to the right, toward the drugstore and toward home, where he knew Julie and the baby would be waiting for him.

THE END

Have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PALL MALL? There's a reason.

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke! PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer*, *finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

-and they are mild!

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COCKTAILS AT BLINDMAN'S LAKE

Continued from page 14

ankles in dead leaves. She said, "I've got to go around back to open up. You can unload the bags while I unlock the front door."

As soon as she disappeared around the porch, I opened the glove compartment to have a good look at the gun. I took it out and turned it over in my hands several times. It was a .32-caliber Colt automatic, the blow-back model. The safety was on, and the gun felt as if it were loaded, but I couldn't be sure. Before I had a chance to investigate, I heard Grace opening the front door of the cabin. I just had time to put the gun back.

I felt a little sheepish to be so nearly caught snooping in the glove compartment, so before I snapped it shut, I took out the camera Grace had always carried there as long as I had known her.

"Let's see if I can still operate one of these cameras," I said. "Let me shoot you candidly in the doorway—your last bachelor-girl pose."

I made one of her in the entrance, and a few more standing against the evergreen shrubbery. I carried the camera into the house with the bags.

The inside of the cabin was filled with the cold, damp, musty smell that crawls into houses when they've been shut up for a while. While Grace was changing her clothes, I started to build a fire in the fireplace to take the chill off the place while we went down to the village to buy groceries for the week end. I rustled up paper and kindling and some logs, but I found myself doing a clumsy job of laying the fire. I was jumpy. If I didn't know better, I'd have sworn I had the hang-over jitters. I couldn't tell why, but the cabin gave me a feeling of strange uneasiness. Maybe it was the cold, damp smell. Maybe it was the things Grace told me on the way out. Maybe it was the gun in the car. Whatever it was, I had a feeling that Grace and I were not alone in the cabin. At one moment the feeling was so strong that I thought I heard footsteps in the dry leaves outside. Finally I got up and looked in the kitchen and the spare bedroom and on the back porch. I even went to the front door and looked out. There was nobody in sight. So I went back to my logs and managed to produce almost as much fire as smoke by the time Grace had finished changing. She had put on a pair of red slacks and a red sweater that gave me a chance to remark that nothing detrimental had happened to her figure since I last admired it.

When we went out to the car, Grace picked up the camera from the living-room table where I'd left it, and put it back into the glove compartment. I noticed that this time she locked it.

The road to the village led past the lake, past the Lakeside Inn, and through a lot of scenery. It was about a ten-minute drive to Blue Falls. Grace let me off in front of the Blue Falls liquor store while she did her marketing. I was to meet her at the parking lot behind the Blue Falls Market in fifteen minutes.

There was a Saturday-afternoon crowd buying bottled goods, and it took me a full fifteen minutes to get whisky, gin and vermouth, and some rum to keep the cold out after dark. I still had to wait about five minutes at the parking lot before Grace drove up, full of bundles and apologies. It seems she had to go to the other side of the village, where the butcher knew her, to get a good steak.

IT WAS after four by the time we started back. The road was magnificent with the agony of the dying year—the luminous orange of the maples, the deep red of the oaks, the purple of the beeches, the pale yellow of the elms. Here and there an evergreen thrust a somber arm through the brilliant mosaic of autumn. Blindman's Lake gleamed sullenly through the afternoon haze, like gun metal between two brooding hills. The nostalgic scent of wood smoke drifted down from Grace's cabin as the car climbed the last steep hundred yards.

The door of the cabin was slightly ajar. I thought I had closed it when we left. The dead leaves whispered around my ankles as I carried an armload of bundles from the car. Grace pushed the door open for me. As I stepped inside, I said:

"Hello. We've got company."

A man was sitting in front of the blazing log fire. He was sitting on the floor, with his back to us, one elbow leaning on a big leather hassock.

"I'll be damned," said Grace over my shoulder.

The man did not turn around.

Grace started for the hearth, stopped, then started forward again with determination in every stride. The flooring of the jerry-built summer cabin trembled beneath her indignant steps.

"What's going on here?" she demanded. "What—?"

She stopped. She sprang back a step. A half-stifled cry, a little like a sob, died in her throat.

The man's elbow slipped off the hassock. He toppled over, flat on his back.

Grace dropped her bundles. She turned to me with a queer, fluttery gesture of both arms. Then, in the small, strangled voice of a child who has just been hurt, she said:

"Jim, he's dead."

For all her premonitions, for all the foresight I silently ascribed to her when I saw the gun in the car, Grace reacted about as she might react to a load of bricks dropped from the rafters. She stared at me without seeing me. Then she started moving across the room, bumping into chairs like a sleepwalker. At the second bump she sat down mechanically in a wicker chair which creaked incongruously. She sat there, stunned, her hands limp in her lap.

Maybe because I was half expecting something like this, I was neither very shocked nor surprised. Oh, there was a butterfly in my stomach that gave an icy flutter or two, but I thought I was very deliberate about putting my packages on a table and walking over to the hearth.

The man on the floor seemed to be dead all right. He was a small, wiry chap with dark hair that straggled down untidily over a bulging forehead. His sharp features had that strange, impersonal waxiness of death. Even the rosy glow of the fire, which made restless reflections in his eyes, could not give life to his unblinking stare.

"Well, you called it," I said at last.

Grace shook her head. Expression was coming back into her face, a bewildered expression. Then she spoke. "I can't—understand—it." She pronounced each word separately.

"Come now." I tried hard to be paternal. "You practically predicted this. On the way up, you let me understand that if you didn't marry your mad doctor, he might kill Pennington like this."

"Not like this. Because this isn't Pennington. It's Dr. Norman."

NORMAN! I frowned at the dead man. He seemed to be grinning back at me. I put my arms around his shoulders and propped him against the leather hassock. I felt something wet under my fingers.

There was a spot of blood, as big as the palm of my hand, on the back of his coat. At the center of the stain there was a small, neat hole in the fabric. It was a clean job, apparently a shot, one shot right to the heart. No ricochet off the ribs, no messy exit of a flattened, twisted bullet tearing out the shirt front. All damage was internal. Very skillful—or very lucky.

"He hasn't been dead long," I said. "He's still warm."

A log slipped on the grate and sent up an explosive shower of sparks. Grace jumped, then sat down again in the creaking chair.

I straightened up, wiped my fingers on a handkerchief, and went over to the table where I'd left the afternoon's purchases. I pulled the cork from a bottle of whisky, and, without bothering with glasses, handed the bottle to Grace. She took a long swig and passed it to me. I guess I needed it more than I thought because my hand shook a little as I tipped the bottle.

"Maybe we ought to phone the state police," Grace said.

"Is there a telephone here?"

"No. There's one at the inn, just down the road."

"Wait a minute. Maybe we'd better look around here first. Maybe—"

"Yes, you're right."

Grace walked into one of the two bedrooms that opened off the living room. I went in behind her. The room looked as though a V-2 had fallen somewhere in the neighborhood. Grace's clothes had been pulled out of her bags and scattered over the bed and the floor. The drawers had been dragged out of a commode. The closet door stood open.

"Somebody's been looking for something," I said.

"Burglars." I thought I detected a hopeful note in Grace's voice. "Maybe Norman disturbed a burglar who shot him trying to escape."

"A man sitting in front of the fire isn't likely to come upon a burglar at work," I said. "And a burglar disturbed at work doesn't usually shoot a man in the back."

We looked in the other bedroom but nothing had been disturbed. Nothing in the kitchen, either. We found no gun, nothing else that might tell a story.

I went over to have another look at the late Dr. Norman, just as though I expected some advice from the dead man.

Grace said, "Let's get the cops and have it over with."

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather have Dr. Norman's body found in the woods, somewhere, instead of on your hearth?"

GRACE looked at me soberly for a long minute before she replied. "You're right. I did have time to come back here while you were waiting for me in Blue Falls."

"Nonsense," I said. "I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of just how bad you wanted to marry Pennington."

She shook her head. "You don't know Henry. He's too practical to do a thing like this. He loves me, in his own way, but he's not a romantic who'd risk the electric chair rather than have me marry somebody else. I can't figure this thing at all."

"I wasn't thinking of Pennington as a murderer either," I said. "I was just thinking of the police and the publicity—about how Pennington might feel about his fiancée having a week-end guest—however platonic that guest might be."

"Henry will just have to learn to trust me, that's all," Grace said. "Come on, let's call the police."

"I'll go."

"I'm coming with you. It's silly, but I'd rather not stay here alone—with him."

We started out the door when I heard a car coming up the hill, grinding in low gear.

"This is going to be just dandy," I said. "Here come your friends the Stewarts for cocktails."

"That's not the Stewart car," Grace said. The car was a flashy bright red job with enough chromium trim to outfit a circus parade. "Good Lord, it's Eddie Westerford."

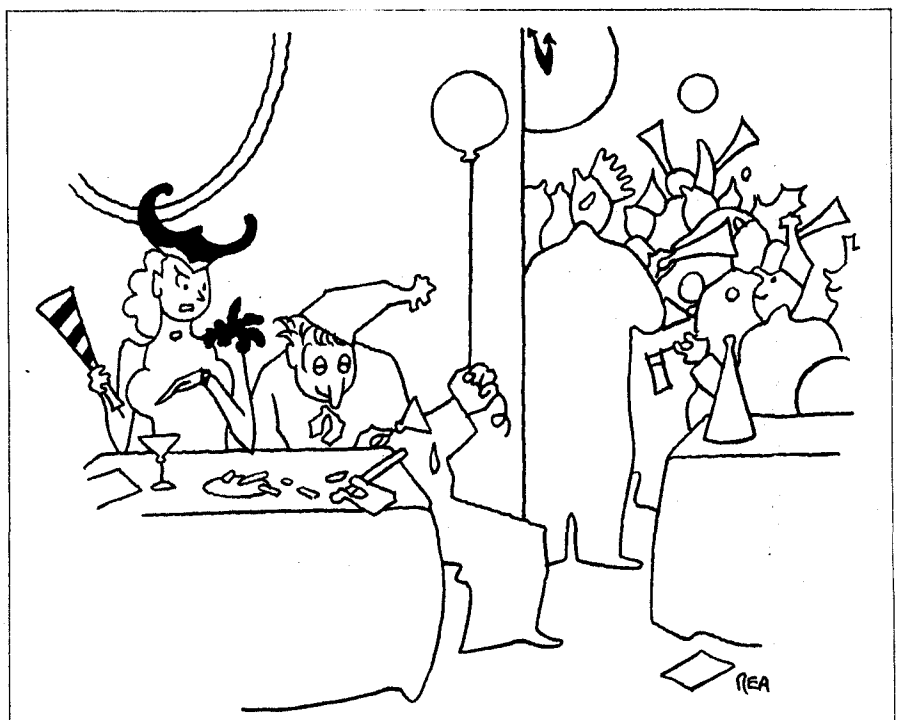
"I take it that Eddie is the aesthetic-looking young man behind the wheel. An interior decorator?"

"Eddie's a radio announcer. He—my God, they've got Betty Hurley with them."

"The brunette in the middle?" There were two women in the front seat with Eddie Westerford.

"No, the blonde. The brunette's Conchita, Eddie's wife."

The blond Betty Hurley was the prettiest of the three in the front seat. Hers was an obvious, perfumed, well-coiffed prettiness that was concentrated in her big blue eyes, and in the carefully painted, sophisticated pout of her unsophisticated lips. It was a prettiness that flounced out to meet your gaze halfway.



COLLIER'S "A gentleman, Mr. Sturges, would have waited till twelve o'clock before passing out!" GARDNER REA

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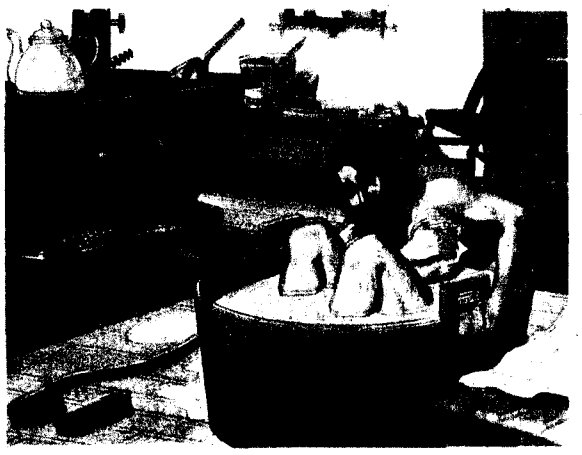
Secrets of your tub and shower

1858 **Imagine** squeezing yourself into great grandfather's boot-shaped tub. Careful there! Put out the fire that heats the water before you climb in. When the name Corby's came to Canada, this copper contraption was about tops in bathing luxury.



1881 **And do** you remember those Saturday night baths in the kitchen? No fancy frills, but the good old washtub did the job. Many Americans depend on it today—just as they did in the 23rd year of Canadian fame for the name Corby's.

1894 **Only** a brave soul would dare the terrors of a cold shower. The foot treadle of this gadget gave you exercise as you bathed. Corby's was a Canadian name with 36 years' standing when showers caught the public's fancy.

1948 **Needle shower** at the club or lazy bubble bath at home—take your choice. As a bather you get a break. Even the average home now boasts an unbelievably luxurious bath by yesterday's standards. It's all typical of the better way of life today. *And so is Corby's.* This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a wonder at mixing. And man, a Corby's highball is something special. Try Corby's—*you'll* see what we mean.

CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. ***under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender***

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

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SWOONER

1895—SIR HARRY LAUDER

1912—AL JOLSON

1925—RUDY VALLEE

1932—BING CROSBY

1940—FRANK SINATRA

1948—SIR HARRY LAUDER

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

whereas the dark, Latin appeal of Conchita Westerford seemed to smolder deep inside her ample olive-tinted flesh. As for Eddie Westerford—I guess I'm prejudiced against pretty men.

Eddie was handsome all right, in a pink-necked, slightly dissolute way. He had a profile with a capital P, slick golden hair, almost invisible golden eyebrows, and a small golden mustache. He waved gaily as he drove up.

"Grace, darling, are we late?" he said, as he set the brakes. "You're adorable in red, darling. I'm afraid we loitered a bit. Are we awfully late?"

I looked at Grace. Her face was grim. "You're just in time for the murder," she said. She didn't smile.

"Is my husband here?" gurgled Betty Hurley. "Jerome had an operation this morning in some hospital in Kingston, so I drove up with Eddie and Conchita. I thought sure Jerome would be here already. He said he'd drive right over from Kingston after the operation, and we stopped down the road for a few quickies. Eddie had to make a phone call. Are you sure Jerome's not here?"

"Positive," said Grace in the same grim tones. "Why should Dr. Hurley be here?"

"Because you invited him," Betty Hurley giggled. She seemed to be a little tight. "You invited all of us."

"I invited you?" Grace looked at me, as though for confirmation of her sanity. She walked over and put one foot on the running board. "Just how did I invite you? Or should I say, why?"

"Grace, you're a scream," said Eddie Westerford. "We all got your telegrams this morning. 'Cocktails at Blindman's Lake. Expect you at four-thirty. Don't fail me.'"

"'Sensational entertainment at five sharp,'" added Betty Hurley.

"'Sensational' is a good word," said Grace, "even though I didn't send those telegrams. Dr. Norman has just been murdered on my living-room rug."

"Norman? How killing!" said Betty Hurley.

THERE was a moment of silence, as though the jocular incredulity of the three in the car were breaking down at last.

"Is this gentleman a police officer?" asked Conchita Westerford, looking at me. She had been looking at me for a full minute. This was the first time I had heard her voice. It was pleasantly grave.

"Sorry," said Grace. "This is Major James Lawrence, an old friend of mine."

"Just Jim Lawrence. No handles," I said. Grace didn't know that I hadn't even got captain's bars, and this didn't seem to be the time to explain. "Listen, folks, Grace isn't joking. Dr. Norman is dead. Somebody apparently shot him within the last half-hour. We were just going for the police."

"Grace darling, forgive me," said Eddie Westerford. "How could I believe you were serious? It just isn't possible. Is there anything we can do, darling?"

"Yes," said Grace promptly. "You can get the hell out of here."

"It's positively indecent to leave you at a time like this," Eddie said. "But if you're sure there's nothing we can do—"

"Let's not go, Eddie," Betty Hurley protested. "I've never been to a murder. Besides, we have to wait for my Jerome."

"I'll tell Jerome you've gone," Grace said.

"Let's go, Eddie," said Conchita in her pleasant contralto.

Eddie stepped on the starter, and started to back around. He didn't get very far. Another car, coming up the narrow lane, blocked the steep exit. It was an expensive car, very dignified and black, and I could guess whose it was even before I could see the driver. The driver matched the car. Only Henry Pennington, I told myself, would come to a country cocktail party wearing a derby hat and a Chesterfield. Pennington looked about as I had imagined him. He was big, rawboned, broad-shouldered. He had a long nose and no lips. He carefully peeled off his immaculate gray gloves, picked up a long green florist's box from the seat beside him and got out of the car. As he came toward Grace he took off his hat. I saw that he was losing his hair.

"I've brought you a few roses," Pennington said, handing the box to Grace. "I thought— What's wrong, dear? You're ill."

"Dr. Norman has just been murdered on my living-room rug," Grace repeated dully, as though too tired to think of a new phrase.

"No! Norman? That's preposterous! How could—? Grace dear, I don't know what to say." Henry Pennington was both shocked and considerate. He put his arm around Grace's shoulders. It was a comforting, protective arm, a little reverent; more adoration than passion or even tenderness, I thought. I saw what Grace meant.

"Henry, did I invite you to the murder, too, promptly at five?" Grace seemed to ignore his arm.

"You invited me for cocktails," Pennington replied. "I got the telegram this morning." He drew a yellow blank from his pocket.

"Let's see it," Grace said, "since I didn't send it." She held out her hand.

I LOOKED over her shoulder. The text contained the same phrases that Eddie Westerford had quoted: "Cocktails at Blindman's Lake— Don't fail— Sensational entertainment at five." It was signed "Grace Boyd." The point of origin was Blue Falls.

While Grace was shaking her head, I introduced myself to Henry Pennington. "I'm an old friend of Grace's," I said. "If you'll stay with Grace, I'm going for the police."

"By all means," Pennington said. "Take my car."

"The inn's just down the road. I think I'll walk. The traffic is getting more and more congested."

Two more cars were coming up the steep lane. I recognized Joan Stewart in the first car. The lone man in the second I assumed to be Dr. Jerome Hurley, husband of the blond Betty. I wondered how many more people had been mysteriously and telegraphically invited to have cocktails at Blindman's Lake—and who had invited them. Whoever it was seemed also to have spared me the trouble of calling the police. The police were arriving uninvited—or just as mysteriously invited as the other guests.

I heard the sirens while I was talking to Pennington, but supposed it was just a speed cop chasing some unfortunate motorist. Then I saw two motorcycles and the white-topped sedan of the state police come bumping up the hill toward the cabin. They could barely make the top of the lane, because the level parking space under the oaks was filled with the five cars already there. I walked down to meet the tall trooper who got out of the sedan, very military in his tailored grays and the purple band around his hat.

"Are you invited for cocktails, too?" I asked.

"Cut the comedy," said the trooper. "Is this Miss Grace Boyd's place?"

"It is. Are you just dropping in, or did somebody call you?"

"None of your business. What's going on around here?"

"If you're interested in a layman's opinion," I said, "I think it's murder."

The trooper shot me a look that would drop a pigeon at fifty yards.

"Show me," he said.

I led the way into the cabin and showed him the late Dr. Norman H. Norman.

Night brushed away the last lingering light of dusk with one quick, cold, star-spangled sweep. The katydids were making the darkness vibrant with their rasping triple rhythms. Through the muted colors of the autumn foliage, the electric sign of the Lakeside Inn flashed on and off, and, beyond it, Blindman's Lake gleamed dully through the trees. Somewhere near the shore, tree frogs shrilled their metallic chorus.

Inside Grace Boyd's cabin the long arm of the law was groping for the murderer of Dr. Norman. The law, in the person of Captain Hugh McKay of the state police, efficiently and rapidly cleared away the preliminaries. Flash bulbs winked as photographers recorded the scene of the crime. Fingerprint men bustled about quietly and left. A *moulage* expert made his brief rounds, muttering about the impossibility of finding footprints in dead leaves a foot deep. Men came to take the late Dr. Norman away for medico-legal dissection.

Captain McKay collected the ignition keys of all the cars parked outside the cabin. Then he had all of the cocktail guests fingerprinted.

"Merely a precaution," said the captain, when Eddie Westerford objected to being treated as a common criminal, "to help our identification men eliminate innocent prints. You don't have to worry. They'll be thrown away afterward—unless your prints are already on file somewhere, or if you happen to have killed Dr. Norman."

Eddie held out his hands to be inked without further objection.

Captain McKay was polite but tough in a casual, quiet way. He was surprisingly informal in his preliminary investigation, and almost offhand in his first questioning. He readily agreed to my suggestion that I make good on the cocktail invitations and whip up a round of dry Martinis for the assembled guests and suspects. And I think he was almost as annoyed as I was when Henry Pennington practically snatched the gin and vermouth out of my hands and began performing as self-appointed Ganymede. I say almost, because Pennington was too generous with the vermouth for my taste. Anyhow, he was being very much the master of the house, spreading his benign protective presence over Grace as though to shield her from the vulgarities of police procedure. Knowing his present and potential relationship with Grace, this all seemed natural enough to me, but I could see that McKay didn't like it. He singled out Pennington whenever he felt that a police captain ought to make somebody squirm now and then.

"You've got a fine, well-developed set of muscles there," said McKay as Pennington lifted another log to put on the fire. "Where did you get them? Army?"

"No," said Pennington.

"Navy?"

"I didn't serve with the armed forces," said Pennington.

"Well, well. What story did you tell your draft board? Or did you remember to register?"

PENNINGTON put the log on the fire and came over to tower above the police captain. There was a band of pink at the top of his forehead, just where his hair was beginning to thin. Otherwise he showed no sign of emotion. He said, "I think you show extremely bad taste, Captain, in addition to wandering frivolously from your investigation. Would you like to see my Selective Service registration card?"

"Yes," said McKay. He took the card from Pennington's fingers, glanced at it, and grunted. "You look pretty healthy for a 4F," he said.

"The Army didn't think so," said Pennington coolly. "Neither did the Marine Corps. For your information, Captain, I tried to enlist in the Marines in September, 1943. You might make a note of the date: September 15th. The Marines may still have my electrocardiogram on file,

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in case you're seriously interested in my health."

"Bad heart, eh?" Captain McKay was not at all apologetic. "Been under medical treatment?"

"Yes."

"Who's your doctor?"

"I haven't one at the moment," Pennington replied. "It *was* Dr. Norman. Do you think that's motive for murder?"

Captain McKay didn't seem to be interested in motives at this point. Once he had learned that all the nine people present, with the exception of me, had known Dr. Norman more or less well, he concentrated on the roads they had traveled to reach Blindman's Lake, and on their detailed itinerary for the forty-five minutes during which Grace and I had been absent from the cabin. He seemed particularly interested in Eddie Westerford when he learned that Eddie had parked his wife and Betty Hurley in a bar just outside of Blue Falls for half an hour while he made a phone call to New York.

"Did you talk all that time?" Captain McKay wanted to know.

"Most definitely not," said Eddie. "I was calling the producer of my Sunday-night radio show. He hadn't reached the studio yet, but they expected him in five or ten minutes. They said he'd call me back. Since I knew that Grace had no phone here, I gave the number of the pay station in the bar and waited. I had to wait for nearly twenty minutes."

"Gracious!" said Captain McKay. "And you waited all that time in the phone booth?"

"Yes, in the booth."

"Why?"

"Well, I was afraid I wouldn't hear the phone ring if I went back to join the girls. The phone booth was just outside the men's room and I wasn't sure I could hear the bell from where we were sitting."

"You mean your wife couldn't see the booth from where she was drinking?"

"No, she couldn't."

"Then when she says you were in the phone booth all the time, she was just guessing?"

"Not precisely. I told her I was in the booth, and my wife happens to believe I'm a rather truthful person."

THAT seemed to satisfy Captain McKay. He was not satisfied, however, by the universal denial that anyone had sent the invitation telegrams in Grace Boyd's name.

"I'm warning you," he said, "that the telegrams are being traced. I know already that the text and addresses were telephoned to the Blue Falls telegraph office last night. By morning, I'll know who did the telephoning. One of you—somebody who knew just what kind of sensational entertainment was scheduled for five o'clock—is lying. Anybody want to change his story?"

Nobody did.

"Okay," said McKay. "Then I'm holding you all as material witnesses, at least until after the autopsy. If you play ball with me, I won't be formal about it and make you put up bond. You can stay at the inn tonight."

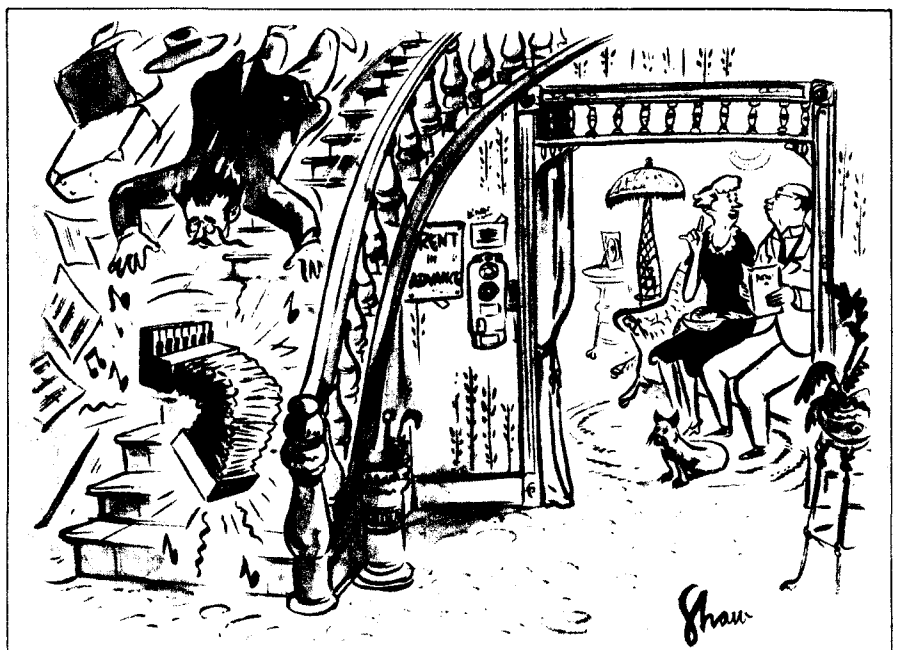
He let the Stewarts go home, because he knew they lived just down the road. Grace insisted on sleeping at the cabin, somewhat to my surprise, and the captain didn't object. So of course Henry Pennington had to sleep there too, to protect Grace. Since I was the original week-end guest, I insisted on staying there to keep things decent. Only Pennington, with his consummate proprietary manner, moved my bag out of the extra bedroom and installed himself in the only comfortable extra bed.

I didn't mind too much and bedded down on a sofa in the living room near the fire; it was uncomfortably near the spot where I had first come upon the late Dr. Norman, but I'd had enough Martinis not to care.

A state trooper hung around for a while, dozing in front of the fire, but a little before midnight he went out, and I heard his motorcycle popping down the road. Then I fell asleep.

I was awakened by something that scared the sleep right out of me. I didn't know what it was at first, except that it sounded like a shot. Then I heard it again, and knew it wasn't a shot—just acorns dropping on the roof. I lay a while laughing at myself, when I heard another sound, one that made me sit up. I listened, then slipped into my shoes and went to the front door.

I stood for a long moment, listening, straining my ears for the repetition of a sound I half hoped had been the product of my imagination. A few tireless katydids were still sawing out their stupid litany, and a small cold wind nuzzled the sleeping trees. But the other sound did not come again—the sound I thought I had heard that afternoon while building the fire, the measured rustle of dead leaves, the repeated dry whisper that warned of feet moving across the leaf-carpeted flat, the feet of someone seeking in the darkness, perhaps seeking what he had not found in Grace's cabin after Dr. Norman had been killed. I heard nothing, yet I could not get rid of the sense of impending catastrophe that had been haunting me all evening, the feeling that one of these charming uninvited guests who had come to Blindman's Lake for cocktails had not yet completed the evil cycle begun with the death of Dr. Norman.



COLLIER'S "Listen, honey—he's playing our song!" DICK SHAW

I peered hard into the night, but a scud of cloud had snuffed out the stars and the blackness was opaque. I thought I could make out forms in the darkness, but they were motionless forms—shrubs, perhaps, or the parked automobiles. I took a step away from the doorway, then another, and, after an interminable ten seconds, a third. The complaint of the dead leaves beneath each step, a faint rustle by day, was like the crackling of a forest fire in the silence of the night. Again I waited, listening.

This time I was sure I heard a sound. It was a new sound, a faint, hollow metallic note, the sound of something solid briefly drawn across thin metal.

A drop of cold formed at the base of my tingling scalp and seemed to trickle down my spine.

I listened again—and heard the racing beat of the blood in my ears, the loud thumping of my own heart. Then a sudden gust of wind rattled through the dead leaves, and the murmur of the trees rose in response like a tattoo of alarm.

Quickly I struck out across the flat while the noise of the wind covered my footfall. I had completed two thirds of the distance to the nearest car when the wind dropped abruptly to a chill gasp, then died.

I took two more steps. I stopped again, imagining that the crash of dead leaves echoed in the darkness.

I was quite near Grace's car now. I could make out its outlines. I could almost touch it. I took another step.

There was a great flash of light, a blinding light that flared behind my eyes, a painful, whirling light inside my head that sparked and flamed and expanded until it filled my skull, then exploded into empty darkness.

WHEN the light came back, it was a steady ruddy glow through my eyelids. I opened my eyes. Grace Boyd was standing over me with a flashlight.

"You sure pack a wallop," I said. "You didn't have to hit me quite so hard."

Grace said, "You're hurt, Jim."

I was hurt, superficially at least. There was a little man with a hammer banging on my skull, just behind one ear, but I was determined to ignore him. "Hell no, I'm not hurt," I said. "I was just resting." I tried my legs. I could stand. "How long was I out?"

"Twenty, maybe thirty seconds," Grace said. "I heard you get up and leave the cabin. When you didn't come back, I went to the door. I heard something bang against a fender so I came out to investigate. And here you were—resting."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

I took the flashlight from Grace's fingers. As I swung the beam inside the car, the light made a cameo of Grace's silhouette against the darkness. She was wearing woolly light blue pajamas which fitted her very well indeed.

I moved the disk of light across the dashboard. There were marks on the enameled metal. Someone had been trying to force the glove compartment with a screwdriver or something similar.

"The police took your keys, didn't they?" I asked.

"Yes, but I have dupes." She reached into her pocket.

"Do you always go to bed with duplicate car keys in your pajamas?"

"Always, on the night of a murder." Her voice had a hard edge. Her face, too, was hard in the glow of the flashlight—all but her eyes. Even in the half darkness her eyes were warm and sensitive.

I took the keys and opened the glove compartment. My pipe and tobacco pouch were still there. I took them out. The camera, too, was still there.

The automatic was gone.

"Where's the gun?" I asked.

"What gun?"

"The .32 Colt automatic that was here this afternoon."

"Oh, that. Isn't it there?"

"Look for yourself. Where is it?"

"I don't know. Maybe the police took it."

"Do you have a permit to carry it?"

"No, it's not mine."

"Whose is it?"

Grace did not answer. She turned her head. Another cone of light cut through the darkness and was coming toward us. The state trooper who had been drowsing by the hearth earlier in the evening was coming back. I closed the glove compartment and pocketed the keys before he came up.

"Going for a little drive maybe?" said the trooper.

"We'd love to. Are you giving back the keys?"

"What are you folks doing out here?"

"We couldn't sleep. I came out to get my tobacco that I left in the car."

"You shouldn't ought to be walking around," said the trooper. The beam of his flashlight caressed Grace's pajama-clad figure, then shone hard at me. "Better go to bed."

"Anything you say, Officer."

I took Grace's arm and started to walk her back to the cabin. The trooper remained behind. I could see his light probing the parked cars.

When we were out of earshot, I asked again, "Whose gun was it?"

Grace hesitated, then said, "Bob Stewart's."

"Why did you borrow it?"

"I didn't. Bob Stewart telephoned me last night in New York and asked me to pick up the gun at his office and bring it out when I came. I stopped by his office on my way to get you, and his secretary gave me the gun."

"Why does Stewart own a gun?"

"He's treasurer of an aircraft firm. Pay rolls or something. He never carried it. It was always in his office."

"Why did he want it today, at Blindman's Lake?"

"I don't know. Bob didn't say. Did you take the gun, Jim?"

"Of course not. It was still there when we arrived this afternoon. I saw it when I took out the camera."

"Do you think somebody used it to kill Norman?"

"Maybe. The autopsy and the ballistics experts will tell us soon enough—if they find the gun."

I DIDN'T tell Grace that I felt sure they would find the gun all right, and that it would have my fingerprints all over it, and that it would prove to have fired the shot that killed Norman. Instead, I kissed Grace good night. It was meant to be a friendly, reassuring, paternal kiss, but I'm not sure I succeeded.

Then, on a hunch, I looked in on Henry Pennington in the extra bedroom. Pennington was snoring gently, with the measured, dignified restraint becoming a successful businessman and a potential senator. I went back to my sofa in front of the dying fire.

It wasn't until hours later, while I was trying desperately to go back to sleep, that I understood the meaning of the marks on the dashboard. When I realized what it was that the murderer was after in the glove compartment—for it was certainly the murderer who had conked me when I interrupted his work—I broke out in a cold sweat. I had a moment of relief at having got off without becoming corpse number two, but it was followed by a feeling akin to terror. After all the murderer was still at large and he had still not got what he wanted.

I wished then that I had taken the camera with me when I took the tobacco from the car. But it was too late.

(To be continued next week)

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FACTS AND FIGURES

Continued from page 35

There are also various tricks of combining firm with stretchable fabric, to achieve a silhouette. It matters, for another thing, whether you're solid-fleshed or soft. See what the girdle makers are up against?

There are about three hundred manufacturers of foundation garments, most of them specializing in certain figure types from stylish stouts to lithe young things, and each with a different notion how to fit you best.

They have their patented girdle tops that stay up, bottoms that stay down, abdominal uplifts and other tricks for fit and comfort.

Brassières are just as intricately devised, though you'd never know it the casual way women buy them over the counter. There's not an ad reader in the land who doesn't know about A, B, C and D cups, and suspect they have something to do with proper fitting of various-sized bosoms. But don't think it's that simple. All the surrounding territory has to be fitted, too, back, side, rib and chest, with all the variations the female form is liable to. And what they call "separation" is obvious or can easily be made so; only how you do it depends on what you start with.

Matching the frenzy in the waistline department is the excitement over the wired bra, now several years old and still creating a swivet among the girls—to wear or not to wear. (Having dropped in price from $25 to $5, temptation is spreading wider.)

The man who launched this gadget in Paris twenty years ago, and moved with it to America six years ago, tells us not just wire, but a selection of wires in seven sizes and four thicknesses is part of the secret of his success. Plus meticulous fitting and a year's guarantee of comfort. He showed us letters from contented customers, and even from doctors referring patients to him. A doctor we consulted, on the other hand, said we could quote him that they are the Devil's own invention.

Thorough Tests for Fabrics

The engineering of foundation garments is a tricky business that calls for considerable knowledge and experiment on the part of the designer. No fabric is used before it is thoroughly tested, wet and dry, for durability, stretchability, resilience, whatever its properties should be. It was not unusual, during the war, when different fabric lots had to be used for one style garment, to have six different patterns cut to achieve the same final result, each keyed to the fabric used.

For precision cutting, patterns are made out of steel, or fiberboard bound with metal, to guide the cutter's knife exactly. Between him and final inspection, thirty people may handle a garment, to the whirring din of half a dozen different kinds of sewing machines: one-needle, three-needle, zigzag, fagot, here a zipper, there a stay. Pink, blue, black, white, yellow. It's a sight, all that aid to Nature, on its way.

Could be that some of the girls who are doing the stitching are also being guinea pigs for a new style coming up. For no garment gets into production until it has been tested and approved by representatives of the shapes and sizes for which it is intended.

After all this precaution in production, it is no wonder manufacturers are concerned about the haphazard way in which their garments are frequently bought and worn. Hence the training schools some of them conduct, instructors traveling around the country to teach saleswomen how to fit. It takes a week of talking to get through the fundamentals, so we won't go into that. But at one morning session we did pick up a few items that a customer could understand.

Item one is that unless we are certain of size and style, we are wasting our money when we buy over the counter. When a salesgirl invites you into the fitting room, she isn't a spider in a web. She's trying to help you. One girl in Brooklyn does it so well she has customers waiting twenty deep for her.

Item two, once you are in the fitting room and in a foundation garment, try it sitting down as well as standing up—bra as well as girdle. There should be plenty of sitting and bending room, no binding anywhere. No bulging either, and no need for alterations. A few adjustments, all right, but no alterations, or you'll ruin the whole business. Just try another style.

How to Don a Zipperless Girdle

Getting into these things with a minimum of tugging and wiggling is a matter that bears instruction, too. Here's the technique recommended for a zipperless girdle. Turn it inside out and upside down. Flip the garter edge over to the inside, and step in at that end. Pull up till the garters are in place. Now, with as much dignity as is left you, reach down, grasp the girdle with your whole hands (no fingerwork to poke through) and roll it up into place. Knitted elastic girdles are even called roll-ons, that's so obviously the way of least resistance for getting into them.

Of course you have to launder these garments properly between wearings. Close all zippers. Scrub, if necessary, with a soft brush. Never rub fabric on fabric. Never wring. Never use heat.

But fashion is doing the selling this year:

Besides your usual bras, madam, try this long-line job that lifts you up above, slicks you all the way to the waist for the new, tight bodice. There are even some that nip the waistline, too.

Have at least one girdle that gives you the new small waistline, or anyway an illusion of it. The newest ones rise well above the waistline.

Of course for that slick, long torso look, with everything under control, your best bet is an all-in-one foundation garment. They are coming up in popularity with the new fashions.

And how about the cutest trick of the year, just to wear with special dresses, the waistline nipper? Young girls are mad about them. So are forty-inch waistliners, can you imagine!

There is one garment fashion ignores but some women still buy. It is made of sturdy fabric, bulwarked from top to bottom with a dozen-some stays, and it hooks and laces on. Not a stitch of elastic to give anywhere. At the training class the instructress was struggling with one. The question from the floor was: How do you lace the thing? With the harness lassoed around her own middle, she was demonstrating. It took a lot of time.

She showed them, but her advice was: "Get women out of this. All they can do is *lean* on this picket fence. Of course for women who won't exercise and won't stop eating.... But foundation garments today aren't supposed to take the place of your muscles. Posture is still three quarters of the looks of your figure, and that is up to you."

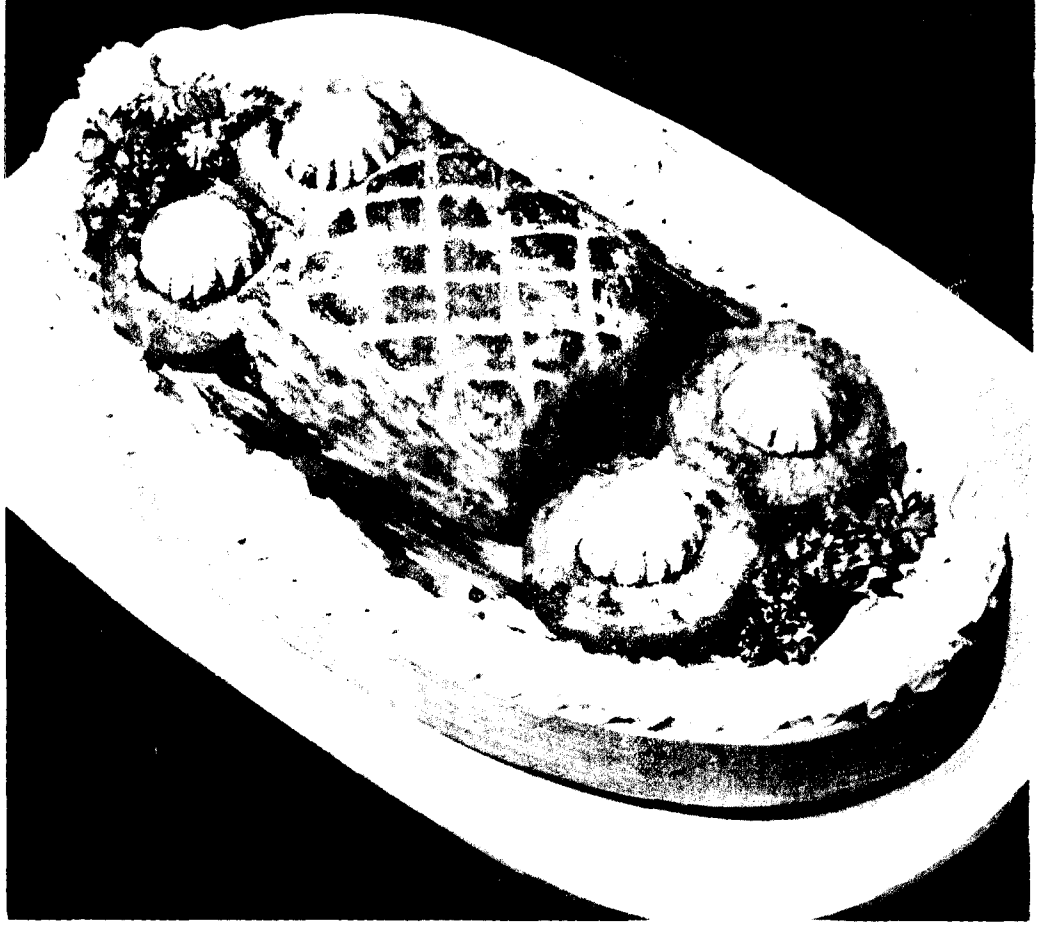
Which is one difference between yesterday's corset and today's girdle.

THE END

ALL-IN-ONE GARMENT ILLUSTRATED IS BY BIEN JOLIE. BRASSIÈRE BY LILY OF FRANCE. GIRDLE BY FRANCETTE. JEWELRY, SLIPPERS, COURTESY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. DRESS SKETCHED IS ADELE SIMPSON DESIGN.

Impressive, easy...

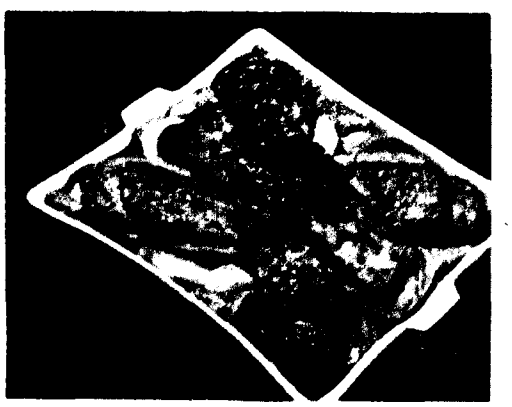
PLANKED SPAM



rub with brown sugar and place on plank (Use dry well-seasoned wood—an old bread board will do.) Surround with thick tomato slices capped with mushroom halves well-doused with butter Bake 25 minutes in hot oven, then ring with mashed potatoes and slip back in oven for quick browning Bring to table, plank and all Serves four—and hits the spot.

TEN MINUTES to fry Spam and cook limas while potatoes bake. A bright idea for lunch or family dinner because everybody likes good old Spam.

SATURDAY NIGHTER—push Spam slices into a casserole of baked beans—canned or your own make—heat thoroughly in oven. Spam adds a crisp new flavor.



SQUARE MEAL. Alternate layers of sliced boiled yams, sliced onions. Top with two Spam slices per serving, drench with apple juice. Dot with butter. Salt. 375° oven.

COLD OR HOT SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co. Austin, Minn.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

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THIS IS THE NIGHT

Continued from page 21

handsome young men. This is Mr. Mannering." Poor Mary looked so frightened that I capitulated: "My brother."

"Oh, you—" giggled Mary. "Well, come along."

I saw there would be no holding George, but I blocked him back long enough to hiss, "You look like Mama's spaniel the day we had to chloroform it."

"Huh?" whispered George. "Peg, listen—don't let her know we know she's supposed to get married Monday. Promise, Peg. Try to keep her from saying anything about it. Promise."

I NODDED grimly and followed Mary Harrison. It was clear to me that if my brother was to be prevented from making a spectacle of himself, this get-together better be over with fast.

"My brother, Mr. Mannering," I announced in crisp tones.

"Yes and"— Mary looked at me timidly— "this is Miss Deems and er—of course you know Harry—"

"Mr. Harrison." I nodded to the guy.

Whereupon George demolished my carefully chilled formalities in one breathless whoosh. "Will you come skiing with me tomorrow? We could drive over to the High Meadow tows."

There was no question about who "we" was. And as the Deems girl met George's intense gaze her own eyes widened in startled surprise. As I said, George didn't look like an impulsive sophomore. And he certainly didn't look a well-oiled smoothie either. He was simply and terribly earnest.

"No. No—I—" The girl got hold of herself. "It would be fun. Thanks. But I'm taking the noon train to New York. You see, I—"

"Yes, sure," interrupted George hastily. "Well, we'll drive down to the Rink for dinner tonight. Have you been to the Rink?"

"No, I—"

"Waiters on skates and that stuff. Small orchestra. Sort of gay. Shall we? I mean, will you?"

If George had suggested anything except the Rink I might have got a word in. But when on former occasions I had mentioned dinner at the Rink to George, his remarks on skating waiters had been profane. So now I gasped and lost the floor to Mary. Dear Mary, being not the subtle type, happily assumed that George's invitation included all of us. The party was on, with Mary all aglow, while I and the Deems girl and old Harry grew more puzzled and appalled.

Because George's behavior was outrageous. When the rest of us were settled comfortably at our iceside table, George insisted on skating with the Deems kid. When the rest of us got out on the ice, George sat his partner down at the table. I, doing my best to break this up, came skating back to the table as quickly as possible.

"Really, Mrs. Foster—" the poor girl made a valiant attempt to smile gaily up at me. "Your brother is the most dangerous and accomplished wolf."

No less apt word had ever been applied to my scared-rabbit brother, but I nodded solemn assent. "Definitely a home wrecker. You musn't believe a word he says."

George gave me one shocked and stricken glance then grabbed the girl's hand. "Patricia, it's not true. You are the only girl I—I mean, I seem to have fallen in love with you."

Her mouth kept its stiff grin, but she snatched her hand back as if George's fingers were hot pokers. "Silly. Mr. Mannering, you don't seem to realize that—"

"Please!" broke in George desperately. "Please don't answer now. I know this seems a little abrupt, only—"

COLLIER'S "I certainly hope you don't have dreams like that!" R. KRAUS

"Answer?" The girl gasped. "Answer what? Are you pro—are you pretending to propose?"

"Miss Deems," I said, with what dignity and firmness I could scratch together, "you go out there and skate a minute while I speak a few well-chosen words to my brother."

She turned her puzzled, slightly wild gaze to me for a moment, and got up uncertainly.

"That's right. You skate." I waved her off, then turned on George. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Peg, I—it sounds funny, but the minute I saw Patricia I knew she was the one."

"That's impossible," I snapped. "In real life, my dear bub, a girl does not change her mind two days before the winter's most fashionable wedding. Hold it!" I stopped his opening mouth. "Maybe you are her true soul mate. Maybe she'd be far, far happier growing old with you. You, of course have obviously given the matter mature and prayerful thought. But she isn't going to postpone her wedding to think about it. Incidentally, she now suspects you're an absolute ass, and if she knew you knew about Monday she'd be sure of it."

"If only there were more time. She seems to think I don't mean—"

"I hope that's what she thinks. Personally I find it very humiliating to discover that my brother is a half-wit. Now please pull yourself together. Holy heaven, George, you're a grown man! Act your age." I stood up. "Sit there and think it over. I'm going to find the girl and try to laugh this off." I skated out after Patricia.

Mary and Harry must have come back to the table almost as soon as I left, because when Patricia and I came back the hideous plot was fully hatched.

"Darling!" Mary burst out at Patricia, "Mr. Mannering—I mean, George and Peggie will drive you down to New York tomorrow and you won't have to take that pack-jammed train at all. Isn't it lucky? They're going right down."

George's anxious eye was on me. This and no more had my blast accomplished. "Oh, dandy," I gurgled and beamed on Patricia. "That is, if you don't care when we get there. Travel by car isn't exactly a sure thing up here in winter."

"That's it." The girl looked at Mary. "Of course the wedding isn't until three o'clock Monday, but Mother is on her tin ear. And she considered it thoroughly callous of me to come away this week end at all. I'm afraid—"

"Oh, we'll beat the train by four hours," said George. "We'll start along right after breakfast."

"Sure, you'll be there almost before the train starts," agreed Harry heartily. It was obvious that Harry had not relished the prospect of an eighteen-mile drive to the railroad Sunday afternoon.

Poor Patricia Deems looked at me; politeness got the upper hand and I said, "We'd love to drive you down."

THERE were three or four inches of beautiful powder that night and the snow was still drifting down as we came out of the Lodge after breakfast. George didn't give it a glance.

"Do you think that bonnet seems too old for her, Peg?" asked George, surveying the Deems girl's hat. Patricia, looking, I'll admit, fairly cute and rosy in a fur baby bonnet, got rosier.

George snapped the girl's skis onto the roof rack with ours and slid in behind the wheel. Patricia and I waved goodby to the Harrisons; George stared at Patricia's nose.

"This is a snowdrift we're running into," I said. We did.

George backed away and steered us out the Lodge driveway.

"It's not pug," he murmured, "it's just short on top."

"What?" said Patricia.

"Better let it go," I advised. "I think he's talking about your nose."

"Oh," said Patricia, "Mrs. Foster, your husband's the William Foster who designs glass bottles and Diesel locomotives and everything under the sun, isn't he?"

"Short on top which, of course, makes it curl," muttered George. "Up."

And there you have a suggestion of that whole morning's travel. Patricia and I chatted vivaciously, even intelligently, but always really just waiting for George's next comment. It would have nothing to do with our talk. It would have to do with Patricia's person—an ear or a straggling wisp of hair at her neck or something. You couldn't snub him because he didn't address the cracks to anybody in particular. They were usually aimed straight ahead past the clicking windshield wipers to the swirling snow.

"Babies have round chins too," he would say, all of a sudden, "but they wouldn't be so firm and wouldn't fill up the cup of a man's hand."

"The thing about Vermont highways," Patricia would continue to me determinedly, "is that they *expect* snow up here, so they start the road plows soon enough."

In view of what presently happened I would like to believe George was as bemused, befuddled and otherwise semiconscious that morning as he had been the night before. But I'm not sure. His remarks were sincere. That's what made them sound so—well, unsettling. But he was not being entirely naïve.

WE PASSED some people going into a little church; the bulletin board modestly advertised: "The Wisdom of Solomon," and George, whose subject I'd always supposed was advanced chemistry, began to recite:

" 'How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is—' "

"George," I said, "is this necessary?"

"It's The Song of Solomon," said George, and his eyes came around to Patricia. " 'How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples, and the roof of thy mouth—' "

"Will you please watch where you're steering," I barked. "And if you ask me, we're off the main road. I haven't seen a highway marker for ages."

"Buried," said George.

The walls of snow, thrown up by the road plows, were certainly high enough to bury markers. And the whirling flakes, falling thicker now, made it hard to see much anyway. But the plowed track looked very narrow to me.

"You better stop and check this, George," I said. "It's beginning to blow and we don't want to be caught in a drift."

"Not today," laughed Patricia, "I really do have to get to New York."

George stopped the car. The heater purred comfortably. The wipers clicked in soothing rhythm as George rustled out a road map.

"Um. Guess maybe we should have swung left instead of right back there below Sturborne. But this is all right. See, here we are. This is marked a secondary road but—"

"They flatter it," I said.

"But it's actually a short cut," said George triumphantly. "See, Peg? We must be about to this little place—Falls Corners, is it?" George leaned closer over the map which he'd put on Patricia's lap between us. The girl kept her face blandly unconscious but I felt her stiffen as George's breath blew along her left cheek.

When George put the car in gear again, the wheels spun and we settled like a squatting hen.

"Are we stuck?" Patricia tried to make it casual. "If there's a railroad station in—what is it, Falls Corners?—I mean I really do have to get—"

"There's no railroad," I assured her. "But it can't be more than eight or ten miles on across to Route 7. Brother, dear, get out right now and put the chains on. Today we aren't fooling around. This cowpath is drifting in."

George did not argue. The chains took hold beautifully and we hummed on, even though treacherous little bars of snow were forming across the road between the high banks on each side. Then I saw the big one.

"Wait, George!" I yelled. But he hit it. Hard. We stalled. Before I could open my mouth, George hit it again. Slowly, agonizingly we ground on through the drift.

"Phew!" I wheezed.

George frowned. "There isn't really

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so much new snow yet. It's this wind that's making trouble."

Again we butted through an all-but-impossible cross drift. Then the third time we didn't. In fact George stopped short of it.

"This one looks a bit too much."

"The road isn't wide enough to turn around," I said.

George was peering through the side windows. There was a big house with barns just visible through the slanting snow. George got out, not saying anything. Patricia peered anxiously after him as he floundered away through the drifts.

"I've got to get on to New York somehow, Mrs. Foster. Right away. I don't mean to sound like a bum sport but—"

"You sound admirably restrained, all things considered," I assured her.

George came back beaming. "Well," he shouted over the wind, "we've picked the right spot. Yonder, believe it or not, is the residence of Mr. Fay Lyman, road commissioner of Falls township. He is down the road with the tractor plow and will be riding home for his dinner at any moment, thus clearing our path. Mrs. Lyman cordially invites you ladies to come in and toast your feet till Fay arrives."

Mrs. Lyman was stout and cordial—and a warm admirer of Mr. Lyman. "Fay'll have the road wide open across to Route 7. Don't you worry none about that. Never seen a storm yet could get ahead of Fay."

It was during the fifth or sixth reiteration of this theme that Mr. Lyman came walking home. I mean walking. The town plow, Mr. Lyman succinctly informed his wife, was snowed up down to Ripley's Cut.

"Ex let go in the end," he added.

I guess by "ex" he meant rear axle but I knew by "end" he meant end. There was real finality in Mr. Lyman's tone.

"I can use a shovel," I said.

The road commissioner didn't look at me. "No good trying to dig out till the wind lets up. Radio says we're having a blow."

"How clever of the radio," I muttered.

"But you mean we can't get—" Patricia gulped. "I *have* to get to New York! I have to! I'll have to walk. How far is—" She gulped again.

MR. LYMAN did look at Patricia, which I considered rank favoritism. "The half mile from Ripley's was about all I wanted. Not very good underfoot, young lady, and this wind gets to you. The thermometer's two below now. You wouldn't make it nine miles."

"So we're snowed in." George said it very softly but practically singing.

I spun on him. "Did you do this on purpose? You—" It was Patricia's face that warned me to stop.

"Did you—" She advanced on him. "Was this your idea of an amusing—"

"No. No," protested George hastily. "I haven't been joking about this, Patricia. I mean as soon as the wind stops blowing they'll get the plow shoveled—"

"You—you idiot!" She turned to Mrs. Lyman. "How far is it to the nearest telephone, please?"

"Far as the front hall there." Mrs. Lyman was still jovial, though less certain.

Patricia sent George one more scathing look. "I'll show you! And I hope you'll find it very funny to watch the trouble you've made for everybody." She headed for the hall, Mrs. Lyman following to show her how to crank the phone.

Mr. Lyman began to load his pipe, so aloof from all these proceedings that I forgot him as I stared at George. "Just how did you think this crazy business would help—"

"Oh, now, Peg, I couldn't make us get snowed in."

"No, but you could try."

"Well, Peg, I had to try for as much time as possible. It takes time to make her see that I really love—"

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" I moaned. "George! Listen! I told you a girl *does not fall in love with another guy the day before her wedding.* We just aren't that flexible. Not in real life. She wouldn't fall for you if she wanted to, if you see what I mean. And I might add that she obviously *doesn't* want to."

When the hall door opened, Mrs. Lyman came first, looking really uncertain now. Patricia too was hesitant.

"Mr. Lyman, my father says if you—that is—he, my father would like to speak to you a minute—if you don't mind. He's on the phone there."

Mr. Lyman had got his pipe stuffed. It took him another spell of time to get it lighted to his full satisfaction. He beginning of a grin. "Only, like I told him, he better use his money to pay off God first and when that stops the wind I'll get back on the road. Free, far as he's concerned, too. Town pays me anyway."

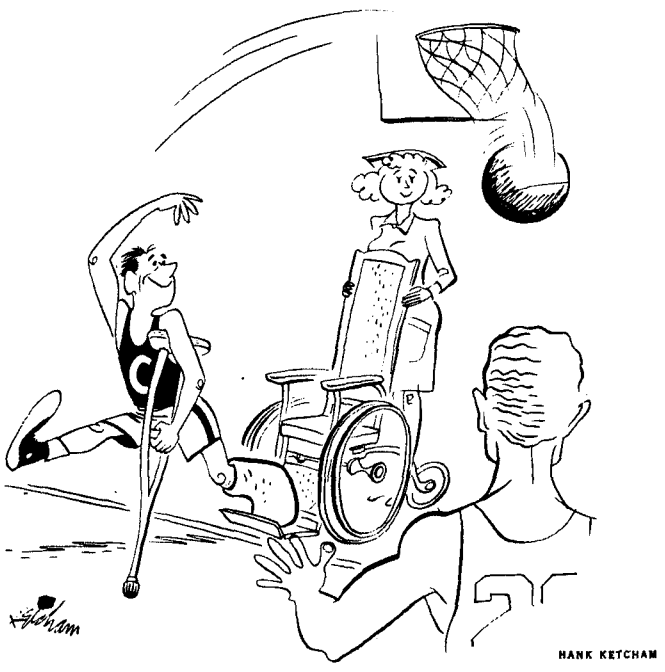
"Now, Fay! Isn't there something you can do for this poor child—" began Mrs. Lyman. A bell tinkled two long and two short rings. "There! You shouldn't have hung up on him, Fay. Come, child, that'll be your father again."

It was. And when Patricia finished she came in, eyes flashing at George.

"Father is sending a plane."

Mr. Lyman suspended a match over his stubborn pipe. "Say now, not much of a day to be flying an airplane around these mountains, is it?"

"It's dreadful." Patricia still looked at George. "It will be horrible if some-



HANK KETCHAM

SPORTING ODDS

Playing with the Conshohocken (Pa.) City basketball team about twenty years ago, John D. Plant, recently retired Director of Physical Education at Bucknell University, scored eleven points against Blairsville, Pa., while sitting in an armchair along the court. Plant had sprained an ankle the day before the game. With no substitutes available, he seated himself in a chair placed at a convenient angle to his team's basket. Only his feet touched the in-bounds area of the court. When the Blairsville guard was drawn away, Plant would take a pass, place his weight on his good foot, turn and shoot. His eleven points that night were the most he turned in during any single game that season.

—Alexander Foster, Lewisburg, Pa.

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then rose and went to the hall. His wife and Patricia followed. The door closed.

"Phillip Deems," I remarked to George quietly, "is a very big gun, well loaded with what it takes. Interference in this wedding is being resented, Georgie dear, and I think a professor of chemistry is out of his class."

Mr. Lyman reappeared first. His puffs on the pipe were calm but there was a dull red behind and below his ears. Mrs. Lyman was fluttering. "Now, Fay! Now, Fay! You had no call to be so short with this pretty child's daddy. And naturally he's upset. The wedding all arranged and everything."

"Please, Mr. Lyman," said Patricia, "Daddy didn't mean—I mean, please don't be insulted because he offered money that way."

"Me? No, chick, anybody can hand me all the money he's a mind to. I like it fine." Mr. Lyman almost gave her the body is hurt—or killed—just because of this stupid silly mischief."

"It isn't silly mischief!" said George. "I love you!"

"Now, now," fluttered Mrs. Lyman, "You children make yourselves right to home here in the parlor while we old ones see what we can do in the kitchen for some dinner."

Mrs. Lyman grasped my arm by way of hinting I was an old one. She propelled me kitchenward, shooing Mr. Lyman before us. This social delicacy was pretty much wasted, however, because in something less than four minutes, Patricia came scurrying to the kitchen with George in hot pursuit.

"I will *not* shut up!" George was shouting. "I tell you I knew the first minute I saw you—"

"Mr. Mannering," roared Patricia, "can't you see there are people here? Now you sit down!" she ordered fiercely. "You go over to that chair. There. Go there and *sit down!*"

The first plane came over about mid-afternoon. We heard the roar above the wind. The drone diminished then began to swell again and we all rushed out the back door. That was the lee side of the house but still the snow stung our faces and of course we couldn't see a thing. How that pilot dared to fly so low and how he had got any fix on the village of Falls Corners, I will never comprehend. Passing through in an automobile at high noon on a clear day, Falls Corners is barely discernible. In a blind, wild blizzard—well, not for me, afoot or awing.

"He can't come down!" George was yelling against the wind. But the effect, his jubilant expression considered, was a hallelujah. Patricia glared furiously at him. We all came back indoors.

Twice more before dark and once after lights were lighted we heard the droning motors. We didn't go out. The snow still hissed on the window panes, wind shook the house and the thermometer had dropped to eight below zero.

THE temperature indoors, if measured by Patricia's face, was somewhat cooler than that. Poor Mrs. Lyman, by nature a lover of warmth, was quite frostbitten and looked grateful when, about half past nine, Patricia asked if she could "lie down in a bedroom somewhere just till the plane comes down."

"Yes indeedy, you poor thing," said Mrs. Lyman. "This is a big house when Gramp and the boys aren't here. I'll tuck you away for a good night's rest."

Mr. Lyman and George had to shovel to get the bags from the car. For a moment, George and I were alone in the downstairs hall. I suppose most sisters are really sort of mushy about good-looking brothers. I put a hand on George's arm and gave it a pat. But I didn't let my conversational style go soft.

"Listen, you big ape," I said, "you can't be as big a fool as you look. You'll pull out of this and make some sense. Things'll look different in the morning."

George nodded. "This is the night that either makes me or breaks me."

"George!" I said sharply, "stop that kind of bunk and face facts. Listen. Hear those gusts? The wind is getting fitful. By morning the plane will get down, gather in Patricia, and that will be that. This party is over, bub. All you've succeeded in doing is make the girl furious. And scare the daylights out of her."

"Yes, she is beginning to look sort of apprehensive," grinned George.

I snorted, took my bag and climbed to the chilly chamber assigned to me.

You can bet I got into bed. And quick. I turned off my light because it depressed me to see my breath making white clouds. I lay listening to wild gusts rattle the shutters. I must have dozed off, for all of a sudden I woke up and there wasn't a sound. The wind was gone.

Then what I did hear was the murmur of voices. Very low, but not whispers. And why shouldn't there be voices, says you. Well, when I asked myself that question the thing I found waiting in my mind was that last grin of George's. I hadn't trusted that grin. I turned my light on. It was five minutes before one.

By sheer force of will I got out of bed and into my fur motor coat and, with teeth arattle, opened my door to the upstairs hall. There was light around the turn. I made the corner. At the far end of the hall was a broad strip of light. Patricia's bedroom door was not closed tight. Silently and speedily I moved. The murmuring voice, except for one whispered, "No, please no," was George's.

Technically, I believe, a perfect lady does not peek through cracks. I would argue that a door four inches open is not a crack. Anyway, it was high time somebody peeked.

My brother, the professor, swaddled

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in Patricia's top quilt, sat on the edge of the girl's bed. But not primly. He was twisted sidewise and his supporting arms, one on each side of Patricia's shoulders, pinned her to her pillow. She was staring up into his face. Her look, while terrified in a way, was not terrified quite the *right* way. I mean she had the look of knowing she was about to be kissed and knowing she was not in fact going to scream.

I GAVE the door a thunderous knock which swung it open and should have made the guilty pair jump out of their skins. George neither budged nor turned his head. Patricia, of course, *couldn't* budge much. Her eyes did come my way but there was not a flicker of surprise in them, only pleading.

"Mrs. Foster," she gasped, "please tell him no. Please tell him it can't be real love like this—all of a sudden like this."

"George," I grated, "is this your idea of a suitable time and place to be—"

"Oh, don't babble about suitable times and places!" George, not yielding the advantage of his position, twisted his head to frown exasperation at me. "—when Patricia is supposed to be marrying somebody else in a few hours."

"But I'm not marrying somebody else—" began Patricia.

"No," agreed George, "but—*what?* Darling! Oh, you darling, darling—"

"Don't! Don't. Oh, nu-u-u—" The girl did not articulate her "no" well because George's mouth was covering hers.

"Wait, hey, you young hussy," I said. "If you're not marrying Alfred Yeomans tomorrow—I mean today—wouldn't it be sort of polite to tell him and your family and a couple of hundred other people before you start this bundling?"

The girl shook her head which freed her mouth. "You mean Paddy and Al?"

My stomach turned over gently. "Who—let's get this straight. We saw a picture. In the paper. At the Lodge."

"Yes. My sister. Paddy. Cleopatra. She's marrying Al and I'm maid of honor and I've got to get there! Mother will be wild. And Daddy."

My gauping readjustment to our slight misunderstanding was totally eclipsed by the effect upon my brother. George, who since the loss of Patricia's mouth, had been operating on a left ear, absorbed the sense of Patricia's statement gradually. As I told you before, under less convincing circumstances, George is actually quite bright. He came upright, to stare in horror at the creature he had been nuzzling. A slow fiery red crept up his neck. Then he sprang from the bed. The falling quilt encumbered his feet as, step by step, he began to back away.

"What?" said poor Patricia, really meaning, "what *now*?"

I was weak but able to grin. Of course I knew George. In fact the George now reappearing before our eyes was the brother I'd always known.

"Well, you see," I explained, not quite without malice, "George was operating on the theory, Patricia, that you were the 'Paddy' pictured in the paper."

"But I don't look much like—or maybe I do, but she's older—"

"Perhaps. But under the unworthy stimulus of stealing another's bride George whipped into action at a pace quite uncharacteristic of him. I assure you that the pathetic object you now behold is—"

"Oh. I see." Patricia *was* seeing.

"Gosh, I—really I beg your pardon. I—it was all a mistake—"

"George!" Patricia stopped him—stopped his stammered speech and also his backward retreat which had almost gained him the door. "George, you've compromised me. Ask your sister if you haven't. You've compromised me and you can't run out now. Come here."

The man was rooted. He could neither go nor come. It was obviously agony for him to hold his head up but he couldn't take his fascinated stare from Patricia's face.

I saw the lights coming into her eyes too. "Now, Patricia!" I barked sternly.

"Oh, George! Oh, you dear fool, George!" She came out of the bed in a burst of flying covers, tore across the room and flung herself at him.

"Patricia, you—" I yapped. "George! Patricia, you're in your nightgown. Hey, you two, this won't *do*."

But they seemed to feel it did all right. They—now let's put this without exaggeration—kissed each other.

THE END

"Some people certainly don't have much Christmas spirit—we sent out 53 cards and only received 47!"

COLLIER'S — RODNEY DE SARRO

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

KISS OF LIFE

SIRS: Phew! For a few moments we Michigans kept our fingers crossed, lest the old Kiss of Death would start operating the instant Kyle Crichton whooped up our Michigan team in Wolverine Express (Nov. 29th). But Kyle didn't wreck the ol' Express, and here we are chugging into the Rose Bowl. For Collier's, one Locomotive—Hip, hip—!

STAUNTON ROSEBERRY, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Notre Dame would have wrecked the Wolverine Express . . .

JOE SCULLY, Bronx, N. Y.

. . . Why should the Big Nine have a strangle hold on the Rose Bowl? Sure, Michigan had a good team, but why should it or any Big Nine team to come automatically be singled out to play for the national title? The old Rose Bowl tradition of East vs. West will die.

JACK S. PASSERMAN, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

YOU TOO CAN COME OUT ON TOP!

DEAR SIRS: The concoctions you mentioned for growing top dressing in The Hair-Raising Truth (Nov. 15th) went to my head:

My grandpa, at 60, was totally bald,
But his beard hung right down to his tummy,
So one day he concocted a tonic he called
"AP - A - DOOD - ACA - VITRA - LA - RUMMY!"

He rubbed it religiously, morning and night,
On his dome, with the aid of a scrubber,
The pillows and sheets were a terrible sight,
And redolent of ancient whale blubber.

But his zeal brought results: On the patriarch's pate,
Grew a fuzz, as a boy's cheek in his teens,
Which should prove to the bald that it's never too late.
To grow hair in the end, if you've means.

The recipe, baldies? (Keep it under your hat),
"Asafetida, a part, clove of garlic a minim,
Poison ivy, a leaf, flowers of sulphur, a pat,"
This will bring out the hair if a guy's got it inim.

A. MCMASTER, New York, N. Y.

TAFFY & TUFFY

DEAR SIRS: I have been trying to figure out how to get in touch with you about the brown puppy on Collier's cover (Nov. 15th). It looks so much like the puppy we lost, we had ads in the paper but still haven't got him back. Is he someone's puppy? If not could we possibly buy him? We could love him more than his mother does if we could get him. My little brother and I get 25 cents a week allowance and we would sure like to buy him. Please answer my letter. I am ten and have three brothers who also love dogs very much, so he would have a very good home.

MARGIE FAHEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuffy like Taffy came from a Los Angeles pet shop, has long been sold. Why not save your allowance and consult your own local kennels? Or you can get an awfully nice two-dollar Tuffy at the pound.

CUSSIN' WASHINGTON

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Commenting on your editorial Those Threats To Go Red (Nov. 22d), I want to say, "Them's my sentiments, too." I wouldn't take a million dollars for my right to cuss the government if I don't agree with what it is doing. If the people in Europe want to get themselves in a position where they will have their throats cut if they criticize the government, then it is all right with me.

A. B. AMIS, SR., Meridian, Miss.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

DEAR SIRS: In Greenwich Village: Tourist Trap (Nov. 29th) a caption under a picture of me says that I said the Village is "filled with phonies." The statement is correct so far as it goes, but it misrepresents what I said because it does not complete my statement. I said, "The Village is filled with

phonies. However, there are many worth-while people here, and many famous ones, also." As examples, I supplied Mr. Henderson and Mr. Shaw with many of the names they have used. Philip Everygood, Milton Avery, Waldo Pierce, Strunsky (the anecdote about Strunsky and the girl tenant was mine), Hans Hoffman, etc.

NINA MANCUSO, New York, N. Y.

BUILDING CODES

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In Let's Rebuild Our Building Codes (Nov. 15th), Mr. Angly makes the statement that if you build a house in Denver "you must use something other than wood, frame construction is prohibited." There are many fire districts within the city limits in which frame construction is permitted. There are some fire districts, it is true, in which residences must be built of masonry.

W. O. TEMPLE, Denver, Colo.

. . . Edward Angly states, "Chicago requires stresses of 24,000 pounds per square inch while New York and Detroit allow 18,000—a 33 per cent difference." Is the difference between 24,000 and 18,000 33 per cent or 25 per cent? Better get the Chicago Quiz Kids to check over any future articles by Hartwell and Angly.

W. J. REID, Washington, D. C.

What's 8 per cent in these days of spiraling editors!

CAUSE FOR REFLECTION

DEAR SIRS: Re your Nov. 22d cover of the gal looking at herself in the mirror: Since when does a reflection have a mind of its own? The pretty blonde is leaning her head to the right, her reflection is also leaning to the right, the wrong direction. Is that right? MITCHELL, AGE 12, AND RAPHAEL, AGE 11, JACOBS, Teaneck, N. J.

BUNNY, BUNNY, BUNNY!

DEAR SIRS: My sister-in-law was at the optometrist the other day, explaining her eye troubles. Bunnyismed she: "The trouble with me is my head is too close together!" Does she make the Bunny team? MARY CUFFARI, Bronx, N. Y.

She gets to play leftoff. Bunny herself recently said, "I'm dumb to kind animals!"

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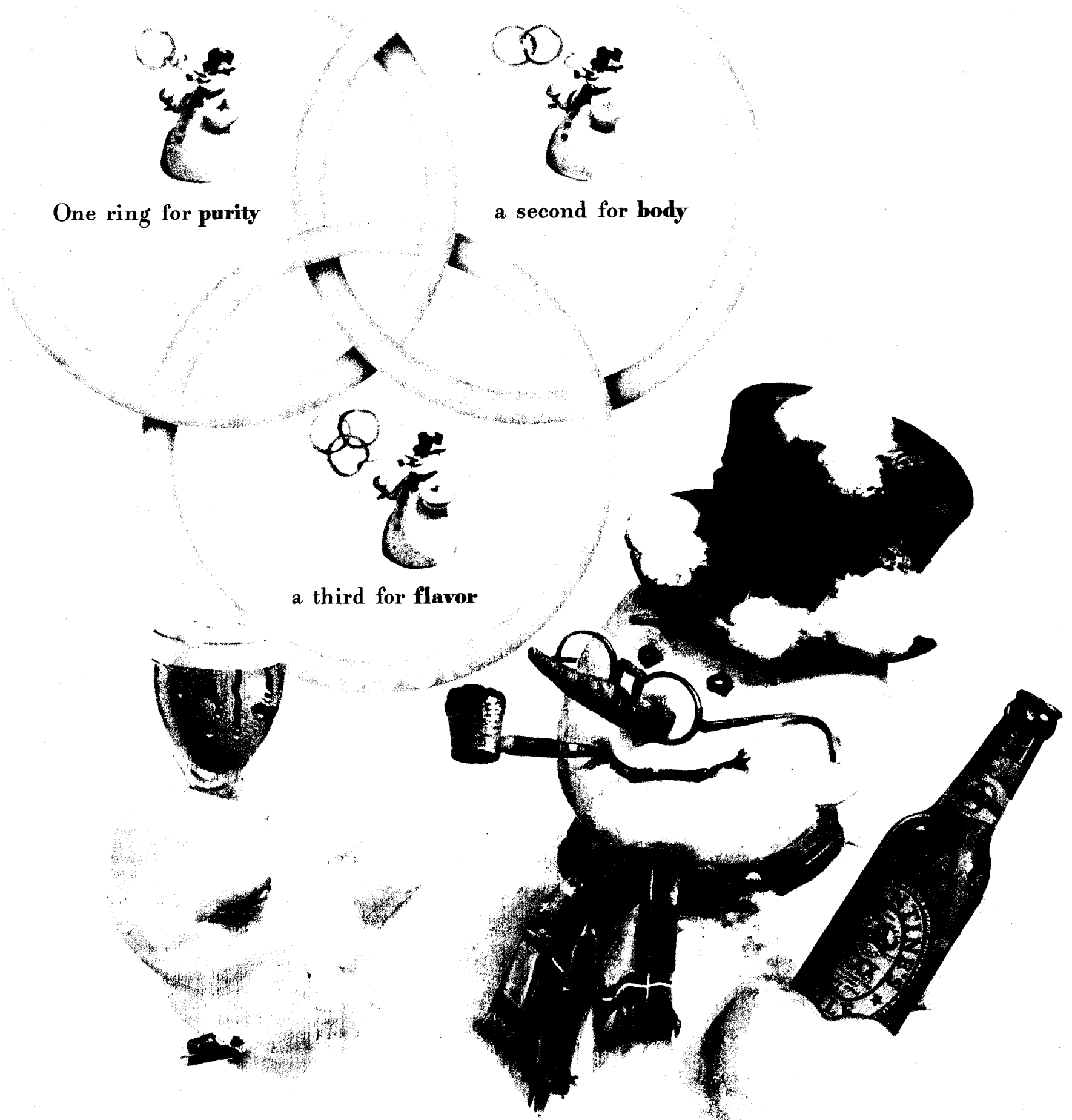
P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



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OH, LOVELY LAND

Continued from page 29

Trevitt: "You're single, so you can take half a section. If you were married it would be a full section."

Lattimore stared again at Trevitt with a sudden speculative light in his eyes, and he looked over to Lorna and back to Trevitt. His face settled into doggedness. Men finished their plates and rose and walked immediately into the yard to give way to the women and the children. As a matter of politeness, Trevitt waited for Gentry to finish and rise, but Lorna, clearing the plates away, said with a trace of impatience, "Why don't you go out with the men?"

He went into the yard. The older ones were seated and sprawled on the porch, the younger bucks roved here and there with their coltish vitality. Trevitt filled his pipe and felt himself being weighed by them, and he suddenly remembered he was a stranger here. Gentry came out and John Lattimore sauntered over. He belched and rocked on his heels. "I guess teachin's for them that ain't got the gift for farmin' or tradin'."

"Men," said Trevitt soberly, "have got what they've got—and not got what they've not got."

LATTIMORE listened to the remark and made nothing out of it. The young bucks, smelling fun, were quiet around him. House lights flashed against Lattimore's eyes and his chest thickened. He stared at Trevitt's long and light body with his disparaging expression. "I'd think a man would do other things," he said.

Trevitt's smile was idle and easy on his face. "You just think you're a-thinkin'."

Malice glimmered in the eyes of the young bucks listening. Lattimore's muscles swelled and his square jaws grew lumpy. "Think, work or fight—I know it and I do it. And I do any of these things when it pleases me—and maybe it will please me to do one of them soon."

"A man's pleasure," said Trevitt with the smile lingering on, "is a precious thing." He turned and sauntered along the yard and out toward the meadow to settle his supper. The moon hung low in the southeast, its light stained to apple-yellow by the haze in the air; under this strange radiance the hills made their hummock silhouettes against the sky and the pasturelands glowed. The cows were crunching at the barn hay, the crickets were singing for fall; heat came up from the rich-flavored earth. It was a fair land, he thought, and returned to the porch to find that the crowd had gone into the house. He put away his pipe and stepped inside and got his fiddle out of the case. Twanging the strings close to his ear as he tuned, he observed the gentle, expectant expression come to the faces around him. It was a hungry land—and music was meant for hunger.

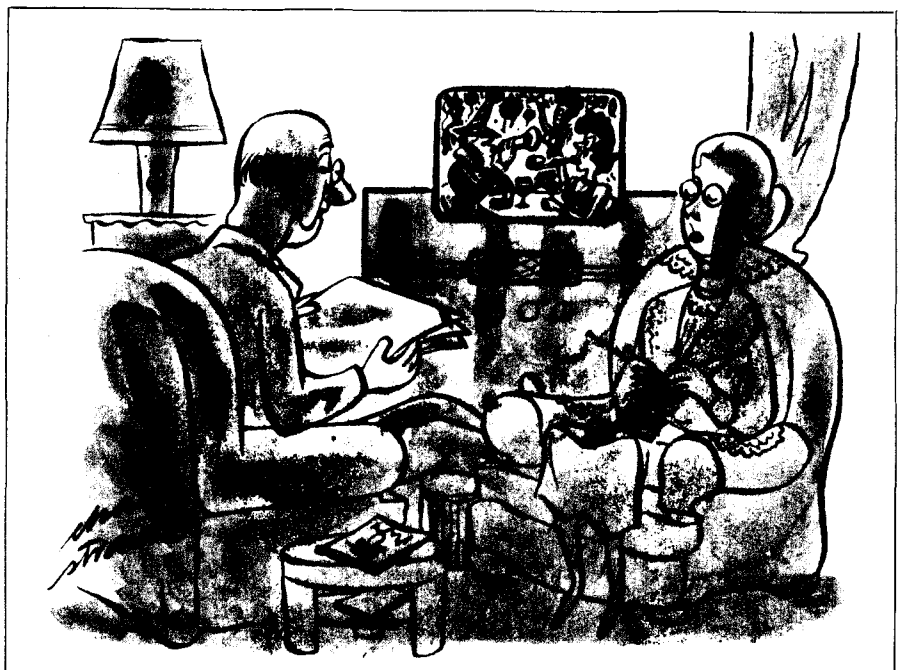
He drew the bow across the strings and started his foot tapping on the floor and he talked the fiddle into a reel. He went briskly on until he had all feet shuffling and stamping; the devil began to shine in young men's eyes, and a forgetful lightness came to the girls. In her corner, Lorna Gentry watched him and seemed to guard herself. When he quit playing a shouting broke out from the young men. Gentry raised a tremendous yell.

"Do you hear now, Tom? I'm goin' to run you against old Avery for the legislature. You'll be the best-known man in the county."

"You've not heard me speak," said Trevitt. "I may be poor at it."

"Speak, hell," said Gentry. "You've got the fiddle, you'll play at the dances—everybody's going to know you."

Trevitt grinned and tucked the fiddle under his chin. Lorna's shadowed face reminded him of a mournful unknown



COLLIER'S

"Happy New Year, Harriet"
"Happy New Year, Wesley"

CHARLES STRAUSS

tune his grandfather once had played. It always touched the women first; he saw the expression come to them now, the faraway look that was the remembering of other days, of things lost, or of things wanted and never had—and beyond that to wishes they didn't know about until the music told them, and even then couldn't explain. He watched Lorna. She thought she showed him nothing, but he saw her lips change, he saw her lose her stiffness toward him. Then he recalled a ballad of the Kentucky hills about a girl waiting for a rover who never came back. Lorna's glance came again and hung on him a long serious time. He put away his fiddle and watched the crowd leave. John Lattimore, reaching the doorway, stared back with a puzzled suspicion growing on his face.

Trevitt got his blanket and walked to the yard. Voices fell away down the trail, and there was a long calling and singing across the night, and shouts of the younger men as they ranged away like hounds into the distance. Lorna came from the house and stopped by him, watching the stars.

"It's a lovely land," he said.

"I don't think I'd want any man to take me away. Though," and her voice continued with its idle sureness, "I'd not enjoy any man who was not his own master."

"Every man has a master."

"Is the fiddle your master?"

"It talks for me," he said. "It's talked for the Trevitts a long time." He was solemn then, and a little sad. "They were fine people. They had land, they had horses and hounds. They loved beautiful women. They fought their duels and drank their whisky and it was a joy to be alive. It's a hard world for that kind of people—and now there's none left but me. They loved fiddlin' but it destroyed them."

"Maybe you'd better throw the fiddle away."

"Then I'd die," he said.

"I do declare," she said, "you're hard to understand. But it was nice music."

"It was talking for me," he said. "It was saying there'll be Trevitts some more and they'll be on the land, and they'll ride and they'll love beautiful women."

"Now," she said, "that's not practical talk. The menfolks don't understand you. They mistrust the fiddle."

"Let them mistrust."

She looked at him with a sharpness in her eyes. "You have got to live among men," she said, and turned away.

He went to the barn and fell asleep with the hay's sweet smell around him.

Day came swelling in, the sun rose with its silent explosion and the land was a beautiful and shapely thing everywhere around. The air was all fragrance. Trevitt's breakfast thrust energy through him, it stiffened his muscles and made him impatient. He set off with Nick Gentry, stretching his legs to keep up with the older man's restless, springy walk. Gentry laid his voice behind him.

"Jubal—tie a rag around that extra buggy wheel and fetch it to the schoolhouse."

The trail crossed a meadow, climbed a hill and fell down into another meadow. "Now we'll go get subscriptions for a term of school."

THEY stopped at twenty houses in the little roundabout foothills, mentioned the school and got their subscriptions. Gentry wheedled, he flattered, he preached and he threatened; but he would not be denied. At one place he bent near the ear of one man and whispered, and the man's glance came around on Trevitt with the directness of a gun muzzle. He nodded, and said, "I can see it—I can." They worked their way through these hills into a larger chunk of open land, into a place of untouched pastures rolling up to shallow benches and falling down to timbered creek bottoms. They came to a log house and found a wheel with a rag tied to it.

"Here's your donation claim. You can squat on it while teachin'. You can put up your fences. We'll just take this buggy wheel and walk off your lines."

He found a straight limb and thrust it through the hub of the wheel to give himself a hand grip on one side of the wheel and Trevitt a grip on the other. Using the schoolhouse as one corner, they sighted a patch of oak five hundred feet ahead and rolled the wheel forward; the strip of cloth went round and round, with Trevitt counting each full circle.

"Five hundred and three to the mile," said Gentry.

They zigzagged through the oaks, found a new target ahead and marched toward it. They fell into a gulley, crossed a stream, and pushed themselves painfully through a thicket of wild rose. Trevitt, bending down to keep his grip on the stick running through the hub, found his back brittle, and was glad to halt at the end of five hundred and three turns. "That's our mile," he said, and roved the surrounding area until he had got rocks enough to make a small cairn at this corner of the claim.

"Southwest corner," said Gentry. "Now, then, north we go."

They set off once more, directly over a series of fine meadows watered by a dog-leg creek. They crossed the creek five times and reached a butte and scrambled painfully over it. Five hundred and three turns brought them exactly to the middle of a creek flowing through a fir grove. Directly beside the creek, with a lunch spread on the ground, sat Lorna Gentry.

"And how did you know we would be here?" said Gentry.

"I guessed you'd get tired here."

"I never get tired," said Gentry tartly.

Sitting down to the lunch, Trevitt thought of something. "What was it you whispered to that last neighbor to make him stare at me?"

"Tapsett? He likes old times. I told him it was said you was a grandson of Andy Jackson."

"Now that's not true," said Trevitt.

Nick Gentry's irritation came up from its shallow bed and exploded into gusty whistling words. "How far has a man got to go to please you? I got you the teachin', I got you the land—now have you got to crack my knuckles when I put out a hand to push you on some more?"

Trevitt looked out of the grove's shade to the beautiful meadows so gently folded into the fall and rise of the earth. Summer's noontime humming was a music around him; far eastward through the haze stood the massive battlements of peaked mountains. He said, "You've done me well. I will think about Tapsett."

Gentry's anger, so roughly risen, dissolved into a hearty vigor. "Hell," he said. "Maybe I can make you governor." He rose and went to the wheel.

Trevitt held back to fill and light his pipe—and to see the cloudy disapproval in Lorna's eyes. "Do you let people have their way with you?" she said.

"If it does them good, and does me no harm, I do."

"There's right," she said, "and there's wrong. There's courage, and there's bein' agreeable for want of backbone."

"So there is," he said.

"And which is which, and when do you know?"

His blue eyes brightened; his face had its engaging, cheerful expression. "It comes when it comes."

She studied him with a frustrated concern. "The Trevitt women," she said, "must have had a time of it."

He smiled and went after Gentry.

LATE in the afternoon they boxed in the donation by running the last line back to the cabin, and started homeward. The sun got under the hills, the ravines filled with shadows that moved like water. These meadows, fallow through a thousand years, lay warm with fertility; the grass stirred gently under a breeze from the westward sea. Gentry, bone weary—and hiding it out of pride—said nothing. But at the supper table, with a stout drink within him and half the countryside eating his food, he grew warm, he felt a host's fine pleasure. "Now then, Tom Jackson Trevitt's found a claim. We staked it off today and we have got to have a dance on it tomorrow night. I want it told around."

John Lattimore, steadily feeding, lifted his head and thrust his glance at Trevitt with the intolerance of a bull elk coming upon another male. It was a very quick thing. Touched by it, and having no liking for it, Trevitt stared back, and for a moment they had their horns locked and were pushing hard. A great shout of laughter went around the table at some stray joke. Lattimore looked down and resumed his meal.

Still, the weather had changed. In the yard with his pipe Trevitt noted Lattimore walking with the younger men and now and then they looked over the distance and put their neighborhood intolerance against him. He returned to the big room to spell off the neighbors with a bit of music, but he found his spirits ruffled and he played poorly—not in their estimation, but in his own—and the ballads made the older women

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weep yet did not seem to touch Lorna. She was silent in the background. He put away the fiddle and walked to the yard and listened to the neighbors hallooing their way homeward; he waited quite a while and thought she wouldn't come.

"Seems a waste of time," she said, "to measure off a full section when you're single and can claim only half of it."

He turned to find her on the porch. "That was your father's notion."

"Have you got no notions of your own?"

"It's my notion I may be married someday."

"I suppose," she said, "that a man might marry just to save himself half a section of land."

"It was not what I said," he answered. But she turned into the house without seeming to hear him.

MORNING rose with its wonderful freshness and the air seemed to lift him until he moved two inches off the ground; the furious energy boiled within him, his mind ran from one gaudy ambition to another until nothing was impossible. He borrowed an ax, a sledge, a pair of wedges and walked the two miles to the cabin. He marked off a square on the ground beside the cabin and he went into the near-by fir grove and knocked down six skinny trees. He cut them into logs, he notched the logs, he got them on his shoulder and carried them to the cabin. He fitted his sills into the ground and began to lay up his walls. He had his wall laid hip-high when Lorna came across the meadow with a broom and a sack of lunch.

He said, "That's kind."

She walked into the grove and found a boxed-in spring; she spread her lunch near it and stared at him with a perplexed severity. "I swear," she said, "a man that plays music can't be fathomed. What's the extra cabin for?"

"I'll hook 'em together and it will be a two-room cabin. The real house—when saw lumber's to be had—will go over there," he said, and pointed to a small rise of land not far from the grove.

She thought about it. She said, "You've got a barn to think of, and fences to make, and trees to get out and land to break. You don't need a big house for five years. A cabin will do till then."

"A woman comes before cattle or fences."

"My stars," she said, "what kind of women do Trevitts marry? Do they ever work—or do they sit around and look pretty?"

"All Trevitt women are beautiful."

"That's the fiddle speaking," she said.

"The fiddle makes them so," he said.

"Does the fiddle pack the water, wash the clothes, dress the chickens, hoe the garden?" She looked at him most seriously. "Music's music, but you can't smile crops out of this land—or laugh your neighbors into liking you."

"That will come," he said. "You don't know the Trevitts."

"No, but I know Lattimore, and I know he's going to fight you tonight." She watched him while she said it; she watched him with her sharp curiosity and somewhere behind the curiosity—with a faint concern. "Don't work too hard today. He's strong."

He looked back at her, not answering and presently she shrugged her shoulders and rose from the lunch. "Well, your pupils can't live in dirt," she said, and wrapped a towel round her head and went into the cabin with a broom.

He returned to his work but he kept an eye on the cabin door and saw the dust rolling. She was a thorough girl; it was an hour before she came out, with a house-cleaning expression on her face. "It's got to have a floor if you're going to live in it."

He said, "A floor of planed boards?" and waited for her answer. She gave him none, and walked away. He got engrossed in his notching and fitting and lost sight of her, and thought she had gone back home. But around the middle of the afternoon he spotted her out on the rise of land where he had mentioned putting the real house. She faced eastward toward the big valley and the faraway ramparts of the Cascade Range. Near five o'clock, when he picked up his tools, she came from another grove over to the south of the claim and joined him.

"There's no spring on the hill."

"I figured on a well. A woman shouldn't lug water from a spring."

She walked on with him, her head dropped. She was thinking, she was weighing something. She said quietly: "It's such risky talk to believe."

He washed, he ate, and he sat around in the falling twilight while the neighbors came. Nick Gentry, having sent his notices afar, now reaped the harvest of his hospitality. The young moved out the big room's furniture, and a whisky jug went around, and strange men came up to Tom Trevitt, and solemnly studied him and asked their questions. Gentry's whooping shout called him into the room; he got his fiddle and he tuned it and he sat down in a corner while Gentry sang out for the partners to come up. There was room for three sets in this huge kitchen, and room for a row of watchers along each wall.

Gentry shouted, "Now this is for fun! Tom Jackson—let 'er go!"

Lattimore had Lorna for a partner, and Lattimore's glance came around and struck Trevitt with a bully-strong challenge. Trevitt poised his bow, sailed a long wolf's howl through the room, and shook the crowd alive with the lively opening of a reel.

The noise of these shuffling, pounding feet began to tremble the house, and the temperature of the room rose ten degrees. He kept right at it, swinging from tune to tune, pausing to let the sets reform, and going on again. He saw the sweat glitter, he saw eyes rolling and a brighter smiling, he saw the fire-leaping of temper between young bucks. Men went into the night for a try at the big stone jug and came back, and girls stepped aside from the sets and caught their breaths and fished for new partners with their eyes. He went right on, set after set, till he danced them down. Lattimore's glance reached at him now and then, full of quarrel, and the intention in Lattimore's eyes grew clearer, so clear at last that it was a warning in the room. At three in the morning Trevitt laid aside his bow and the dancing was done.

He walked from the house and tried the stone crock. It was empty, of course, but a lone little old man in the shadows whispered, "Now here, boy," and lifted another crock from beneath the house corner. Trevitt drank his long thirsty share, hearing the little man's mysterious voice come on. "He's swelled up and full of poison. Hit him quick and hit him hard. His belly's fat—hit him there. It won't be bad, boy."

The little man worried about him. It was the fiddle, of course. They all looked at the fiddle and thought him weak. That was the history of the Trevitts as far back as Trevitts went. The little man spoke again. "You got to be born, you got to be baptized, you got to die. All painful things, sort of. But necessary. It's the world, boy. Hit him quick."

"The world," said Trevitt, and laughed gently at the little old man, "is a lot of things." He turned to face the house porch and watched people come bone-weary into the yard. Lattimore stepped out of the house and came down the steps and stopped in front of Trevitt, and the young bucks made an eager circle, with the house lights shining darkly on the exuded oil of their faces. Nick Gentry stood on the porch.

"Now, then," said Lattimore, "you can fiddle, but can you fight? That's what we want to know. I think you got no more bottom than the fiddle you make your pretty sounds with. I think you're a ring-tailed wart-bellied snort-hog, without the snort. In short, boy, I'm going to sling you over my shoulder like a bushel of wheat and I'm a-goin' to bust you on the ground till the kernels fly out."

Trevitt drew himself to his entire six feet one. He looked down upon Lattimore with a solemn, mournful expression. He said, quietly, "Is that a challenge, sir?"

"Just come off your roost."

Trevitt searched the crowd and pointed to a near-by young buck. "Do me the honor, sir, to be my second." He spoke again to Lattimore with his indifferent calm. "Name your second, sir, while I step a moment into the house."

He walked by Lattimore and up the steps past Nick Gentry; he pushed through the crowd into the house and got the little mahogany box and returned to the yard. He opened the case tenderly—taking due care that such light as came from the house should shine on the pair of pistols nested within the case; he handed the case politely to his second. "Load the pistols, and offer the gentleman's second his choice of the pieces."

"What's this damnation nonsense?" asked Lattimore.

Trevitt nodded to his second. "Instruct the gentleman's second to tell the gentleman that he ought not speak directly to his opponent after the challenge has been issued."

The young man holding the case stared around him. "Whut do I do now?"

Lattimore said in a louder tone, "This is Oregon and it's against the law to pistol. It's in the Constitution."

Trevitt said, "Instruct the gentleman's second to tell him that a gentleman's honor rises above the written rules of man, above constitutions. Charge the pieces and select the field of honor."

Lattimore squared his shoulders and shoved forward his large head. He stared into Trevitt's melancholy face. "I think it's a windy brag and I am a-goin' to bust you, and that's the end of it."

Trevitt saw the man collect himself, summoning up his power. He looked into Lattimore's eyes and spoke with his civil distinctness. "Second," he said, "if the man touches me with his hands after I've properly challenged him, I shall be forced to kill him wherever and whenever I thereafter see him."

He folded his arms idly over his chest, making of himself an easy target. He watched the man with his saddened gravity; and the silence came down like a falling tree, and then he knew Lattimore wouldn't do a thing. Lattimore's mouth showed it, and his eyes broke their driving stare; he looked toward the earth, he scratched a line across the dust with his toe, he raised his head and looked around him from face to face, searching for support. What he saw was the impartial blankness of people studying a strange thing and unable to make a decision. He shook his head. "No," he grumbled, "I won't break the law," and he shoved the nearest man aside and walked over the yard.

TREVITT reached over and took back his pistol case. He closed the cover and he got his pipe and filled it and stood smoking in the yard as the crowd broke and moved homeward through the night. He saw the surreptitious glances of respect come to him from the young bucks, and the older men said, "Good night, Tom," as they passed. Lorna stood in the doorway and Gentry came off the porch with his discontent. "A duel—a duel in Oregon! By God, you'd had the sheriff hanging you in the county jail yard."

"I propose to live here a long time," said Trevitt. "Now they think I'm dangerous and they'll let me alone." He laughed full out, and softly added, "There was no risk in his accepting the challenge. The stamp of a man is like the stamp on a coin." In still softer voice he added, "The pistols won't fire."

Gentry slapped a hand across his hip. "Well, the news will get around. We'll make you governor yet."

Trevitt said, "Let's talk no more about politics. I am going to split rails and make fence and raise a house."

"Ah," said Gentry, "my bones are tired—and I'm weary of fools." He stamped into the house.

Lorna came off the porch to stand in the yard. The little sounds of people all over that rambling place were like the stirring and fluttering of chickens on a roost. Day was only over the rim, its first vaguest touch diluting the hill shadows; the yellow-stubbled meadow slowly grew square and began to glow.

"Now," said Trevitt, "it's a lovely land. A fiddling man's always misjudged."

"The music was fine. Don't you wish sometimes others would make music for you to dance by?"

He looked at her with his most direct message. "Sometimes I do. I'm not building the extra cabin just for school."

She said in her light, sure way. "Oh, I know that. I wasn't cleaning the cabin just for school, either."

He said, "Let's not wait long."

"Why," she said, "here I am, straight out of patience," and turned to him to bring an end to the matter.

THE END

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

Next week, Collier's brings you a new and lively report from Washington. Robert S. Allen, one of the most experienced and most respected reporters in the national Capitol, will write every other week of what goes on beyond the public spotlight that focuses on the Capitol dome. The little and the big news that you never find in the headlines will be found on the editorial page in

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

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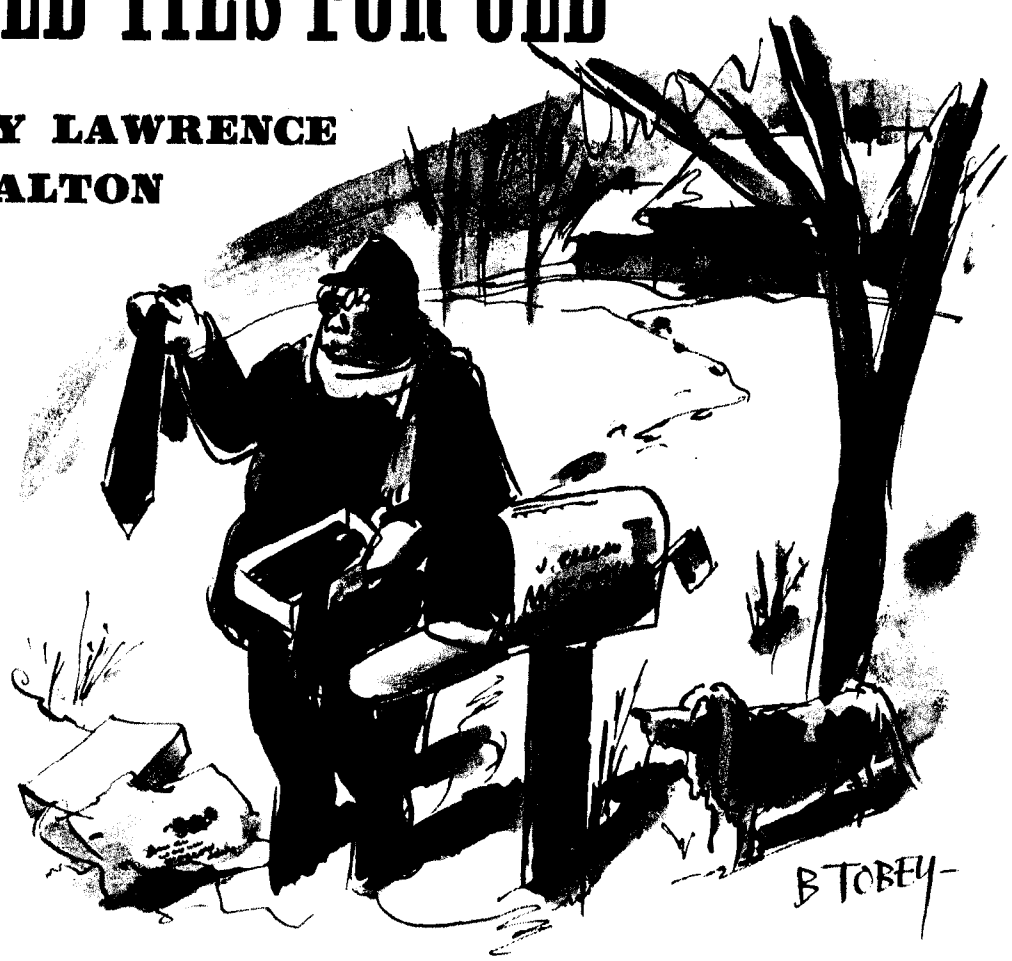
OLD TIES FOR OLD

BY LAWRENCE GALTON



The Kreshtool brothers sent a red tie to a man in Moscow, Idaho. He was not amused

Tieswap makes your life more livable

Faraway labels wow the demoiselles

Men! No longer do you have to suffer with those loud-mouthed, ill-tempered neckties that your mother-in-law invariably gives you. A couple of brothers in Wilmington, Delaware, have your salvation

IT WILL come as no surprise to any male that a couple of young fellows in Wilmington, Delaware, are making capital out of one of the chief masculine dilemmas. Originators of a very bright postwar idea, Jake and Bernard Kreshtool run a mushrooming business swapping ties. For any six of the worst neck-wrappers that have been sinking your spirits lower and lower since Christmas, Father's Day or your wife's last shopping escapade, they'll send you six others calculated to make life more livable. The charge is one dollar, and business, as you may guess, is booming.

Although Tieswap, as the enterprise is admirably labeled, got under way only last January after both brothers had finished Navy hitches, 3,500 customers besieged it with 17,000 swaps in the first six months. So far business has come from every state except South Dakota and customers are enrolled in Hawaii, Venezuela, the Bahamas, Canada, Mexico and the Canal Zone.

"Look," the usual man writes in, "send me anything. Just let me get rid of these." With typical humility and gratitude for any favor, a Hollywood citizen wrote: "If possible, I would appreciate ties of a blue or blue-gold shade, also a fairly bright red and a straight yellow-colored one. However, chum, if it doesn't pay you to spend time making special 'picks,' I'll understand and no hard feelings."

Some letters plead for understanding. "My wife," an undertaker in the Middle West wrote, "is a very nice woman but not very bright. After twenty years, she doesn't yet get the idea that my ties have to be as funereal as my business. You take these bull-baiters and send me black ties. You understand, don't you—black? Please!"

Not all the swapping is wife-caused. "Herewith," wrote a man in Dearborn, "are six ties left over from my conservative twenty era. Could you swap them for ties not so lacking in color and imagination? In other words, make them look alive."

While most swappers are deadly serious, there's often a lot of fun—contrived or otherwise. "We get ties," say the Kreshtools, "from a man in Moscow (Idaho). We send him a red one. He sends it back, says it isn't funny. We exchange it for a blue stripe and he's a satisfied swapper.

"We send one of his ties with the Moscow label to a lady in Connecticut. She writes in happily. Says she told her husband it was something she picked up at Lake Success.

"A wag in Roanoke, Virginia, writes in. Says 'If I send you Bows, will you send me Arrows?'" (Incidentally, six of every hundred packages contain bows and most people who send in bows want bows back.)

Although the Kreshtools started their enterprise so recently, they'd been planning it all through their service days. Both boys had spent most their lives hung on the usual male dilemma: They got gift ties so vision-distorting that they couldn't be worn or else had flocks of ties of their own choice which they'd worn so much that they were sick of them. Both kinds languished on racks.

The idea for Tieswap came to Bernard, a predental student before the Navy got him, who had worked his way through college via jobs in haberdashery shops where he'd seen women by the hundreds select ties that no normal Wilmingtonian would wear. When Bernard mentioned the swap idea, Jake, an advertising man, was quick to see the possibilities and as soon as they got out of uniform the enterprise was launched.

Just a Spare-Time Business

The operation is a simple one. Although business is already booming at a rate that nets them $400 a month, it's still a spare-time occupation. After Jake's day running his ad agency and Bernard's student grinding at Temple University Dental School, they lug home the bulging contents of P.O. Box 547, spend three nights a week grading and sorting incoming packages. They do the selecting, packing and mailing themselves, but farm out the cleaning to a Wilmington dry cleaner.

They've never had a loss although there was the time when they were inundated with cast-off Army and Navy ties and the outlook was grim. They decided, however, to send tan for black and vice versa. It has worked out nicely, too; there hasn't been a groan.

So far the boys have found a neat balance of tastes around the country. Generally, their East Coast and Central States customers go for conservative ties, those in Florida, the Mountain States and the West Coast long for the bright. And Michigan, where they have their biggest college clientele, takes them as wild as they come.

Not long ago one lad wrote in: "I don't care what kind of ties you send me in exchange for this lot. Even the same colors will do. Just as long as the labels are distant." Evidently it's a neat wile for the women for as soon as the Kreshtools added to their advertising: "Faraway store labels wow demoiselles," business boomed some more.

Prospects for the future look bright. Recently they got an offer from a tie manufacturer for a link-up through which they'd promote his ties to their customers. No soap, the Kreshtools said. They have no need for promotional stunts—not with the swapping growing heavier all the time. As a matter of fact, only one thing worries the boys: how they'd stop a business like this if they ever wanted to.

"It's a natural," they say. "Removes one of mankind's biggest frustrations, you know." ★★★

DRAWINGS BY BARNEY TOBEY

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FOUR ALARM

Continued from page 25

before the old man struck it rich. Some folks in Big Sag said they was crazy. I wouldn't go that far, but I had to admit they was a little peculiar. All the old man cared about was homemade whisky, and all Lafe cared about was fishing and hunting, and the pack of bear dogs he had, which was just a part of hunting anyway. But any time you mentioned dogs you could talk to Lafe, and Milt didn't know it but he'd sort of hit the weakest link in Lafe's armor, so to speak.

"What about Dode's dog?" Lafe said.

"He got burned in that fire," Milt said. "It seems he drug the two kids out and went back in after Dode, except Dode had already jumped out the upstairs window. The dog never came out."

"You mean to tell me there was able-bodied men there and they let that dog perish in a fire?" Lafe said.

It was the first time he'd showed any real interest in what Milt was saying, and Milt picked it up fast.

"That's what I been sayin'," Milt said. "There we were standing there helpless, and that dog trying to save his master, and if this town had some adequate fire equipment I reckon such things wouldn't be taking place."

Lafe set his glass on the bar.

"Then what's all the danged argument for?" Lafe said. "Why don't you buy the equipment?"

"We haven't got the money," Milt said.

Lafe looked at him like maybe he figured that Milt was a little feeble-minded.

"Why didn't you say so to begin with?" Lafe said.

Milt had the good sense not to mention that he'd been saying it for the last half hour. He asked Lafe if he meant he'd put up the rest of the money, and Lafe said he would. We finished our drinks, and went down to the bank, and Lafe told the cashier to give Milt whatever amount he needed to buy his fire engine. After that we got in the pickup and drove back to the mine.

THAT should have been the end of it. Big Sag sent off to wherever it is you send off to buy a fire engine, and after a while it was delivered, and the mayor wrote Lafe a letter to tell him that the town had voted to make him an honorary fire chief.

We went into town for the dedication ceremonies. Lafe had his picture took wearing a fireman's hat, and carrying an ax over his shoulder, and the fire department made a trial run, and let Lafe ride on the seat and crank the siren. It come off pretty good, considering everything—except the man who was driving the hook-and-ladder detail hadn't had enough practice, or else he miscalculated a little. He swang her a little wide on the turn when they come tearing into Main Street and took out the hitch rail in front of the Bon Ton Store, and tore up eighty feet of boardwalk. But they put out the bonfire they had built down in the park, in two minutes flat, and everybody was satisfied.

Everybody that is excepting Lafe. He didn't do much talking on the way home, and I asked him about it, and he said he was thinking on something. I let it go at that. I'd been around Lafe enough to know that he wouldn't tell me till he got good and ready, and even if he had told me then there wasn't nothing I could have done about it.

Maybe it was the fireman's hat and the ride on the fire engine that brung it about, or maybe it was the dogs, the way Lafe said it was. I don't know.

All I know is that three, four days later I walked down to the Pardees from the cook shack after supper. A couple of them dogs was out in front and they started yapping the minute I hove in sight, and I yelled at Lafe, and he called the dogs off and I went on inside.

"The machine's busted, fellers, but stick around and we'll probably have a fight for you any minute" MISCHA RICHTER

COLLIER'S

The old man was setting around the way he usually was almost any time you'd go down there. He was barefoot, and setting tilted back in a chair with his feet on the table, and holding a gallon jug of homemade whisky in his lap so it would be handy if he was to be took suddenly sick, and needed a little stimulant. He was took sick just as I come in the door. He downed a three-breath drink of liquor without batting an eye and took his feet off the table.

"Jefferson," the old man said, "come in and set, and we'll talk a spell."

So I sat and we talked a spell, and after a while I said what I'd come down to say.

I hadn't expected to get anywhere with it, and I didn't.

The thing was I was having trouble with the miners, account of the bunkhouse they was living in. We'd put them buildings up while the war was on, and materials was scarce, and they wasn't what you might call a finished product. They'd been built out of rough-milled green wood, and they'd dried and warped until you could've stood in the center of the room and swung a cat by the tail and throwed it and most likely it would have gone outside without even scraping itself, the cracks was so big. She wasn't so bad in the summer but with the rainy season coming on, it was going to be like you was living in a shower bath. I'd had complaints, and I couldn't rightly say I didn't figure they was justified. All the men wanted was a little repair work done, and I couldn't blame them.

The trouble was the Pardees didn't see it the way I did.

"Jefferson," the old man said, "I'm a fair-minded citizen of these here United States and I wouldn't ask no man to live where I wouldn't be willin' to live myself."

I looked up at the cracks in the roof and I had to admit he was right. The Pardees' house wasn't no better than the bunkhouse.

"Concedin' that point," I said, "don't you sometime figure you could stand a new roof?"

The old man took another swig out of the jug.

"I been ponderin' that problem for some time," the old man said. "The trouble is you can't expect a man to go out and build a roof in a pourin' rainstorm, can you, Jefferson?"

"Nossir," I said, "I don't reckon you could expect that."

"And if it ain't rainin'," the old man said, "you don't need a new roof. I ain't quite figured out the solution to her yet."

I reached over for the jug, and took a drink that like to have curled what hair I got left.

"When you get her solved," I said, "I would take it kindly of you to let me know."

There wasn't no point in prolonging the argument and I knew it. I got up from the table and started to go, and Lafe spoke up for the first time since I'd been there.

"Jeff," Lafe said, "I been thinkin' on what Milt Brenner said happened to Dode Brown's dog."

"Yes," I said.

"I'd hate to see anything like that happen to a dog of mine," Lafe said. "I been thinkin' on it for some time and I finally figured her out. I'm gonna buy me a fire engine."

It didn't surprise me, because nothing the Pardees ever do is ever going to surprise me again.

"Lafe," I said, "I figure that's a right sound idea. There don't seem to be nothing you need around here as much as a fire engine."

I went on out the door, and if anybody had told me right then that that fire engine was going to help me out with the trouble I was having I'd have said they was crazy.

Right then I didn't figure that Lafe's owning a fire engine could cause me any more trouble than I was having already. Which is where I was wrong again.

THEY got delivery on it the first part of August. Lafe and the old man went in town to pick it up, and when they come back you could hear them fourteen miles away. They come into camp with the engine wide open and the old man cranking the siren like they was a transatlantic liner lost in a fog. Lafe wheeled her up in front of the house and stopped her, and I walked down the hill to take a look.

I had to admit it was a right fair-looking fire engine, sort of family size, so to speak, considering that she wasn't over forty feet long, and didn't have much over two, three miles of hose coiled up on the back end. They didn't have no hook and ladder but they had bought her complete with firemen's hats, and they was both wearing them. Lafe shut the engine off, and the old man had finally wore himself out on the siren, and finally it was quiet enough so you could talk.

"Well, Lafe," I said, "I reckon you won't have to worry about them dogs any longer."

"Nossir, Jeff," Lafe said. "I got to admit it's took a big load off of my mind."

That was all right with me too. If a fire engine was going to make him happy I figured he could afford it.

The thing I hadn't figured on was that him and the old man was going to organize theirselves into a fire department, and take to running fire drills almost any time of the day or night.

In eight weeks I figure there wasn't a man, woman or child in the county that wasn't planning on shooting the Pardees. They had drove that engine over every foot of road in a radius of thirty miles, and it had got so there was hardly a minute day or night you couldn't hear that danged siren going.

It was sort of awesome, so to speak, to see them come tooling down the road at maybe eighty, ninety miles an hour with Lafe setting hunched over the wheel, and the old man cranking that horn and his whiskers blowing back in the wind, but it had sort of become a community nuisance, you might say. The hunters coming out of Big Sag claimed all the deer had left the country, and with the ranchers it was even worse. It seemed that the ranchers' horses had almost all left the country along with the deer, every cow in Bench County had went dry and the chickens had quit laying.

It had got so the sheriff had took to coming out to the mine three, four times a week in a effort to avert economic disaster, but so far he hadn't been able to find any law against owning a fire engine, and he was just wasting his breath trying to talk to Lafe and the old man without what you might call any official sanction.

I heard reports the people in Big Sag and environs had been holding indignation meetings, and there was some talk of referring the matter to Congress, or asking the governor to call out the militia, and then along the last part of October the situation sort of come to a head.

I WOKE up at one o'clock in the morning with the sound of that danged siren going. At first I figured that Lafe and the old man was having another fire drill, and I laid there cussing to myself and then I happened to look out the window, and it looked like maybe all of the northwest was on fire. I got up for a better look, and it seemed this time the Pardees had got themselves the real thing. There was flames coming out the roof of their house thirty feet tall, and getting taller.

I yelled, "Fire," and shucked myself into my pants, and started running down the hill.

Well, it was something to see. Lafe and the old man had the engine down by the creek so they could get water and they was all set for action. The pressure was up, and they had maybe a hundred feet of hose unrolled. The old man was out there barefoot, in a suit of red underwear and a fireman's hat hanging onto the nozzle and aiming it at the house.

He yelled, "Turn her on," just as I got there, and Lafe turned her on.

It was sort of spectacular. I seen a moving picture once of one of them boa constrictors curling hisself up and tearing down trees and underbrush, but he couldn't hold a candle to what that hose done. Old man Pardee was maybe six feet one or two, but he wouldn't have weighed over a hundred and thirty with his pockets full of rocks, and he didn't have the heft to handle the job he had took on.

There was a gush of water come out,

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and then that hose nozzle riz right up in the air, and the old man's whiskers with it, and he missed what he was aiming at entire. He hit everything with that stream of water but the fire. The first thing he done was to knock down the men who had come down the hill from the bunkhouse. The old man was yelling to Lafe to turn her off, and it seemed like maybe the hose had learned to understand English, because it sort of curled back on itself, and knocked Lafe thirty feet off the seat of the engine and out into the creek before he had time to throw the switch. Then she come back toward me with the old man still hanging onto the handles and streaming out in the air three feet off the ground and screaming so you could have heard him clear to Big Sag. I made a pass at him as he went by, and missed, and that hose nozzle come back and like to have killed me.

I didn't see anything more for maybe five minutes, and when I come to, it was awful. The wind had blowed the burning ashes off the roof all over the surrounding territory. The cook shack was halfway burned down and the bunkhouse had started. There was fire in the grass, and the willows along the creek, and even the engine had started to burn.

The old man was still waving around in the air on the nozzle of that hose, like a wind sock in a hurricane, and then Lafe come from someplace with an ax in his hand and cut the hose. The old man come down from what seemed like twelve feet altitude and lit smack dab on his face. He set up and started swearing at Lafe. It seemed he was mad on account of he figured Lafe could have cut him off when he was a touch closer to the ground. Lafe opened his mouth to say something and that was as far as he got because just then the gas tank on the fire engine blowed up. It knocked me down and I hit my head on a rock, and knocked myself colder than a well digger's feet.

WHEN I come to the next time I was laying out on the ground and the old man was pouring whisky down me out of a gallon jug he had dug up from someplace. It like to strangled me.

I sat up to sort of survey what damage had been done while I was unconscious, and we didn't have any more mining camp left than a rabbit. It made me sick. The old man was setting next to me and I looked over at him to see how he was taking it. He took a drink out of the jug and set her on the ground, and from the way he looked, what had happened hadn't bothered him at all.

"One of the dangedest fires I ever seen," the old man said.

"Maybe you hadn't noticed," I said, "but you haven't got scarcely any house left."

"Oh, that," the old man said. "I never liked the dang thing anyway." He turned his head to spit. "The roof leaked."

The way they say it in the books, all's well that ends well. We had a gang of carpenters out there the next morning, and it was sort of makeshift living for a while, but two weeks later we had one of the nicest setups you ever seen. There was a new cook shack, and bunkhouse, with double siding and tar paper on the roof. It was warm and dry, and I figured my troubles were over for a spell.

THERE was only one thing that bothered me, and one night when I had went down to the Pardees to chin with Lafe and the old man I asked about it. That was maybe a month or so after the fire.

"Lafe," I said, "I never did know, and you never told me how that fire got started."

"Well, Jeff," Lafe said, "I'll tell you. Me and Pap was worried for some time. The way it seemed we had a lot of money tied up in that fire engine and she wasn't being much use to us. I spent a long time thinkin' on it, and finally it come to me how we could sort of get a return on our investment, you might say. So after I figured her out we touched her off."

I didn't get it for a minute, and when I did get it I like to have fell out of my chair. Then I reckoned maybe I hadn't heard it right and I wanted to be sure.

"Lafe," I said, "do you mean to set there and tell me you went and set fire to your house deliberate?"

Lafe looked at me like I was crazy, and that what he had done was the most logical thing in the world.

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "I don't see nothin' peculiar about that. You got to admit, Jeff, that there ain't much point in ownin' a fire engine if you ain't got any fires to put out."

"Yessir," I said, "I got to admit that."

The old man shoved the jug across to me.

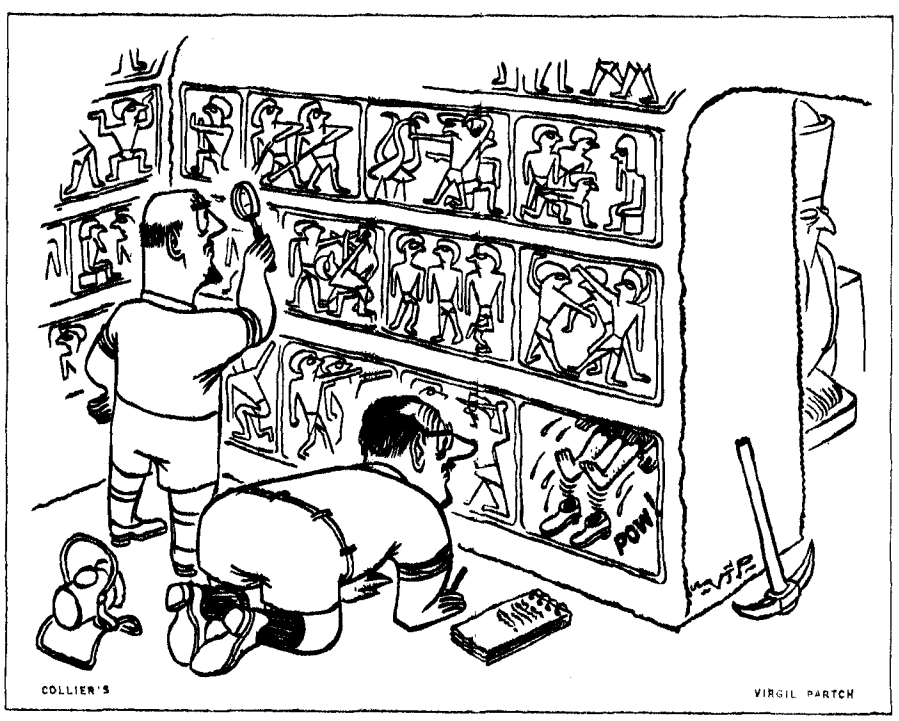
"Dangedest fire I ever seen," the old man said. "Have a drink, Jefferson."

I had a drink, and then I went outside and thought about it, and looking at it the way Lafe and the old man did I had to admit it was logical.

On the other hand I didn't figure it was exactly the thing I would have done under similar circumstances, so to speak, and it seemed to boil down to one of two things: Either Lafe and the old man were crazy, or I was.

Right at the minute I couldn't seem to make up my mind for sure.

THE END



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GEORGE PRICE

The National Institute of Diaper Services has developed an automobile horn that tootles Rockaby Baby as their delivery trucks call at customers' homes.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

The Better Business Bureau,
Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The Fairchester Diaper Service has set a precedent in this community which has me and my entire household like crazy, and I am appealing to your office as a last resort before moving out of town.

A couple of days ago I ordered a case of beer from Webb's Market. Heretofore the delivery boy has been content to draw up to the back door, ring the bell and leave the brew on the stoop. This process has now turned into a routine as extravagant as a Billy Rose revue. With the auto horn blaring How Dry I Am, the delivery boy, singing off key at the top of his lungs, staggers up to the door, chucks the cook under the chin and, after chasing her around the kitchen a couple of times, leaves the beer and reels down the back steps. All this, mind you, just to warn me that my beer has arrived. Personally, I'd rather not know.

We can spot the butcher at least a mile away, what with his horn playing Mary Had a Little Lamb, intermingled with the bleating of the delivery boy all the way up North Street. The driver is dressed up like Little Boy Blue, and they've even got the brakes on the car adjusted so they squeal like a pig when the truck stops to deliver a smoked ham.

Friday during a cold snap a pipe burst in the laundry and I quick phoned Monty & Salerno, the plumbers. The next thing I knew a male chorus was standing out in the driveway singing Pop Goes the Weasel, accompanied by the banging of a Stillson wrench on varied lengths of brass pipe. By the time they'd finished the third verse and were fully convinced that I knew who they were, the laundry was flooded and my three kids were floating around on rubber ducks.

I'll have to close now because I hear a car coming into the drive tootling Three Blind Mice. If the police find the Acme Exterminator man lying out in the yard with his head bashed in I can't be held responsible.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett

SALT WATER, SALUBRITY AND SIN

Continued from page 11

in front of the bookie joints on either side of town blare out the dirge of the race results: "New line at Atlantic City . . . eight on top, ten, twenty, scratch twice, fifteen, scratch one, seven to five, three, twelve, eight on the bottom . . ."

One of the most serious and purposeful things you can do on the coast is fish. The back country is as full of devious water as a sponge. The rent of rowboat, tackle and bait will cost you about the same as your nonresident license, which is $3.25. Deep-sea fishing out in the Gulf comes higher—an average of $50 a day per person in the charter boats, which provide all bait and tackle.

The "real fishing" is for tarpon. Nobody ever says anything against the other species, but the tarpon is different. In the realm of philosophy, it's the good life as compared with mere existence.

Mrs. Lampton Catches a Tarpon

Biloxi boasts that tarpon can actually be caught inside the city limits. This happened not very long ago, says the Chamber of Commerce, to a lady named Mrs. Lampton of Magnolia, Mississippi.

The engineer of the Louisville and Nashville was bringing the express across from Ocean Springs when he noticed in the middle of the bridge an elderly lady engaged in the kind of fight he knew only a tarpon could put up. Stopping the train, he and his fireman and several score passengers ran ahead to give her help and encouragement, the fireman using his coal pick as a landing gaff. After only half an hour or so, Mrs. Lampton landed a 97-pound beauty and gallantly gave each of the passengers a scale of the fish as a souvenir to carry with them on their journey.

In his Backbay cottage Arsene Onezeme Bourdon will tell you he has never during the 78 years of his eventful life been happier "than when and if at the end of a good rod and reel with a fighting tarpon at the other end.

"Don't be surprised," he adds, "if you happen to catch a boneless tarpon. This only means that someone before you has engaged this same fish and has failed to play out his line with sufficient speed. So great is the force of the tarpon's first leap that often he leaves his skeleton on the hook and simply swims away."

In midsummer, when the weather gets seriously hot along the Gulf coast, the favored tourist is let in on a little secret of hot-weather fishing. This is much more likely to happen if you are a young and vivacious blonde who has never been fishing before.

"I tell you what you do," you will be advised by your guide. "You take and get the hotel to let you freeze them hooks into a tray full of ice cubes with just the leaders sticking out on top. Then you bring 'em out in one of them vacuum jugs so's they don't melt down too fast. And mind you don't let on what you're doin', for down here we don't like to let but very few people in on this method of catching fish.

"First time you get the chance, just you tie one of them ice cubes onto your line and sneak it overboard and see what happens. Well, ma'am, that's something no fish in these parts is goin' to pass by, not in July and August anyway. It may take one or two ice cubes to kind of set up a cool streak. But oncet the word's trickled down, them Gulf fish practically stand in line waitin' to cool their gills. When you see a big fellow's suckin' on that piece of ice, don't get excited and pull it in too fast. Wait till he starts chewin' on it—then give it a little yank, and you got him sure."

The Gulf coast is one of the few resort regions where it's almost as hard to find a very bad meal as a superlative one. If you stick to Creole cooking, bad ones are the exception. Prices are reasonable, seldom going over $2.50 for a complete dinner.

If you want informal but expert instruction in the Creole cuisine with disquisitions in English and French on music, science and politics, you can always drop in at Skeets Hunt's in Biloxi and learn while you eat. His nickname "Skeets" came a long time ago when, he assures you, he was light as a mosquito—"a Bayou mosquito, that is." Since then Skeets has acquired weight in keeping with his rank of "Ambassador from Mississippi," a title he earned in Washington as culinary adviser to the late Senator Pat Harrison and subsequently to Senator Eastland.

Creole cooking, Skeets explains, is based on the premise that any dish which begins with fat, flour and chopped onions browning in a hot skillet cannot go very wrong. This is called the "roux" and besides onions, it usually contains at least half a dozen other tasty comestibles including fresh peppers, minced celery, garlic and tomatoes. The roux is used either as a sauce to be poured over meat and fish dishes, or as the stock in which the fish or meat is boiled or baked.

Gumbo is simply a roux with hard-shelled crabs, shrimp and oysters and thickened by adding okra or a powdered herb called "file." Other spices, including thyme, bay leaf, red and black pepper, give the dish its long, lingering flavor. As Skeets says, eying his waistline, "You can't eat your gumbo and not have it too."

This is a handy rule to carry with you along the coast, for it applies to much besides cooking. Another version of it is to be found in the Mississippi State Guide Book, which states: "Born with an inherent respect for the Constitution we prefer our own interpretations to those of others."

The Edgewater Gulf Hotel near Biloxi is one of the hotels along the Silver Strand which serves no drinks and runs no gambling establishment. But once a week for 20 years it permitted guests to enjoy a game of bingo "with no cut for the hotel and no pay-off anywhere." Last summer came orders from the sheriff's office: "If you don't have any other gambling, you can't play bingo."

The story, dug up and played by the New Orleans Item, was much relished along the coast. "Reckon the sheriff overspoke himself that time," said one citizen, "but Lord, man, the adver*tize*ment."

A Town With the Lid On

Crossing the bridge from Biloxi to Ocean Springs is like pulling out the plug on a juke box. The big resort hotel on this side, the Gulf Hills Villa, is a mile off the highway on a quiet bay. The town itself has no gambling clubs, no cocktail lounges, not even a slot machine to disturb its dreamy complacency.

If, as occasionally happens, a citizen of Ocean Springs comes back from Biloxi "tuk down drunk," the constable simply handcuffs him, sends him home to bed and obligingly drops around next morning to unshackle him.

The gambling traditions of the Gulf coast were founded two and a half centuries ago when King Louis XIV of France sent 25 Casquette Girls to be parceled off by lottery as wives for his soldiers. In the subsequent struggle for a continent, women or lack of them made all the difference. The British took their wives along. The French took them where they found them. To meet the desperate shortage, French charter companies even resorted to abducting women

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from prisons and brothels for shipment to the Colonies. During the 20 years following the first Casquette Girls, three larger shipments were sent from France —"too little and too late."

Rich Southern planters and traders began building their summer homes along the coast about 120 years ago. The Civil War hardly touched this part of the coast. The only untoward incident of the war occurred when a group of boys playing at war rigged up some "cannon" near the lighthouse on the beach and pointed them out toward the fort on Ship Island. The ever-alert commander of a passing Union gunboat began lobbing shells into the town, narrowly missing the lighthouse—until a second look through his spyglasses revealed that the cannon were made of pine logs and wagon wheels.

After the war, when news of President Lincoln's assassination reached the South, the only public display of mourning occurred in Biloxi, where the lighthouse was painted black.

Creosote and the Teredo Worm

It was during the Gay Nineties that the Biloxi coast came into its own as a winter resort for Northerners—a development it owes largely to the use of creosote against the teredo worm, a small mollusk which infects the waters of the Gulf and quickly destroys wooden ship hulls and bridge pilings. Creosoting of bridge pilings made possible the building of the highway and of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad across the wide, shallow bays or "passes" that indent the shore. More important than tourists, the railroad carried Biloxi's oysters to Northern markets.

"The shrimp nickel and the tourist dollar—they've made Biloxi," says Steve Sekul, a leader among the Yugoslav fishermen brought over from the Dalmatian coast by Biloxi's sea food packing industry.

In the old days, shrimpers and oystermen were paid a nickel a peck for their catch, which had to be gathered in hand nets. The "shrimp nickel" has since become a symbol of hard money, safely tucked away or profitably invested in a Diesel-powered fishing boat—or in a canning factory. For with hoarded shrimp nickels, many of the hard-working, tightly cohesive Yugoslavs went into business for themselves. Today, 4,000 strong, they dominate a $5,000,000 industry which supplies a good fourth of all the canned oysters and shrimps consumed in this country.

Gulfport is a bustling modern city that just wasn't there 50 years ago. Conceived on a New York drawing board as rail and ship outlet for Piney Woods timber, and plunked down ready-made on a yellow-fever swamp, the brawling, cop-killing little lumber port has grown into one of the leading ports on the Gulf.

After booming and going bust 5 times in 50 years, the townsfolk are toughened to disaster. Out on the end of Gulfport's mile-long pier, a reporter surveyed the wreckage of the harbor in the wake of last September's hurricane. "With the price of everything else going up," he drawled, "I reckon they must've increased the interest rate on borrowed time."

Thirty miles east, in Pascagoula, another epic is taking place. A year before Pearl Harbor, Pascagoula was a sleepy Gulfside village of 6,000. The Ingalls shipyard turned it into a wartime industrial city of 25,000.

The question in everybody's mind is what's going to happen after the yard finishes the last of the nine big ships it's building for the Brazilian government. Ever since V-J Day the town has been living on this $38,000,000 order, plus smaller jobs of ship reconversion for the Maritime Commission. If nothing new turns up, the town will die. With it will expire the new lease on life that several thousand Piney Woods folks took with their jobs.

Statistics are seldom exciting. But Pascagoula has one statistic that is a sociological thriller. "Damn, did those shipyard folks have babies!" is the way they summarize the plot in Pascagoula. Ranking fifteenth in population in Mississippi, the town now ranks third in the number of school children.

The birth rate is no higher than before. Probably it is lower. It's the death rate of mothers and infants that's gone down. Back in the Piney Woods, it wasn't unusual for a man to outlast 3 or 4 wives. Plenty of older shipyard workers in Pascagoula today proposed to their wives in some such terms as this: "Miss Emily, I shore would like to buy your coffin for you."

Piney Woods farmers, some who had never used even that most basic of all mechanical devices, the wheel, caught on as quickly as anybody else when it came to installing turbogenerators on seamless steel ships. The money they earned, a basic $1.38 an hour for metal craftsmen, brought in more cash in a day than many of them had seen during a year on their gullied farms. These wages went not into silk shirts and high jinks but into decent clothes, a full and balanced diet and proper medical care—the first they'd had in generations.

Piney Woods medicine in the past had been colorful but not too effectual. When a child had whooping cough (or maybe tuberculosis) one cure was to make it crawl through its father's pants legs. Or you could let a white horse breathe on its face. Toothache, one of the commonest symptoms of poor diet, could be helped by chewing tobacco, biting on a hot dishrag, or smoking a pipeful of tobacco mixed with shavings from a horse's fetlock. Another remedy, though an awful lot of fuss and bother, was to pick your aching tooth with a splinter from a lightning-struck pine and then throw the splinter into running water. To help deliver your baby you called the nearest midwife. For the more serious diseases you called the preacher.

Under the Lanham Act, the government built schools in Pascagoula—over a million dollars' worth. They made a world of difference. The grandparents, sometimes even the parents, of the boys and girls you see coming out of primary and high school today believed that the floods and droughts that plagued their lives were caused by too much wife beating in the community—or failure to pay the parson.

"Money must think I'm daid," was an everyday expression in the Piney Woods. One way to change your luck was to take the coins from the broken cup on the top shelf, wrap them in a handkerchief and shake them at the moon. If that didn't work, nothing would except maybe ho'-made corn.

"Have a drink?" A Piney Woods moonshiner offered a test dipperful of a new batch of "stoop down" to an old Negro. The drink was accepted gladly with two refills. "How was it?"

"Jes' right," the old man told his host. "If it was any wuss, I couldn't-a drunk it. If it was any better, you'd-a kep' it yo' self."

The same is true of life for most Southern Negroes, but along the coast they're getting a slightly better break. One reason is enlightened self-interest: The more overt forms of discrimination are bad for the tourist business. "You can't keep the help locked up in the closet when folks drop in for dinner," is the way one Southern-bred hotelkeeper puts it.

"The front wheels of a car," says a local newspaperman, "can't go any faster than the back ones."

Negro High School to Cure Slums

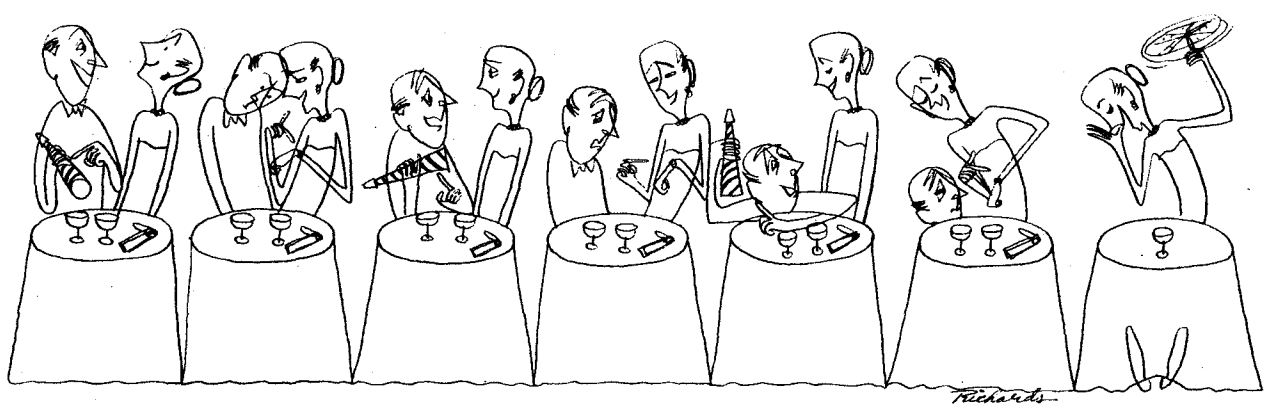
Leading Biloxians make a point of beating visitors to the draw in admitting their Negro slums are among the worst in the South—then tell you of the $120,000 Negro High School they've just voted as the first step in cleaning them up.

"Our worst handicap in the South," you will hear from some of the better-educated business and professional men, "is not the Negro but the Negro hater. It doesn't help any when Yankees come down here and try to outshine our professional Negro baiters. Too many of them do."

Talk like that may be rare in most parts of the South. But in resort towns along the Gulf, hung out like the family wash along a busy, transcontinental highway, people cheerfully include their problems among the "curiosities of the place"—the local idiom for the main points of interest.

Whenever they're up to anything big—whether it's making politics, pralines, ocean liners, fishing, history, or whoopee—they just naturally gravitate toward the water and the road. What they're fixing to do right now is enjoy a tourist boom and an industrial revolution both at once, without seriously disturbing a centuries-old siesta. This makes the "curiosities" grow "curiouser and curiouser."

THE END



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KEN RICHARDS

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General view of the ruins of Machu-Picchu, Lost Citadel of the Sun, in Peru. Hidden for centuries it was discovered by an expedition from Yale University

HERE A CITY DIED

From the last citadel of the Incas comes a fascinating glimpse of a way of life now lost forever

BY SAX BRADFORD

OUR guide pointed toward the upper reaches of the mountains, lost in the mists. We followed his finger as it moved to a point about halfway between the 22,000-foot peaks and the river at our feet.

There, hanging over the awe-inspiring chasm, was a natural shelf. Even from where we stood we could see the corners and terraces of buildings. This was Machu-Picchu, the Lost Citadel of the Sun, key to the legendary Lost Hundred Cities of the Incas, hidden for centuries just beyond the point of farthest conquest by Pizarro and his Spanish conquistadors.

We had left Cuzco early that morning, traveling by car as far as possible. Now, two hours by mule-back, straight up the ridge, brought us out of the forests and into Machu-Picchu, the tiny city of breath-taking architecture which has been described as "archaeologically and artistically the most valuable gem of native American architecture."

Machu-Picchu was lost for 400 years. Under the picks and shovels of work parties of the Peruvian government and interested museums and endowments from all parts of the world, it is now emerging from the undergrowth that has covered it since the days of the Incas.

Since its discovery by a Yale University expedition, the progress of excavation and restoration of Machu-Picchu has depended on Peruvian national pride, the condition of the treasury, the prospects of tourist trade and the ability of archaeologists, historians and explorers from Europe and the United States to wangle funds out of their friends at home.

Hiram Bingham, who first found Machu-Picchu, got $50,000 with which to clear the forest. Then Dr. Luis Valcarcel of the National Museum of Peru went to work with 800 laborers until the broad outlines of the city appeared and the most exquisite of its structures stood in the full light of the sun. Depression and war slowed, then stopped the work. The jungle began to creep back over the citadel. For ten years Nature has been trying to rebury the city.

But with the end of the war there has been a new interest in Incaland. In Cuzco, center of the new archaeology, a big modern hotel has been completed for amateurs who want to explore the ruins. Professionals like John Rowe of Harvard headed south as did representatives of the Viking Fund of New York, the Smithsonian Institution and the Carnegie Foundation.

Enthusiasm for Machu-Picchu has increased since the recent location of a whole series of neighboring Inca strongholds: Allantaytambo, Sallapunco, Cedrobamba, Vilcabamba, Huaina-Picchu and Ccorihuairachina, scattered like jewels through the inner Andes. These are a handful of the Lost Hundred Cities which were until recently dismissed as Indian legend.

The discovery of Machu-Picchu, key to the lost cities, was an accident.

In 1890 the Peruvians built a mule trail through the Urubamba Gorge so the brandy and coca of the lowlands could be brought to Cuzco without traversing the treacherous Panticalla Pass among the high snow fields. Landless Indians traveling from Santa Ana to Cuzco made a practice of scanning the mountain heights for abandoned terraces where they might clear the land and squat. Two of them, Richarte and Alvarez, spied a piece of stonework high on a ledge above the bridge of San Miguel. They cut their way through the tangle, coming out on the brief level that lies now at the top of the trail. There they built a lean-to against the lower side of the citadel wall and proceeded to plant corn.

A Yale University expedition under Hiram Bingham made its painful way along the cordillera in 1911, surveying the highest peaks. Bingham came onto the legend of the lost cities. He began to give

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. B. WILDER

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ear to a word often repeated in the stories of the mountain Indians: Machu-Picchu. This seemed to refer not to the mountain peak but to an Inca place of special significance. His curiosity aroused, Bingham fitted out for a side trip to find the lost citadel.

It seemed a forlorn enterprise. When by a weary, roundabout way he came at last to the clearings of Richarte and Alvarez, he had followed so many blind alleys and had been disappointed so often that he had little energy left to hunt around back of the corn patch. When he came through the outer works into the city he could hardly believe the evidence before him.

Under the wrack of jungle lay the Athens of the Incas as if only yesterday the last footfall had died away. Towers, palaces and flights of stonework, only partly screened by leafage, broke the spectacular slope. The first terraces of the city stretched 200 yards long before him, ten feet from level to level. At the farther end in the deep shadows were entrances to magnificent houses, story on story of intricate workmanship.

Specimens of Exquisite Architecture

The masonry was the most perfect Bingham had seen in the Andes. The round tower of the Palace of the Princess, graceful, elaborate and true of line, surpassed anything in the Inca empire except the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. Bingham found what seemed a royal mausoleum of pure white granite cut into the mountain beneath the circular tower. He was spellbound as he squeezed through the trees into courtyards and temples, explored galleries and passageways and came out under the pyramidal base of Intihuatana with its stairs reaching for the sky.

The most startling quality of this hidden city was the perfection of detail in the selection and cutting of stones, the design and fitting of vaults, arches, doorways and windows. It was the highest order of Inca craftsmanship. Each stone was individually shaped, yet so perfectly joined were ashlars weighing many tons that we couldn't feel where they met.

It seemed incredible to Bingham that this lost fortress, three days out of Cuzco, had lain here since 1545.

He spent ten days mapping the city and establishing marks. He returned a year later with more help for the first serious excavation.

Out of the long-buried citadel now comes new evidence of the engineering and artistic skill of the people of the Inca and of their administrative genius. From warehouses, dormitories and burial vaults is extracted piecemeal an account of life under the empire. Work parties at Machu-Picchu have gathered bronze bracelets and necklaces, silver rings, ingenious cooking utensils, mirrors, perfectly tuned flutes and ocarinas, tiny bells, stone markers made like crouched animals—thousands of small things that tell of rich days for the People of the Sun.

The mystery of the origin of these people, speculation about the road they traveled to their unique culture, the general air of unreality and romance about their story have as much to do with the attraction of Machu-Picchu for the amateur as the beauty of its architecture.

But if the historians and the archaeologists are in doubt about the place from which the people of the cordillera came, the Inca's wise men and poet minstrels knew. They sang of it at sundown along the terraces and on the walls.

First, there was the creative impulse of life, the Uiracocha. It was the foam of the sea, drifting eastward. Of this stuff people were made.

At first all men were giants, living high above the thundering cataracts. These great archaic men came down in time from their red stone forts, pushing to the edge of the lush tropics. They grew smaller, more graceful, more aesthetic. It was at the edge of the jungle that the modern people

This Indian baby and the smiling seven-year-old daughter of a local hotel manager pose before an unearthed building of the Inca's ancient citadel

Above, looking from the reception room through the patio to the bedroom of the Prince of the Sun. Architecture of Machu-Picchu is highly rated by historians. Below, woman visitor examines a sun dial which dates back at least 400 years

Above, a native banana vendor sets up shop at the starting point for the ascent to Machu-Picchu, perched 11,000 feet high on a precipitous mountain. Below, Entomologist John C. Pallister in the remains of an Inca palace

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developed, the Amautas who cut great granite blocks with fine precision and fitted them like mosaic tiles; who taught themselves a complex accounting system, using colored strings tied with knots; who composed the plaintively descending music which by flute and Panpipe still challenges the mountain solitude; who made the compact with the Sun; food and warmth and life in return for sacrifice and adoration.

The Amautas, sharpening and refining their logic, their culture and their engineering at the meeting place of highland and jungle, resisted new waves of primitive invaders from the upper country of the south. Sometimes they killed them, sometimes absorbed them and sometimes retreated before them. But always they remained the masters. They built the metropolis of Cuzco, threaded the mountains with retaining walls, reclaimed and cultivated new lands, tamed the llama, wrought precious things of gold and wove fine cloth of wool. Their administration developed from family to tribe to nation. In due course of time they produced the Inca.

The Founding of a Dynasty

The Amautas were driven out of Cuzco about the year 800. They retired to an inner stronghold, Tampu-Tocco, the Place of the Three Windows. When the ambition and the power of the lords of Tampu-Tocco reached an irresistible crest, Cuzco was retaken from the barbarians. Manco Capac, the chief, called himself Inca. He married his sister, and his children married each other, beginning a dynasty of unique power over the lives of common people.

Common speech was one material gift of the Inca to his people. In addition, two great parallel highways linked the limits of the empire. The high road was cut through solid granite and porphyry, spanning chasms with suspension bridges delicate as spider web, filling approaches with careful masonry, paving rockslide and glacial valley with flagstones and cement. Over this causeway sped the Inca's messengers with orders, accounts and reports. Over this, too, raced the Inca's mobile armies to put down uprising wherever it might appear. Outlying tribes sued one after another to join the empire and come under its administration.

The people of the Inca lived on farms assigned them. Royal surveyors laid out new terraces to increase the land with the growing population. When the reclaimed terraced slopes fell short of tribal requirements, or when the Inca wished to people a distant wilderness, young men and women were married to each other and moved to the new places. This was never an arbitrary assignment. An Indian's adaptability to altitude, his natural diet, his physical capacity and his mentality were all taken into consideration.

The last of the free Incas was Atahualpa, who rose to leadership of the family by murder. A kind of Biblical justice was visited on him by Pizarro, who ordered his subjects to fill a room to the ceiling with gold as ransom, then had his throat cut.

Atahualpa was succeeded at Cuzco by the puppet, Manco Capac the Younger. When he could stomach the Spaniards no longer, Manco fled. His cause, as romantic as that of the Scottish Stuarts two centuries later, was hopeless. He fought a delaying action at Allantaytambo at the head of the Urubamba Gorge, then disappeared into the high wilderness. From among the snows of Uiticos he harried the Spanish pack trains between Cuzco and Lima. In these last few years before he, in turn, was killed, Machu-Picchu must have been the final receptacle of the Inca glory. In this brief twilight of empire the Virgins of the Sun, the priests and the wise men lived out their days observing the formal ceremony that had become the very essence of their civilization.

Here on a mountain shelf perpetually at springtime, so far above the river that its voice was lost in empty air, no Spaniard ever set foot. Above and below, bridges were cut and trails were abandoned to the undergrowth. The secret inner citadel withdrew into itself.

Nobody knows on what day this city died. At about the time Manco was murdered in his upper mountain camp, Machu-Picchu fell silent. One morning there was no watchman on the platform. Another morning the platform fell to the ground. One day the swelling root of a tree burst the aqueduct. The fountains dried. Jungle crept up from the river, casting first across it a coverlet of flowers, then burying it deep beneath the trees. Staircases, shrines and galleries disappeared into the leafage; the cunningly wrought doorways pierced a translucent world into which only a dim green light filtered. The tunnels were stalked by jungle cats. Bats hung in the windows. The Citadel of the Sun was dead.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Dad, someday, please can we go on a train?" BARNEY TOBEY

FOR LANDINGS' SAKE

Continued from page 19

and to a rash of crashes in the fall of 1946 and the winter of 1947. And just when everybody welcomed spring and its good flying weather, a new epidemic of accidents broke out, in a most concentrated and devastating form, between May 29th and June 13th when three DC-4s, one each operated by Capital (PCA), Eastern and United Air Lines, crashed and killed 146 persons in Virginia, Maryland and New York.

Then the unreliability of scheduled air transport has also lost some trade. A little back I blamed the public for swamping the air lines beyond their capacity. The air lines can come in for some blame for the unreliability, but in this specific manner: They have held out the promise of swift, safe, reliable flights *on schedule* which is a half-truth. It is true that their planes could, did and still can move in great numbers on crowded airways into busy air terminals with regularity and land at one-minute intervals—*in clear, dry weather*. But they can't carry out that identical performance in bad weather—yet!

The air traveler, by purchasing his ticket, believes the air line enters into a contract with him and guarantees he will be flown to his destination safely, comfortably and on time. The air line holds a government franchise to operate its route and is declared "fit, willing and able" in its certificate of convenience and necessity. Believing that, the plane traveler boards any one of three very fit, willing and able air lines, say in Chicago —American, TWA or United—to be flown nonstop to New York in three hours. But as he nears his destination the weather fails to conform to the forecast, La Guardia Field is "socked-in" and he finds his plane "holding" over New Rochelle, New York, until it can be called down by Traffic Control.

Journey Completed—by Train

By now that's an old story, with many variations of what has happened or could happen and it's usually told that after "holding" for two hours, the air liner is sent up to Hartford or down to Philadelphia or back to Cleveland and the passengers, swearing violently, are put on a train.

Some people who go through this threaten suits for damages because they had a "big deal" on and now they've lost it for failure, through no fault of theirs, to arrive at their destination on time or at all, after the air line "promised" they would. Or some irate passengers have tried to intimidate the pilot into making an immediate landing while in the "stack," ignorant of course of the excellent possibilities of colliding with another air liner flying around blind at his assigned altitude.

Such threats have little effect on the pilot. *Nobody* could make him do that. The only way he could leave his place in the stacked-up planes and disrupt the normal flow into the airport would be to scream emergency but he'd have to produce ample proof when on the ground to justify upsetting the serious and important procedure of calling down the stacked-up planes in accordance with established and impartial procedure.

Last fall and winter, accidents that occurred off the airways and even in foreign countries to military and nonscheduled planes were grouped into one total to emphasize the magnitude of public slaughter. The scheduled air lines thus were falsely accused, by implication, of having killed far more than they actually did. Anyway, believing that just about all the crashes of last winter's flying season were on the scheduled air lines, because the headlines dished it up that way, you and others have just cause to wonder about this winter.

In the wake of the 1946-47 death toll, investigating groups in Congress and the government plunged into the problem and made recommendations and these were published and everybody felt that settled *that*. In the main they dealt with improved air navigation facilities and the bottleneck approaches to big air-line terminals. But compared with what was recommended and what was put into effect, the difference is practically zero.

Congress Cuts an Appropriation

The Civil Aeronautics Administration, responsible under law for the operation of the Federal Airways System, asked for, and the President approved, an appropriation of $13,428,000 to establish 68 high-intensity approach lights to lead pilots onto fogbound runways; 23 Ground Control Approach systems for locating air liners in the overcast by radar and talking them down to safe landings; 25 surveillance radars to sweep the skies from airport control towers for a radius of 30 miles and determine the position, distance and altitude of all approaching aircraft; and 68 Instrument Landing Systems to send out radio glide paths for planes to hook on and fly down through poor visibility to a landing. Congress granted but $571,706 and specified that only *eight* of the 184 safety devices requested be established.

When the bill seemed to be going badly and adjournment was imminent, a special board of civilian experts, appointed by the President immediately after the three DC-4 crashes in late May and early June, to make a thorough inquiry into air-line safety, rushed a letter to the White House. The letter called attention to this situation and declared flatly that "unless some provision is made now for the procurement of these aids, the tragic pattern of the past will inevitably repeat itself." That "tragic pattern" meant the 85 deaths that had occurred in crashed air liners approaching, landing and departing from airports in foul weather, a category which is "by far the largest" of serious accidents in air transportation, the board said.

Should we jump at conclusions and say that the blood of many persons now living will be on the Capitol this winter because the measures taken to try to prevent the inevitable accidents were all but turned down by Congress?

It would certainly seem so the way I present it, but the real fault for the failure of Congress to go along with this particular accident-prevention program —and most proposed aviation legislation—lies with the aviation people themselves. They're so individualistic; so determined that their ideas of what's what in aviation should prevail; so incapable of unifying behind the broad principles involved; so intent on specializing on this bolt or that nut or this method over that system, that Congress is left hopelessly uninformed and misinformed and thoroughly dazed as to what to do.

Wouldn't you think these aviation people would catch on and try to agree before going up on The Hill? Then if they did go up with a program designed to save lives—one that had the enthusiastic endorsement of all aviation interests—Congress would have to approve. Congress would be jubilant over the fact that here was an airtight case, with no backfire possibilities, and above all it would be spared long and involved hearings in an attempt to arrive at the best possible legislation.

In this particular case, the waters were muddied by so many different people

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with different ideas of what device should be used, what system should be employed, that Congress did not know what to do, because there was doubt about everything, so it did practically nothing.

Though this interim and emergency program was practically thrown out, the CAA had managed to get money in the previous year for the establishment of the Instrument Landing System—the radio glide path it originated 17 years ago, to guide air liners down to a landing and by the first of the new year, 76 should be in operation at as many airports.

Right now all major air lines have equipped their planes with the simple receiving instrument which looks like the cross hairs of a gun sight. To fly through blinding snow, rain or fog onto an airport runway, it's your job to keep the two needles looking like those cross hairs all the time. If the vertical needle moves to the right that means the plane is off to the right of the runway and so you kick left rudder and the needle will return to center. If the horizontal needle drops, that means the plane is below the glide path and you'd better haul back on the control column or you'll plow up the airport. If it is high that means the glide angle is too flat and if you don't nose down a little, you'll overshoot.

Safety Outlook Has Improved

The ILS equipment was supposed to be in operation last winter but suppliers couldn't meet the delivery schedules. Now they seem assured this winter and already there is a tendency in some optimistic quarters to shout, "Look, we're gonna bring air liners in at three-minute intervals in bad weather; we'll eliminate accidents!"

I'd rather not go along with that guarantee as an established fact in advance of actual and ample performance. I think it unwise for the government or the air lines to promise the public, by inference, that the ILS is the answer to our problem, and no more accidents in the "approach and landing category" in poor visibility will occur.

But it will be a wonderful story as we get deeper into winter if little by little the word spreads among passengers that they are being brought in at five-minute intervals—12 an hour—instead of four an hour as it used to be and with airport ceilings only 300 feet and visibility but three quarters of a mile.

A little while back I said the air lines cannot now move fleets of airplanes on schedule through bad weather with the safety and regularity of a clear, dry, sunshiny day. I'll anticipate your question as to *when* that day will come. I'll play it safe and say it will not be much before *ten* years if all concerned—and what an interminable number of people with an interminable number of viewpoints, devices and systems *are* concerned—will pool everything now and get behind the *problem*.

Ten years is estimated as the time needed to work out and perfect the ideal airway for safety and reliability as we now visualize it because many of the needed elements are still to be created. I can sketch it briefly as being like a multiple-track railway system with an air liner being assigned to one of many tracks within the airway and to occupy a block of it, as a railroad train does.

On a heavily traveled route such as between Chicago and New York that airway could be 20 miles wide and three to four miles high and contain 80 air lanes, half for one direction, half for the other. Simplified, automatic electronic signal systems will control the speed of the planes and feed them into the terminals—one every minute. Fundamentally, the superairway follows the long-proved method of moving fast trains at brief intervals over congested trunk lines and into crowded stations.

It is wonderful to contemplate the permanent and pre-eminent advantage scheduled air transportation will have over the finest trains and busses and highways with that kind of a system of airway and airport traffic management. Air liners never will be hounded by bridge washouts, snow and rock slides, blocked tunnels, inundated tracks and highways. That's a goal worth working for but while bringing it into being, what are we going to do about safety and regularity of air transport operations on our antiquated airways and at our inadequate air terminals, particularly this winter?

The air lines have the answer in theory and I do believe they will carry it out. If they do they will surely win in the safety category but they'll lose financially. If they cancel or delay schedules to congested air terminals like New York, Chicago and Washington to avoid inconveniencing the passengers by long delays in the stacks (you'll notice I'm deliberately forgetting the possibilities of ILS speeding up landings) they'll make the public mad and lose business. If they, pinched as they are now for revenue, bull through, they'll make the people mad again if their landings are delayed. And what's worse, they'll expose plane and passengers to the hazards in the "approach and landing category."

The Price of Overexpansion

If all the air lines had overflowing treasuries, they could forget the need for passenger revenue, the urgency for maintaining schedules and the desire to get through bad weather on time, and concentrate on achieving and holding a perfect safety record until experimental air-borne and ground devices, designed to provide regularity in schedules, with complete safety, are proved and installed. But all of them are not so well fixed. Even the best overexpanded and at the same time—in May, 1945, as victory was assured—they reduced passenger fares. Then the mail pay was cut, and expenses mounted as brand-new equipment was purchased. Top this with poor management which existed in some companies and you know why several air lines have been weeping at the door of the Civil Aeronautics Board for increased mail rates to meet next week's pay roll.

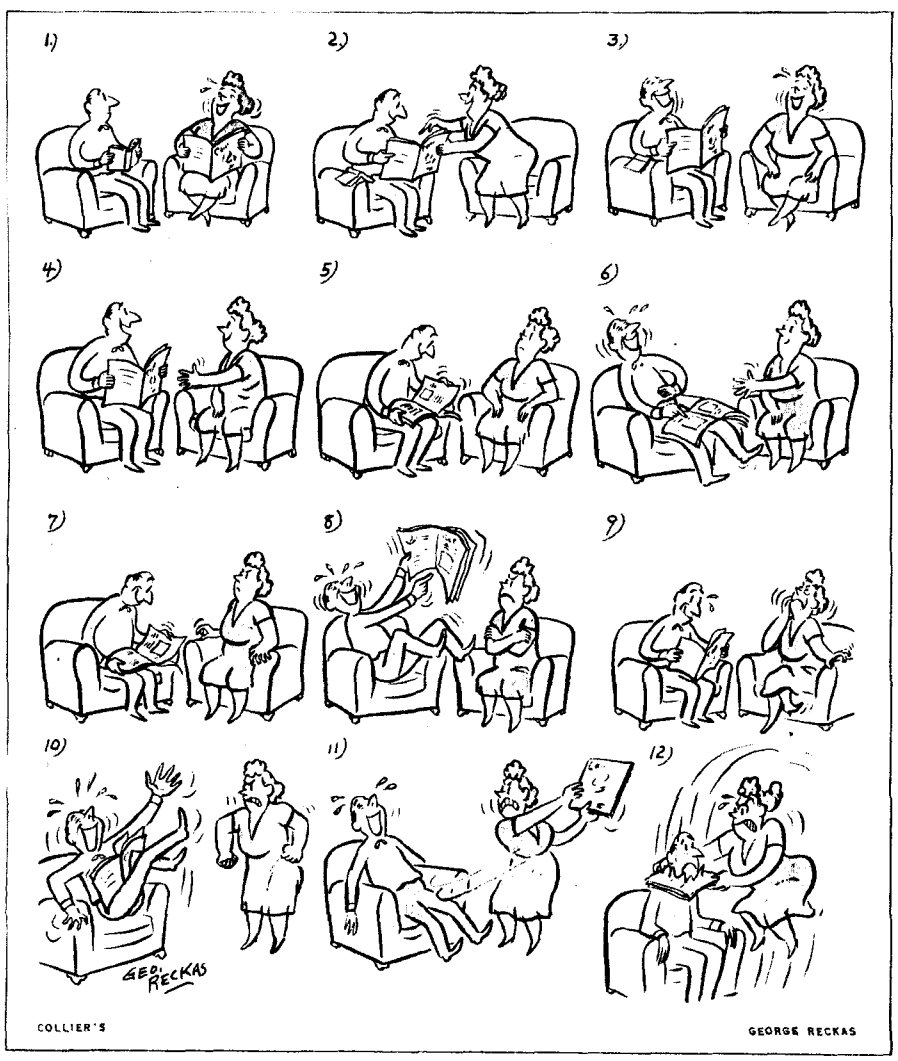
The bankers have stepped in and ordered drastic cuts in operating expenses, some of which were outrageously extravagant. This meant firing people, laying off pilots and, happily, putting an end to a lot of bacchanalian feasts that were spread in observance of the first thing that came in mind. If nothing tangible turned up as being worth toasting, there was always Saturday night! Naturally the government shouldn't finance these things via mail payments, but neither should the government forget that all the money it advanced to the struggling air-line pioneers in the early days to build up an air-transport system has been returned through air-mail postage revenues, and it even made a profit on the deal.

The weaker air lines cannot continue in their present anemic stage indefinitely. The stronger ones have argued for an adjustment of the air-line map, first by freezing it as it now exists, then examining the routes with the cold eye of a Wall Street financier. After that, merge or kill those that will be a drain on the public treasury for a long time to come. The weaker lines scream that if you freeze the map right now, you'll read their death warrant, for what they need is permission to expand into richer territory—and more mail pay.

You'll never talk an established air line now suffering from the financial shakes into going out of business for the economic good of the industry. Politics being what it is, from the pressure that can be exerted by cities and towns served by the air line right on up to the big shots in either party, it will be a tough job for the CAB to revoke the franchises of the weaker lines, even if it had clear-cut, direct authority which, strictly speaking, it does not.

So the CAB is smugly thankful that it is understaffed and far behind in its work, and it probably will have to let the Law of Economics dispose of the matter with its inimitable finality.

THE END



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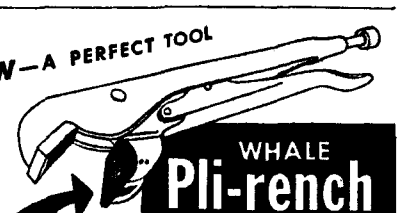

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THE TRUTH IN RUSSIAN EYES

Continued from page 23

pretty well, and only here and there did he ask my secretary to help him out. This last question, however, got under his skin. His temper ran away with his English vocabulary, and pounding his fist on the desk he sputtered that this was a most unfair question for me to ask.

"Pravda never uses libelous language," he retorted. "We are very particular to choose a polite and clean language! It is the American and the British press that daily use insulting words about the Soviet Union!"

Whether it was the sudden shouting or just coincidence, the door opened and a husky young man entered. He had strong peasant features and a broad chest that tested the seams of his jacket every time he took a deep breath. We were introduced to Mr. Zhukov, one of Pravda's top-notch foreign correspondents.

Anti-Soviet Press Clippings

"I shall show you immediately the scurrilous language your papers use," Viktorov said. Zhukov went out and in a moment returned with a bulging file. It was the "anti-Soviet" file supplied by Tass.

"In the United States they refer to us only as 'Reds.' Do you think that is polite? Or, look here—the venerable Manchester Guardian calls us 'barbarians,' and our form of government 'totalitarian.' Don't you think that infuriates us?"

Viktorov and Zhukov, leafing through their up-to-date collection of anti-Soviet clippings, pointed at declarations made by American congressmen and British Members of Parliament. Like successful hunters, the two Russians seemed to enjoy pouncing on these quotes from our press. But it struck me that a file like this produces in the minds of such important Russian publicists the "encirclement complex." They read what must often be infuriating or frightening to them, but they forget to weigh the importance of the individual who made the statement against his influence on the public or government abroad.

"You forget," I pointed out, "that in the United States or in Britain people can say what they want to say. They have complete freedom of expression, and what they say is not necessarily the point of view of the government. You must make allowances for that."

But to Viktorov this seemed only additional proof that our system was wrong and Russia's right. "Isn't it better in Russia," he argued, "where people would never say such irresponsible things which can only create disharmony and arouse fear?"

I said we feel it is better to have freedom of expression and a few irresponsible opinions than no opinions at all. The silence that is imposed on private opinion in Russia, I went on, makes it impossible for anybody to judge whether the people would not prefer the freedoms as they exist in the United States. If they disagree with Molotov's policy, what can they say or do?

Viktorov hesitated. Of course they can write a letter to Pravda, he said. Pravda was receiving about 15,000 letters a month from its readers, he revealed, and he added blandly that most of them concerned typographical or other textual errors that found their way into the newspaper in spite of the two correction control offices which scrutinize Pravda's proofs. A typographical error, he said with a chuckle, caused Pravda's telephones practically to shake themselves off the wall with their violent ringing.

Pravda seldom reprints a letter in its columns, I pointed out. Lack of space, Viktorov replied regretfully.

Though Viktorov had my full sympathy regarding his complaints over space problems, I could not help saying that Pravda's habit of devoting a full page or more to a communication from a *kolkhoz* (collective farm) addressed to Comrade Stalin seemed to me a great waste of space. The letter usually cites the proud record of that particular farm, and always quotes figures to prove it has achieved—or exceeded—its goal under the current Five-Year Plan.

Viktorov explained that publication of such letters raises the competitive spirit among the collective farms and stimulates the general agricultural and industrial effort. This is just another of Pravda's functions, replacing the private and individual incentive of free enterprise by collective and public incentive. Only in a few cases, however, does this also bring financial rewards.

Our conversation shifted to the accuracy of Pravda's reporting. The principles that govern that "accuracy" are revealing. When President Truman, for instance, made his crucial speech on aid to Greece and Turkey, the only American reaction Pravda printed at the time was a protest lodged by the Committee of Progressive American Citizens.

To innocent, uninformed Pravda readers the name of the committee must have sounded impressive. Surely they put Pravda aside after having read that vigorous attack on the "Truman Doctrine," reassured that a very large body of opinion in the U.S., probably even a majority, violently disagreed with Mr. Truman.

Though Viktorov conceded that it would have been more accurate reporting if the story had mentioned the number of members that comprised the committee—he blamed Tass, which had sent this message from New York, for the omission—he explained that the most important thing to Pravda was telling the Russian people that not *all* Americans agreed with Truman, so that "the Russian people would maintain their faith in the common sense of the American people."

"And that is why we give so much space to Henry Wallace when he speaks," Viktorov added.

Restricted to Pravda, or to newspapers that print not only the same news stories but even the same Tass-provided headlines, the Russian reader has little opportunity to check the truth of the news he is fed. But Viktorov does not see it that way.

We were discussing a news story from the United Nations at Lake Success. This article gave the complete text of a speech made by Gromyko but it mentioned neither the speeches made by other delegates that day nor the fact that on the same day Russia's Deputy Foreign Minister cast one of his inevitable vetoes.

"Don't you think that's rather misleading reporting?" I asked.

With a wry grimace Viktorov explained that it had been necessary to restrict the story to Gromyko's speech for space reasons. When I asked why it had not been possible to cut a few paragraphs from the address to make way for a little from some of the other speakers, he declared quickly that it was absolutely essential to print the Gromyko talk in full.

"Our readers must know our government's point of view in full," Viktorov asserted.

I couldn't resist this question: Why would it make any difference whether they printed Gromyko's speech in full since Pravda's readers are, after all, entirely dependent upon Pravda and could never know the difference?

Viktorov heatedly explained to me that there are chinks in the Iron Curtain, which makes it vital for Pravda to print the government's viewpoint in full.

There are, he said, the Britanski Soyuznik (British Ally), a tabloid-type newspaper put out by the British Embassy; the Voice of America and the broadcasts of the British Broadcasting Corporation; and a chosen few among Russia's citizens —newspapermen, university professors, scientists, top policymakers—who are allowed to receive foreign newspapers. These three mediums are the archenemies of Pravda and the Soviet government.

Viktorov did not seem to realize he had just handed me a prime example of that fundamental fear of outside "bourgeois influences of the West" that guides not only Pravda's editorial policies, but those of the Soviet government too. It was an admission of internal weakness. Stalin himself once put it much more directly. When an American visitor suggested an exchange of students, scientists, artists and teachers between the United States and Russia to further understanding, Stalin bluntly rejected the proposal and added: "We cannot have a free exchange with the West so long as our standards of living are below yours."

"... I don't know. It used to be rather fun to watch 'em beat their brains out over a half-pound sirloin or a coupla lousy chops"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

No Deadline Rush for This Editor

I looked at my watch. It was almost 1 A.M. I apologized to my host for having kept him so long. He politely parried my apology. There is plenty of leisure for the editor of a paper that does not compete with any other for news beats; that prints no news of local crime or disasters; that takes its deadlines in stride, and has no need for a copy room or city desk in the American sense. Nonetheless, I consider Viktorov's hospitality a supreme effort.

When my secretary and I stepped out into the street and the fresh night air again, I told her I was sorry I had kept her working so late. "Don't worry," she replied with an embarrassed smile, "it was lots more interesting than a performance at the theater."

A fairly common joke in Moscow has it that there is no "izvestia"—the Russian word for "news" and the name for the Soviet government's official newspaper —in Pravda—the Russian word for "truth"—and no "pravda" in Izvestia. When I mentioned that joke to Viktorov he said contemptuously that it was old. One thing is clear: There is practically no difference at all between the two newspapers, Moscow's principal dailies.

There is not much difference either between these two and Trud, the Labor Union's daily, or Moskevsky Komsomolets, which is read by members of the Communist Youth Movement. Each distinguishes itself slightly from the other by printing news and articles that have some special reference to its particular field of interest. But there is no competition for circulation among them.

The meaning of the news is explained and analyzed in many weeklies and monthlies. New Times, which is translated into foreign languages and shipped abroad, is written in an exalted, overbearing language that defeats its own ends. It deals mainly with foreign affairs

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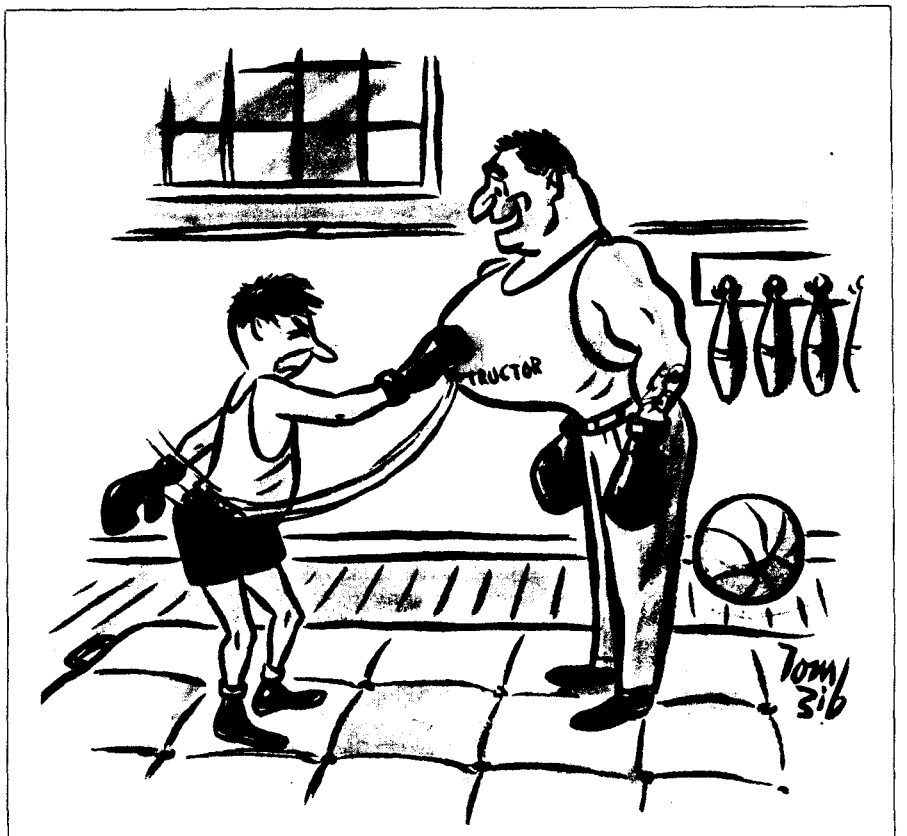

"That's more like it, Mr. Simpson—I think I felt it that time"

COLLIER'S TOM ZIBELLI

and is usually allowed to exceed the limits of attack set for Soviet diplomats, and is therefore often a misleading guide to Soviet foreign policies.

Bolshevik, on the other hand, a bulky monthly magazine somewhat similar in format to the Virginia Quarterly, is the best guide to the doctrinaire evolution of Leninism and Stalinism. Its style is woolly, ponderous, and punch-drunk with Marxist lingo, but it is an open book on the development of Communist party philosophy. The March issue, for instance, devoted a long article to the "Overcoming of Survivals of Capitalism in the Consciousness of the People."

Philosopher Dewey Under Attack

Bolshevik takes a poke at contemporary American "bourgeois philosophy," angrily accusing the American philosopher, John Dewey, of the "blackest reaction" because in his book, The Problems of Man, he discusses the idea of the struggle against social chaos and the need to strengthen the American state. Or, on other occasions, the Russian magazine explains the role of "Soviet Law in the Education of Communist Consciousness."

Whether a Russian grabs a newspaper or a magazine, whether he buys one of several literary periodicals, he always gets the same monotonous stuff. The only relief from this unvarying, incessantly repetitious diet is Krokodile, Russia's humorous magazine. Krokodile bears no resemblance to the New Yorker, that genial sophisticate among American magazines, but it is reminiscent of the biting, raucous Simplicissimus, a famous satirical sheet of pre-Nazi Germany, the style of which Krokodile cartoonists seem to be trying to imitate.

Americans would not find Krokodile funny. "What is the difference between a meeting and a conference?" asks a reader in Krokodile's fictitious letter column. "The other day Councilors Zhukov and Rayevsky met for a business talk in the 'M' restaurant. They did nothing extraordinary like smashing mirrors or breaking chairs, but they did eat and drink 5,700 rubles' worth of stuff. They had no small change on them, so the bill was held over until next day. Then Zhukov directed the bank to pay the whole check and charge it to outlay on products needed for a meeting. A day later, having thought it over, he sent the restaurant a note, asking that the charge be put down as outlay for a conference. But the proprietor still hasn't got the matter cleared up. Will Zhukov suddenly ask that the expense be considered chargeable to a friendly drinking party at an extraordinary session?"

Funny? No. But the sinister reality of corruption and dishonesty on the part of the obtuse, inefficient bureaucracy is laughed off and at the same time severely criticized.

A cartoon showed a lavish banquet with drunken faces gathered around a table, and one official toasting the unequaled example of economy in the use of building materials.

"We have saved 462,593 loads of bricks, 843 tons of cement, 143 tons of sand and 7,555 cubic feet of planking," he is boasting proudly.

"And how many houses have you built?" someone asks the official.

"Not one!" is the triumphant reply. "That's another way we've economized."

Krokodile is thus permitted to ventilate in satire what the rest of Russian journalism is forbidden to mention in serious prose. Controlled self-criticism is sanctioned in Krokodile to point out existing abuses and inefficiency, the theory being that it tends to improve conditions. Almost three fourths of Krokodile's contents are about domestic matters, but the inevitable jeers at capitalistic civilization, American imperialism and British snobbery are there, too.

The Russian press sets up a barrier between the Russian people and the outside world in much the same way that foreign travel restrictions do. One is mental and the other physical. The wall of words grows higher and wider, and every day it becomes more difficult for the good and kindly people of Russia to see beyond it. Still, they seem to have managed to preserve a certain amount of sanity and perspective that is too well hidden from the Western man in the street.

THE END

"You must be doing something wrong, George. I can spank him without making him cry"

COLLIER'S LOUIS JAMME

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PIX

THE WEEK'S WORK

THE ladies caught so informally above are Collier's distaff member Barbara Banks and Powers girl Dorothy Rice. They are setting up the illustrations for Ruth Carson's article, Facts and Figures, p. 34.

Dorothy Rice specializes in high fashion. Recently returned from a photographic European fashion junket, Miss Rice professes no knowledge of French politics. "But as long as France lives, I think there will be charm in this world," she says. It seems Miss Rice needed some extra long stockings to snug up with the specially frilled corset. Barbara obligingly lent Dorothy hers (see picture), then worked in her bare feet.

Gleb Derujinsky, Jr., the gentleman who photographed the ladies, is a newcomer to Collier's. A New Yorker, Gleb's a cherubic twenty-two, married and a father, and the son of G. W. Derujinsky, who sculped the bust of F.D.R. that stands outside the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park.

Gleb, Jr., has been pic-snagging ever since his high-school days. At fifteen, he liked to shoot ash cans in New York alleys. After three years of Army reconnaissance photographic and radio work, he decided to "concentrate on fashions, which seemed to offer the most outlets to his creative imagination."

WHEN we urged Baird Hall to confess his sources for the snowy shenanigans in his brightie, This Is the Night, p. 20, he replied in a quiet shout, "As a Weston, Vermonter, I hasten to assert that my story is pure fiction, wild fantasy. Snowplows, such as I mention, never break down—well, hardly. The mountain village where I live is twenty miles from a railroad or movie and not on any paved highway. To the best of my recollection there has not been a single case of any motorist being stuck in a snowdrift in our township between July first and the last day of August any year since we bought the four-wheel-drive plow."

ONE day the Messrs. Loftus and Van Tine read in the Washington papers that the Food and Drug Administration was feeding bubble gum to a lot of monkeys in its zoo. "We decided that if science had gotten around to bubble gum, it was time we got around to science," they say. "We also found out that FDA was an agency that paid off; gave the citizen a good run for his Form 1040. Taxpayers always hear of money being misspent, rarely of the government paying off. So we got together on The People's Life Preserver, p. 26.

Van Tine cut his teeth on the newspaper business back in the '30s, about when Loftus was United Pressing on a Wall Street beat. "Now we're both mistreating adjoining typewriters in the Washington Bureau of the UP," says Van Tine.

"I specialize in politics, but Loftus plays the field from foreign policy to night-clubbing with Johnny Meyer. We're neighbors in the Slightly South, living in the 'foreign legion' quarter of no'th'n Virginia that houses the capital's overflow. We work the same hours, read Dick Tracy to our wives, and spend our spare time trying to beat the money shortage. Maybe writing for Collier's is it. Newspapermen are professionally lazy, it says here, and we've been tops in that department."

THE story Previous Date, p. 32, springs from Oviatt McConnell's lifelong habit, as a reporter, of heading to a lunch counter for a cuppa coffee whenever he had an assignment. Then for another. He holds that the best place to hold a finger on the pulse of America is on a stool in a diner. Once when a terrific blizzard hit Buffalo, McConnell went forth into the bitter night for his firsthand story. A fellow reporter who clung to the diner's warmth scooped the town with impressions garnered from taximen, truckers and newsies who stomped in. McConnell says, "I've never been unfaithful to a diner since."

McConnell, at fifty, lives in an antique brick castle in Setauket, Long Island, a Revolutionary town that has shrunk to honeysuckle and scrub oak since the days when the Tories and patriots slugged it out amid its tilled fields. McConnell has six children, has been a newspaperman, Hollywood hand, and the editor and publicist for a union of aircraft workers.

This week's cover: Miss 1948. "I swooped down on Patty Valentine when her mother, Jan, unwittingly brought her to a mutual friend's," says Kodachromist John Mechling. "They're the first shots of Patty, whose Babybook will thus start with a Collier's cover." Patty's dad is M/Sgt. H. J. Valentine, a Marine flier with five Jap planes to his credit. Patty lives at Laguna Beach, California, smiles at everyone, goos "Mama" clearly between girlish gurgles. And best wishes for a Happy New Year from Mr. 1900. . . . TED SHANE

THE PEOPLE'S LIFE PRESERVERS

Continued from page 27

required to have their products investigated for safety by the FDA before they can be distributed in interstate commerce. Every new drug to enter the market since —there have been nearly 6,500—has passed along the FDA's analytical assembly line to be broken apart chemically, tested for sterility, potency and toxicity and to be tried out on the animals quartered in the administration's basement menagerie. About two thirds of them are okayed by the FDA.

Besides the required safety test, every food, cosmetic, variation of old drugs and health device that comes into the FDA laboratories gets a thorough examination, too, to prove or disprove the miracles claimed on its label. Sometimes that creates a problem, and the analytical experts have to switch from animal to human subjects. They have an almost inexhaustible pool of volunteers in hospitals, in old folks' homes, and even in penitentiaries, who will serve as human guinea pigs in the hope of finding a cure for their own ailments.

If someone tries to market a fancy elixir labeled as a sure-fire cure for arthritis, FDA chemists first make sure that it is nonpoisonous. Then samples are sent to one of the scores of "arthritic pools" in institutions for the aged. Half the "guinea pigs" get the medicine while the other half get a harmless solution which they think is the real thing. The FDA stands by to watch the results.

Often a number of the more imaginative patients experience a definite improvement after the first few doses. These usually include some who were given the sugar-and-water treatment. The FDA and the medical profession still are looking for a genuine arthritis specific that will stand up under clinical test.

Even more numerous among the bogus medicine salesmen are the gentry who claim to have concocted the first positive hair restorer. Occasionally the inventors may be honestly convinced, after trying it out on the neighbors, that they have stumbled onto something. More often they are simply racketeering on the middle-aged man's yearning for upstairs adornment. The FDA has a standing pool of hopeful but hairless citizens who are willing to expose themselves to almost anything in the hope it will restore a few straggling strands. The most enthusiastic are some balding technicians on the FDA staff who are undiscouraged after years of inspecting and rejecting.

Hard to Prove Fraudulent Intent

Up until nine years ago, the FDA was required to prove fraudulent intent against the self-styled "medicine men" before it could chase their harmful, often death-producing, goods off the market.

The "cure-all" merchants skirted the edges of the law and pocketed some fancy profits. Case after case was built up against them, only to be lost at the eleventh hour through lack of positive proof that they had set out deliberately to mislead the customers.

Now, Congress has given the agency power, fraud or no fraud, to drive the licenseless pill peddlers off the circus lots, county fairgrounds, and town hall squares from one end of the country to the other. The amended law gives it better than an even chance of getting a verdict against any elixir salesman who ventures into interstate commerce with a "remedy" which the laboratory experts find doesn't measure up to the claims made for it.

Don't take it too badly if you've been "had" by a patent-medicine man. The medical profession is one of the most lucrative fields for the phony drug salesman. Hundreds of doctors, who should know better, fall for these glib pitchmen.

A canny German immigrant recently "discovered" a paste he claimed would bring on abortion. Aware that he could not advertise his illegal product in the regular medical journals, he obtained a mailing list of all the registered physicians in the country and proceeded to circularize them.

He tapped a gold mine on the first try. Orders poured in from unethical doctors all over the United States. They added up to $50,000 for 10,000 tubes of a homemade paste that cost this get-rich-quick artist not more than 10 or 15 cents apiece. Food and Drug Administration investigators caught up with him quickly and sent him to jail.

A West Coast physician reported not so long ago he had purchased a drug for the treatment of arthritis from a presumably reputable traveling salesman. But the first patient on whom he used it developed alarming symptoms of pain and paralysis. The salesman had vanished. FDA inspectors had no trouble finding other doctors in the same state who had fallen for the bogus drug.

Culprit Had Not Left the State

After many weeks of intensive detective work the inspectors surprised their man in a shabby hotel room, still in the same state. Because he had been careful not to take his health-destroying racket across state lines, the FDA was unable to prosecute. It had to turn the case over to local authorities who could prefer only a simple charge of accepting money under false pretenses.

The story points up what many experts consider a vital weakness in the country's health laws—the lack of federal or uniform state licensing requirements for manufacturers of drugs. Pharmacists who make up prescriptions in corner drugstores must be licensed. Physicians, psychiatrists, chiropractors and all other members of the recognized medical professions must be licensed before they can practice. But, except in a few states, no license is required for the maker of the supposedly health-giving drugs.

Not long ago, two women died mysteriously in a Detroit hospital after relatively minor operations. A coroner's examination revealed that both deaths had resulted from tremendous overdoses of carbamylcholine chloride, a drug routinely injected after surgery to relax the abdominal muscles and permit normal urination.

Later, in a small Southern hospital, two patients in adjoining beds were recovering from operations that were equally minor. The nurse on duty looked over her instructions and found she was to give each an ampule of a certain drug produced by one of the country's largest manufacturers of carbamylcholine chloride. She injected the drug into one patient, and was about to administer it to the second when the telephone rang on her desk. When she returned, the one who had received the injection was dead. The other owed his life to that 10,000-to-one-shot telephone call.

A hurried checkup revealed that the hospital dispensary had two products bearing the same label. Both were packaged in very similar containers, and both were made by the same firm, but with one deadly difference. The first was a mild solution containing only one quarter of a milligram of the active ingredient for postsurgical injection. The other was a powder 600 times as strong, for use in preparing an eye solution. They were practically indistinguishable.

Word of the tragic error was flashed to Washington, and the FDA, already suspicious of the cause of the Detroit deaths,

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sent its full field force of more than 200 agents out on a nation-wide roundup of the lethal drug. Within a couple of weeks they covered several thousand hospitals, drug distributors, and retail pharmacists and seized all the outstanding supplies. A total of 12 persons had been killed by the wrong ampule from the wrong bottle.

The manufacturer was convicted for criminal negligence on the grounds that the lethal difference between his two products was not clearly marked on the package.

A member of the FDA's own Washington staff turned up one of the most dramatic food poisoning cases of the last dozen years. The story goes back to a day in 1936 when Dr. W. B. White, Chief of Food Division, found himself eying a half carton of raisins left on his desk by a young lady. She reported that for two days in succession she and other members of her family had experienced violent headaches after munching a handful of raisins between meals. A doctor found some evidence of excessive heart stimulation, but nothing more.

A dozen men on his staff examined the half-empty box, sniffed its contents and decided they were wasting their time. Then the chief medical officer, a man with an unusually keen sense of smell, put it to his nose. He turned to the puzzled chemists and said, "Cyanide."

The laboratories went into frenzied action. The results, as Dr. White puts it, "made our hair rise." The raisins had been contaminated by a solution containing three tenths of one per cent of the death-dealing chemical! Inspectors hurried to market and returned with several unopened packages bearing the same packing code marks. Quick tests showed the same startling degree of contamination. In the coast-to-coast search that followed, more than 125,000 pounds of raisins were seized and destroyed. All of them had come from a shipment which had been fumigated carelessly with liquid cyanide sprayed from a hose.

Improved Methods of Testing

Amazing progress has been made in recent years in the development of mechanical testing devices. One robot completes in five minutes a precise cosmetics color test that formerly required weeks of painstaking chemical assay. Another gadget, designed and built by one of the administration's physicists, calculates by ultraviolet ray the degree of turbidity, or cloudiness, in a suspected solution. It has proved invaluable in testing liquid vitamin preparations.

LEAP YEAR HINT

The lass who has a yearning
To hook her man for keeps,
Should pass some time a-learning
To cook before she leaps.

—Frank Morris Midkiff

Those and other mechanical marvels have cut down the use of animals in laboratory work, but the menagerie is still a highly essential "convincer," and it seems likely to stay that way for a long, long time. Right now there are 1,000 or more small animals in the basement of the FDA's Washington laboratories. Besides monkeys they include rats, mice, rabbits and guinea pigs.

The upkeep is no small matter to the administration in this era of rising prices. The white mice used in testing penicillin cost the FDA from $400 to $500 a month, and even more goes out for the army of white rats employed on vitamin experiments. Rabbits are another expensive but necessary item.

The animals' reactions often mean tens of thousands of dollars in profit or loss to business. The citrus and frozen foods industries have been trying for years to win government permission to use a chemical preservative designed to prevent spoilage. Orange growers are particularly anxious to employ it because they are losing about 20 per cent of their crop through rot. But the FDA has ruled out this preservative. Through exhaustive tests on animal subjects and chemical analyses, it has been found that minute quantities administered over long periods produce serious ailments, and large doses result invariably in death.

Vitamin certifications, which still cannot be performed mechanically or chemically, require extensive biological tests. This was demonstrated recently when the FDA ran a new vitamin pill through its checkup line. On every chemical and mechanical count the pill measured right up to the manufacturer's claims. It contained the required number of vitamin units and was every bit as potent as stated on the label. But when it was tried out on white rats it was discovered that the chemists and gadgeteers had missed on an important point. The pill was coated with a "binder" so tough the gastric juices could not digest it.

Even the common house fly makes a vital contribution to the safeguarding of foods. Flies are peculiarly sensitive to DDT and other new, powerful insecticides used in spraying fruits and vegetables. Between 2,000 and 3,000 of them are delivered to the laboratories each week for scientific experiments conducted to show the effects on humans of any traces of germ killers which might be left on apple skins or corn kernels.

The end of the war brought a variety of new operators into the old pill game, but fortunately the number wasn't great. Many were ex-G.I.s whose military records had been spotted by black-market dealings in Europe or the Orient.

FDA inspectors caught up with one of these illicit merchants a few weeks ago in a dingy laboratory within short walking distance of the Capitol in Washington. He had been peddling a hormone cream for a firm which claimed to have learned from an Arabic tribe a method for restoring lost manhood. Investigation revealed that the youthful agent had been a war hero. He won the Congressional Medal of Honor as a Flying Fortress gunner. During a raid over Nazi territory he took care of a badly wounded fellow gunner, battled a fire in the gun compartment and fought off a host of enemy planes singlehanded for nearly two hours after three other crew members had given up the fight and bailed out.

A Salesman Changes His Line

The FDA seized $260 worth of his products, on the ground that they were dangerous to health and not what their labels claimed them to be. Badly frightened, the otherwise brave young man made no effort to fight the seizure in federal court. Instead he made a personal visit to FDA headquarters and promised to retire from the fake drug business forthwith.

In dealing with peddlers of false products investigators find that leniency pays off. Some of the violators, particularly those of advanced age, sincerely believe they have discovered panaceas. The government does not always see a percentage in hauling them through the courts. The shady career of many a culprit has stopped when he has been let off with the promise that he will go straight. He is always sternly warned that severe penalties will result from a repeat performance.

The FDA is getting ready now to take on what may prove its toughest job. The unlocking of the atom has already opened up a wide new avenue of medical exploration that scientists hope may lead to mastery over many still-baffling human ailments. Scores of new radioactive therapies will be making their appearance soon, and, unless human nature has changed greatly, the quacks and charlatans will be in there pitching just as enthusiastically as in the day of the elixir man.

Several manufacturers are working on dentifrices containing penicillin, in the belief that the wonder drug will be as effective against dental decay as it has been against pneumonia and streptococcus infections. But it may be five years or more before penicillin tooth paste hits the market, because the FDA wants to see whether daily use of such a dentifrice might build up a tolerance which would weaken the drug's effectiveness against more serious ailments.

FDA laboratories are being fitted now with special equipment to separate the good from the bad in the atomic medicine bag, and its health detectives are confident they can cope with the new threat just as effectively as they handled the patent medicine and vitamin cheats. Now, even after years of disillusioning experience with a gullible public, the FDA hopes that *this* time the folks will be wary of the atomic killers with their "guaranteed" one-shot remedies for everything from cold feet to cancer.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Of course I laid out your pipe, robe and slippers. I figured you'd be more comfortable that way!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

Greet the Sun with a SMILE!

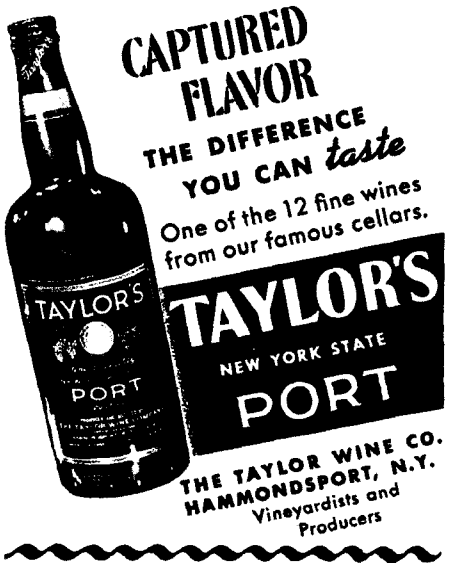
Try this tonight for Morning Freshness

How long since you bounced out of bed and smiled back at the sun—glad to be alive? If it's been some time, why not try this? Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Reason is, Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sound sleep entirely without drugs. It also supplies *specially processed* food elements to restore vigor and freshness while you sleep. Besides, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for buoyant good health.

All in all, it's a 3-way aid to better sleep and morning freshness—so try it tonight!

OVALTINE



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"HELPING THESE GREAT PEOPLES TO HELP THEMSELVES"

THE phrase quoted above is from former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson's recent discussion, in Foreign Affairs magazine, of the Marshall Plan for Western European economic revival with American aid, and what that plan does and does not contemplate.

Colonel Stimson's paragraph containing the phrase was as follows:

> The immediate and pressing challenge to our belief in freedom and prosperity is in Western Europe. Here are people who have traditionally shared our faith in human dignity. These are the nations by whose citizens our land was settled and in whose tradition our civilization is rooted. They are threatened by Communism—but only because of the dark shadows cast by the hopelessness, hunger and fear that have been the aftermath of the Nazi war. Communism or no Communism, menace or no menace, it is our simple duty as neighbors to take a generous part in helping these great peoples to help themselves.

That states the case for the Marshall Plan about as succinctly, it seems to us, as it has been stated by anybody anywhere. Colonel Stimson's utterance proved so inspiring to a considerable number of Americans as to impel another former Secretary of War, Robert P. Patterson, to form the Committee for the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery—which hopes to enroll at least 1,000,000 Americans, and will receive contributions, large or small, at its offices at 8 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

As the Stimson statement makes clear, the primary objective of the Marshall Plan is to help Western Europe pull itself out of the manifold ravages and devastations, physical and spiritual, of World War II. The secondary, almost incidental, objective is to confine Communism to Eastern Europe and Russia, and conceivably to ease it all the way back into Russia proper—by the peaceable method of helping Europeans raise their living standards so that Communism will no longer attract any of them except a few born malcontents and soreheads.

Though the plan may culminate in war, it is not so intended; and if that should be its outcome, the United States will not be to blame.

Who will be to blame? That question is answered every time Russian Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vishinsky or some other Kremlin mouthpiece screams in public that Americans are plotting war. It is an old Communist tactic to accuse others of doing exactly what Communists themselves are doing. That tactic has been worked overtime by the Kremlin ever since the shooting stopped in August, 1945. We have a feeling that it is fooling fewer people every day.

CAN'T DO WITHOUT SHIPS

The committee concludes that a modern efficient American merchant fleet and a progressive shipbuilding industry are indispensable to our national security, and that these are sufficiently essential to our peacetime economy, as well, to justify the government financial aid that is necessary to maintain them.

THE quotation is from President Truman's statement covering the recent release of his Merchant Marine advisory committee's detailed report on what we ought to do in the next four years to keep our Merchant Marine from pretty much fading off the seas. It's headed in that direction now.

Serving on the Merchant Marine committee were five men who know what they are talking about when they discuss ships: James B. Black, E. L. Cochrane, Marion B. Folsom, K. T. Keller and Andrew W. Robertson.

What they urge is that in the next four years we build 46 vessels capable of carrying passengers and freight at a cost of about $600,000,000, half of this amount to be put up by the government as a frank and legal subsidy and the other half by private enterprise. Two of the ships would be 50,000-ton, 2,000-passenger liners in a class with the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. All 46 would be privately operated.

The prime purpose of an adequate Merchant Marine—let's be candid about it—is defensive. We hope there won't be any more wars. But if there are, and we're involved, we'll need a big Merchant Marine to carry troops and supplies, as we did in World Wars I and II. And the experts are just about unanimous on the proposition that next time we'll be Target Number One—meaning that if we aren't ready to go into action at once it will be just too bad.

Let's adopt the Merchant Marine advisory committee's program virtually 100 per cent, and go through with it. And incidentally, it will be a fine thing if the government or the ship operators or both can make the peacetime service on these vessels as courteous, efficient and cheerful as it has long been on ships of British, French, Italian, Swedish, etc., lines.

SOME LOADS OFF SOME FEET

WE WILL now take time out from the problems of the world and the universe to say a few things about the dentists of the United States.

One of these highly necessary members of society has just called our attention to a fact which everybody knows about, but which we must admit we had never thought much about. This fact is that the dentist has a standing-up job, and that therefore the profession is unusually vulnerable to such afflictions as fallen arches, lame backs, varicose veins, etc., etc. The general public, our dentist friend feels, might have a kindlier attitude toward the tusk-preserving fraternity if it understood this vocational handicap.

We sympathize. Our sympathy extends, too, to another most useful group of stand-up workers—the barbers.

What we can't figure out is why U.S. inventive genius, famous for its ability to meet demands almost as fast as they are discovered, has never come up with a practical, patentable and not too costly device for taking the load off the dentists' and barbers' feet in working hours.

Maybe wheeled chairs with foot controls for both vertical and horizontal motion would be the answer. Perhaps some gadget suspended from the ceiling would do the trick.

Anyway, how about some of our inventive brains getting to work on this problem—and how about submitting the answers direct to dental and barber supply manufacturers and patent attorneys, instead of asking us to push any of them, which obviously we couldn't undertake to do?

COLLIER'S • WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

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FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Says Patrick to Michael,
"Here's whiskey so smooth it's the top o' the evenin'!"
PM de Luxe! . . . served with gardenias du jour . . .
Now to light up the candles and call in the guests
for a mellow Old-Fashioned good time!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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Experience is the best teacher!

**"It's true in dancing—
and in choosing
a cigarette, too!
CAMELS are the 'choice
of experience' with me!"**

says

Ballet Star

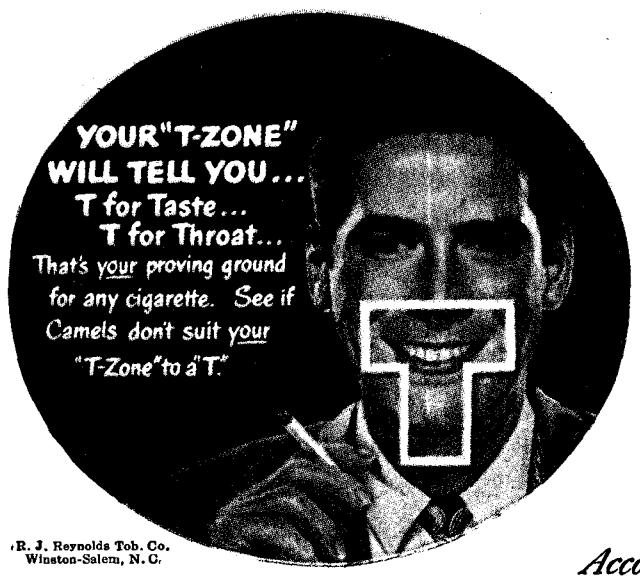
Kathryn Lee

Dancing star of Broadway musicals and noted ballet companies, Miss Lee is fast becoming one of America's top ballerinas.

"I've tried several brands of cigarettes," says Miss Lee, "and learned that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

A graceful "rond de jambe" like this takes long practice—and experience!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!


YOUR "T-ZONE"
WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BALLET STAR Kathryn Lee has her own reasons...from her own experience: "During the wartime cigarette shortage, I tried many different brands," says Miss Lee. "I compared them... and learned by experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.' I've smoked Camels ever since!"

Thousands and thousands of smokers had the same experience. They compared—discovered the differences in cigarette quality...found that cool, mild, full-flavored Camels suit them best.

Try Camels on your "T-Zone." Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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